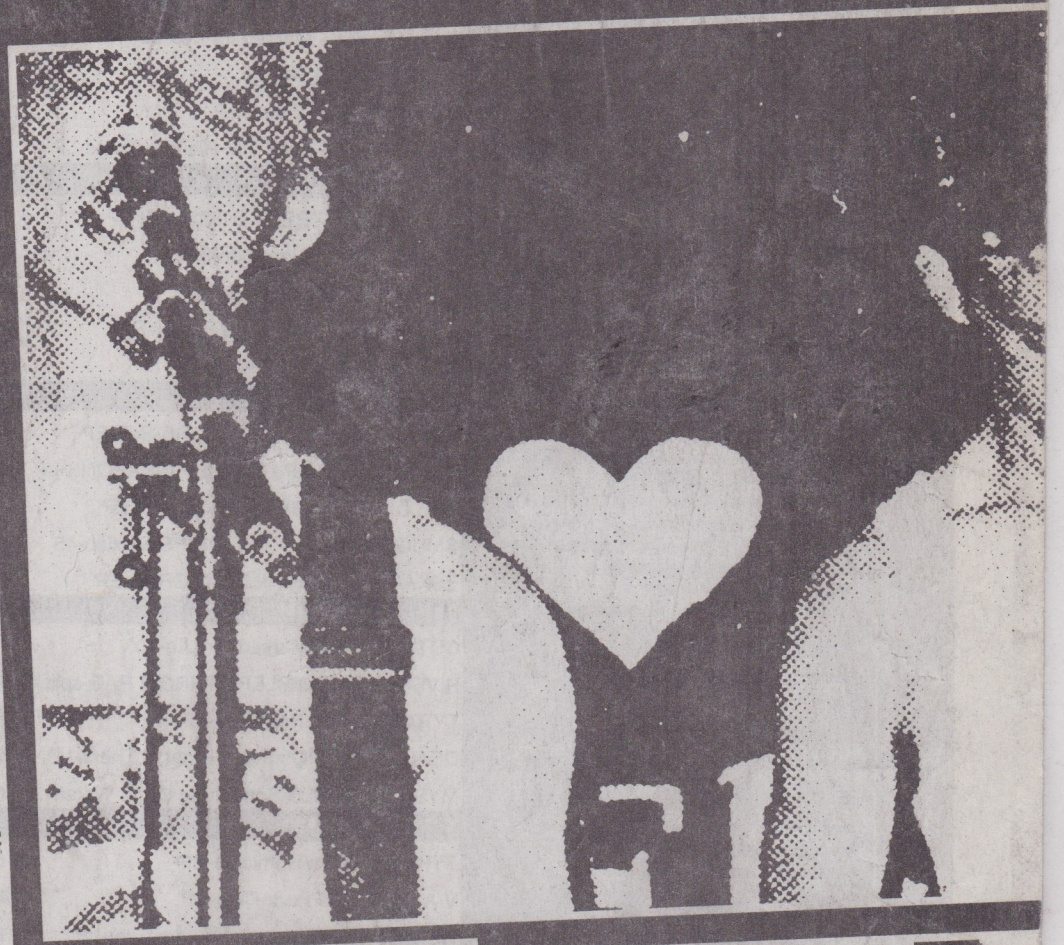
MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#254 • $4 • JULY 2004

NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US Rate: $4 each. 6 issue sub for $22. 12 issue sub for $36. In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $23.87 for 6 months, or $39.06 for 12 months (tax).
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Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
#148, 150-151, 153-154, 156 pts. 1 & 2, 159-163, 166, 169-172, 174-175, 178-181, 184-210, 213-227, 229-250 are as stated above in subscription info.
See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.

Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month.
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

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1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $30
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See page 5 for foreign distribution info.

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mrr@maximumrocknroll.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

TIM BROOKS

- REALLY RED-Teaching You the Fear-LP
- FOUR LETTER WORD-Crime Wave-EP
- REIGNING SOUND-Too Much Guitar-LP
- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- THE DRIPS-Mexico/All Kids Are Dead-45
- CUT THE SHIT-Marked for Life-10"
- POISON IDEA-Kings of Punk-LP
- NO CHOICE/AFTER HOUR HERO-EP
- WOLF PACK-A New Dawn Fades-LP
- GORILLA ANGREB-Astma-EP / JAM-Live LP

ROB COONS

- ROBOT HAS WERE WOLF HAND-LP
- CUT THE SHIT-Marked for Life-10"
- VITAMIN X-Bad Trip-LP
- E-150/INTENSITY-split EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
- DOG SOLDIER-Flies-EP
- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- VIIMEINEN KOLONNA-Irvikuva-12"
- KYLESA-Delusion on Fire-EP
- The Gloom Fest-All the bands-live

ARWEN CURRY

- THE DENTS/STREET DOGS-split EP
- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- E-150/INTENSITY-split EP
- V/A-Chicago Is Killing Me Slowly-EP
- SLOGAN BOY-This Record-EP
- GORILLA ANGREB-Astma-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
- I OBJECT-My Kid Has a Kid-EP
- ADD/C-Keepin It Real-LP / DRIPS-Mexico-45
- RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS/THROW RAG-split 45

PAUL CURRAN

- ADD/C-LP / LES DRAGUEURS-Bob-EP
- BOBBYTEENS-LP / DEADLY WEAPONS-LP
- THE DENTS/STREET DOGS-split EP
- SMUGGLERS-LP / THE DRIPS-Mexico-45
- ESKAPO-CD / GORILLA ANGREB-EP
- V/A-Chicago Is Killing Me Slowly-EP
- SISSIES-CD / SACRAMENTO-45
- SMALLTOWN-CD / SLOGAN BOY-EP
- DISGUSTEENS-Nothing Personal-EP
- THE MUTTS-Missing My Devil-EP

JONATHAN FLOYD

- CUT THE SHIT-Marked for Life-10"
- RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS/THROW RAG-split 45
- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
- MYSTERY GIRLS-Something in the Water-LP
- MANNEKIN PISS-Planet Death-12"
- REIGNING SOUND-Too Much Guitar-LP
- FOUR LETTER WORD-Crimewave-EP
- SMALLTOWN-The First Three Years-CD
- NO CHOICE / ARRIVALS-live

JEFF HEERMANN

- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- V/A-Live at the Fuzz Club-EP
- REALLY RED-Teaching You the Fear-LP
- MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE-EP
- MYSTERY GIRLS-Something in the Water-LP
- SUPERCHARGER-Live 1992-LP
- HOLLY TREE-Anytime,Anywhere-EP
- LITTLE KILLERS-You Got It Made-45
- VEE DEE-Further-CD
- SLOGAN BOY-This Record-EP

KENNY KAOS

- THE PEGS-Robot Romance/3 O'Clock Slop-45
- LES DRAGUEURS-Bob-EP
- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS/THROW RAG-split EP
- DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right In There-LP
- THE DRIPS-Mexico/All Kids Are Dead-45
- THE BUZZCOCKS-Sick City Sometimes-EP
- THE BOBBYTEENS-Cruisin' for a Bruisin'-LP
- SONIC LOVE AFFAIR-2xEP
- THE MUTTS-Missing My Devil-EP

CAROLYN KEDDY

- TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP
- NAZI FROM MARS-American Express Dream-EP
- MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE-EP
- SONIC LOVE AFFAIR-2x45 / BLANK ITS-EP
- V/A-Live at the Fuzz Club-EP
- LES DRAGUERS-EP / SPIDER RICO-EP
- SUPERCHARGER-LP / UPSTAB-EP
- GIANT HAYSTACKS-CD / LA DRUGS-LP
- SACRAMENTO-45 / CRASH NORMAL-LP
- MYSTERY GIRLS-Something in the Water-LP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible—one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

RAY LUJAN

WHAT THE KIDS WANT-CD / THE DRIPS-45	GIANT HAYSTACKS-We Are Being Observed-CD
GAMITS-Antidote-CD / THE GIRLS-CD	SONIC LOVE AFFAIR-2x45 / SMALLTOWN-CD
BUZZCOCKS-Sick City Sometimes-EP	DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
FIFTH HOUR HERO/NO CHOICE-split EP	THE DENTS/STREET DOGS-split EP
FIFTH HOUR HERO-Collected in Comfort-LP	REDEMPTION 87-live

BOBBY MANIC

TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL-LP	GIANT HAYSTACKS-We Are Being Observed-CD
SMUGGLERS-Mutiny in Stereo-LP	THE SCARLET LETTER-How Is Your Heart?-LP
SUPERCHARGER-Live at the CW-LP	REALLY RED-Teaching You the Fear-LP
REIGNING SOUND-Too Much Guitar-LP	DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
LES DRAGUEURS-Bob-EP	REDEMPTION 87-live

WILL RISK

BUZZCOCKS-Sick City Sometimes-EP	REIGNING SOUND-Too Much Guitar-LP
TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP	I'M GONNA STAB YOU-LP
HOLY SHIT-What the Fuck-EP	NO CHOICE/FITH HOUR HERO-split EP
BELLRAYS-War Husad / MARKED MEN-CD	GORILLA ANGREB-Astma-EP
ADD/C-Keeping It Real / KYLESA-EP	THROW RAG/RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS-split EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

SACRAMENTO-Sacto Rock City-EP	UPSTAB-Stabbing the Church-EP
DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP	LIZARDS-live
HOLLY TREE-Anytime,Anywhere-EP	MANIC HISPANIC-live
REIGNING SOUND-Too Much Guitar-LP	A-FRAMES-live
GORILLA ANGREB-Astma-EP	RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS / RESTARTS-live

DONNA POOLE

THE MUGGERS-CD / VITAMIN X-Bad Trip-LP	VIIMEINEN KOLNNA-Irvikuva-LP
86 MENTALITY-Life Trap-EP	RESIDUALS-Atom Bomb-EP
HEIDNIK STEW-Trials and Tribulations-EP	RUNNAMUCKS/LUMPS-split-EP
E-150/INTENSITY-split EP	DISGUSTED-Out of My Head-EP
DEAD WRONG/THE BANNER-split EP	WOLF PACK-New Dawn-LP/ TRIKARDS-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

GORILLA ANGREB-Astma-EP	SLOGAN BOY-This Record-EP
UPSTAB-Stabbing the Church-EP	NON FIKTION NOIS-Contaminación Mundial!-EP
RESIDUALS-Atom Bomb-EP	ADD/C-Keepin' it Real-LP / NO SLOGAN-EP
TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP	E-150/INTENSITY-split EP
V/A-Chicago Is Killing Me Slowly-EP	DEADLY WEAPONS-LP / CUT THE SHIT-10"

MIKE THORN

TYRADES-I Am Homicide-EP	SUPERCHARGER-Live at the CW-LP
BLANK ITS-Stop Hyphenation Now!-EP	DEADLY WEAPONS-Get Right in There-LP
SCREAMIN' MEE-MEES-Garbage Collage-CD	NAZI FROM MARS-American Express Dream-EP
GIANT HAYSTACKS-We Are Being-CD	V/A-Live at the Fuzz Club-EP
SILVER-Do You Wanna Dance-EP	CRASH NORMAL-Heavy Listening-LP

RYAN WELLS

Antipathy #9	In Till Stumps #3
Chairman of the Bored #19	Let There Be Danger #2
Charged Hair & Distorted Riffs #1	Morgenmuffel #12
Fork, Knife and Spoon #2	Paping #10
HLUBOKÁORBA #24	After the Bomb #1

ZINE TOP TEN

ZINE SHITWORKERS

Anandi	Aragorn
Peter Avery	Michelle Barnhardt
Jerry Booth	Julia Booz Ullrey
Tim Brooks	Amy Browne
Kat Case	Ariel Celeste
Rob Coons	Craig Ums
Paul Curran	Andy Darling
Mikel Delgado	Ben Ditch
Sean Dougan	Nicole Erny
Maree Faygo	Jake Filth
Jonathan Floyd	Travis Fristoe
Gardner Fusuhara	Doug Grime
Harald Hartmann	Jeff Heermann
Vince Horner	Chloe Jensen
Ramsey Kanaan	Kenny Kaos
Paul Lesneski	Michael Lucas
Ray Lujan	Jesse Luscious
Hal MacLean	Jeff Mason
Clayton McBride	Jess McCoy
Tobia J. Minckler	Ben Mandeville
Mauz	Allan McNaughton
Zoe Minervini-Zick	Mark Murrmann
Negative Tom	Mimi Nguyen
Joshua Peach	Donna Poole
Cooper Quintin	Wm. Rage
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Rick Reavill	Casey Ress
Will Risk	Roy Rohlfing
Greta S.	Sara Sandberg
Andrew Scott	Mary Southworth
Josh Stein	Dionne Stevens
Sweettooth	Melissa Toimil
Ryan Wells	Shane White
Erin Yanke	Mikhail Zubovich

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Renae Bryant	Mitch Cardwell
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George Impulse	Carolyn Keddy
Jessica Mills	Ted Rall
Erika Ransom	Bruce Roehrs
Steve Spinali	George Tabb
Mike Taylor	Wells Tipley
Henry Yu	Chyrstaei Branchaw
Fred Landeen	Scott Moore
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Scotty Karate	Mark McCoy
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#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Sacred Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel, Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#154/Mar '96. Motards, Subincision, Stisism, Donnas, Stallions, Count Backwards.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Too Many Records, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Fun People, Fat, Drunk & Stupid, BrandNewUnit, Death Wish Kids.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q. Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile. Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Violent Society, Strychnine, Idiots, Knuckle Heads, Race Traitor, Patrick Grindstaff, Misanthropists.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11," Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#237/Feb '03. Top Ten Records of 2002, "Music as a Weapon: Artists in Wartime," Dirt Bike Annie, Let It Burn, Stockyard Stoics, King Khan & Shrines, 625 Records, Feast Or Famine, Rudimentary Peni, Coachwhips, Self Defense.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola and San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04 The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah

#252/May '04 Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos, SE Asia, Germany, Iceland.

#253/June '04 Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Võetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI, Texas, Germany, UK, New Hampshire

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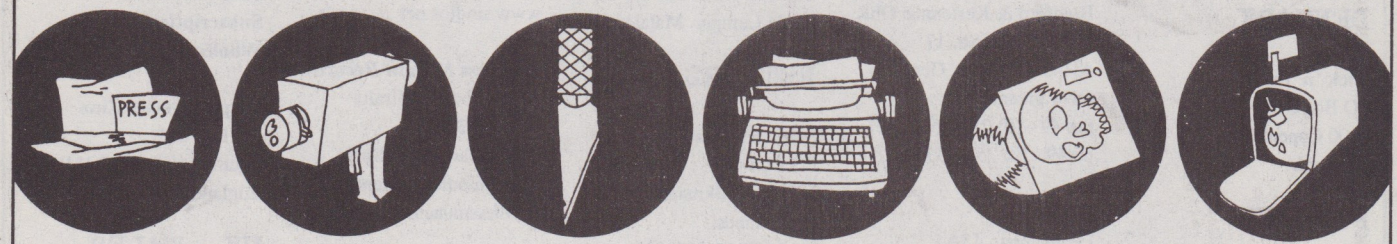

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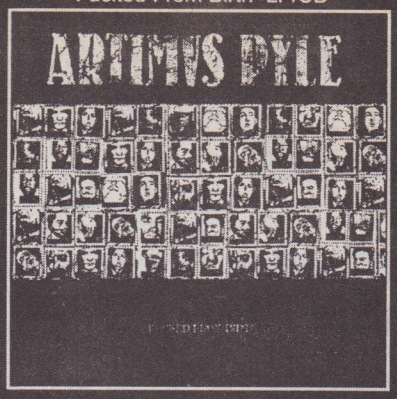

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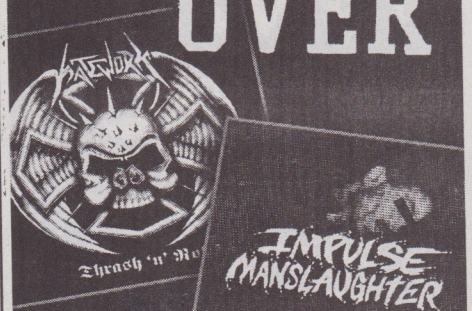

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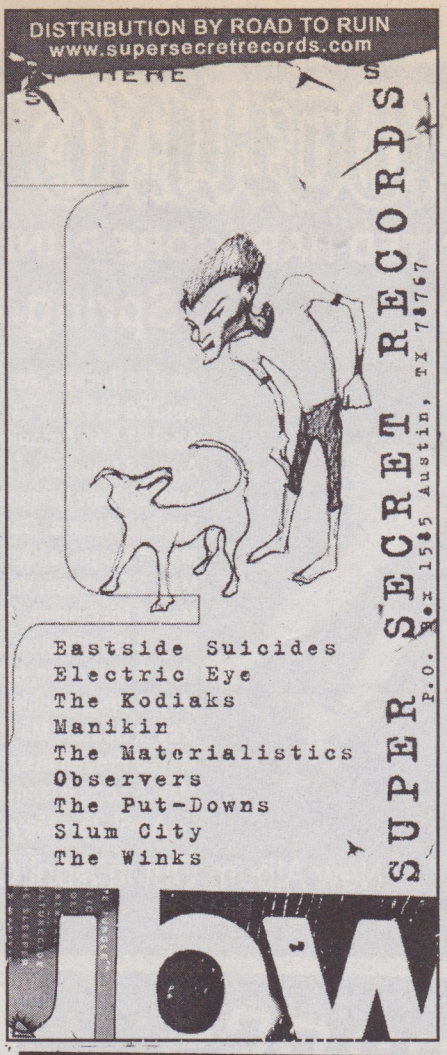

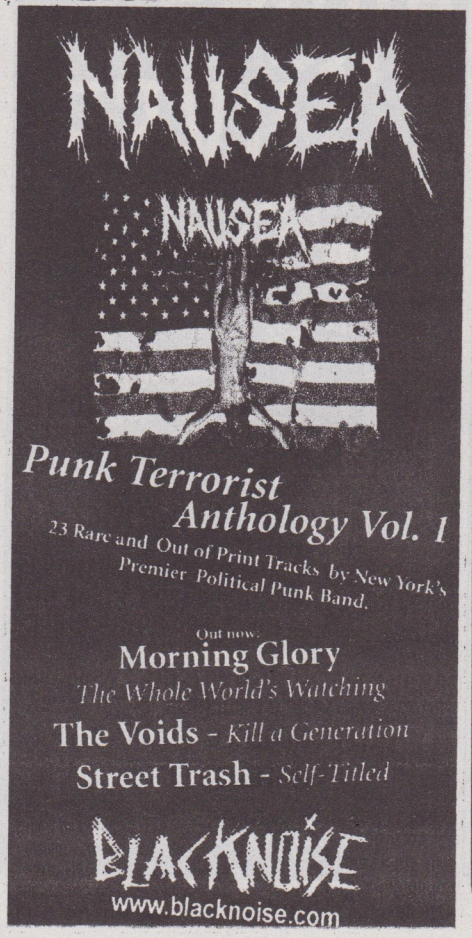

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR—
On Saturday 2:40 PM and 33 seconds, Dabz of Tacoma Red (Citizen Kill)/Falls River Fiends/The G-Men and Queen St. Way Cool Tattoos passed away at the Toronto General Hospital.

Dabz finally succumbed to mass rejection of a double lung transplant. His health had been failing since late November last year, but he slugged it out in true Dabz style. As many of you know he already beat the odds before not only out-living the expected average of someone living with Cystic Fibrosis, but making an almost miraculous recovery from the transplant.

Saturday afternoon he passed on, well past the time the doctors expected him to live, in fact in true Dabz style stubbornly fighting and not giving in to the effect of his affliction or the medication they had him on. After almost a week of fighting back, he finally decided he need some sleep, and passed on quickly and quietly.

In receiving this I ask all of you who knew him to not think of his affliction or ailments, but remember Ron for whom he truly was, an amazing, beautiful person, who was in many ways the best friend a person could have, who was solid, honest and a straight shooter, an amazing artist, brilliant tattoo artist, and a phenomenal guitarist.

Ron was surrounded by a lot of friends and family, bandmates and co-workers up to his final moments, and his girl friend—Mirella—never left his side for a second, and made sure constantly that he knew we were all there with him and how much we all loved him. She has truly been a strong and phenomenal solid person in all of this, and she should have our eternal gratitude for the dignity and honor she allowed Ron to leave us with.

Please check our website for new info, as well we have some pictures of Ron on our site and will be posting more shortly.
—Mopa Dean
The G-Men
www.geocities.com/mopade

Dear *MRR*—
Please advise your readers coming to NYC for the con vention protests to go to Tompkin's Square Park at E 9th st and Ave A in Manhattan. We will have LES squatters and punks there to help them plug in. People should be prepared to camp out. Our first protest is on Aug 27th at 8 pm in front of Mayor Bloomberg's personal mansion at 5th Ave and 79th St.
See ya!
—Les Anarchistas & Les Yippies

MRR—
Hey, I know everyone has an opinion, but come on! The review your dumb-ass reviewer gave the band Vice Dolls in the May issue—what the hell?! He said they were a made-up band that was fabricated to play punk. Some dumb ass shit was said in that review! Anyway they are a good band, different, I'll say that, but hard working and have been together for seven years, but how would you know that when you're a closed minded hippie writing in a magazine because you can't play in a band and get signed and tour all over the country yourself, anyways I'm done. Just thought *MRR* would give justice to a band doing something out of the mold but hey, I guess your reviewers are a bunch of trendy asshole after all.
Sincerely,
—Jim Dunlap
Boston, MA
freetodie2000 a@yahoo.com

Dear Jim—
Hey, at least we can spell and formulate sentences! But I went ahead and edited your letter for you, not to make you look smarter (though it sure does) but 'cause we have standards about what we run, actually, and your letter did not measure up. Sorry 'bout that!
—Anandi

Dear *MRR*—
While reading two recent editions of *MRR* and the columns of Bill Florio and Wells Tipley, I've stared in bemused awe and wonder as I saw my name getting bounced around like a bad check from Martha Stewart's ever-dwindling post-trial bank account. I wasn't going to comment on what's quickly devolved from a smart ass piece on the island I was born into yet another punk rock big dick contest—as not only are such no-holds barred wrestling matches to see who's more "punker than thou", one of the truer and deeper plagues of the punk rock scene today, they're goddamned funny to behold—but while I have a moment I figured I'd roll in with some edutainment of my own as well.

As someone who has and still does book shows on Long Island, I've seen and heard many critiques of what I do every week at Saints and Sinners. Despite all of this and what was written in Wells Tipley's column, none of this was voiced to my face by Wells at any The Devil Himself shows I've seen him attend at the bar. I did find aspects of Bill Florio's column dead on and extremely funny, but yet this didn't stop Artie Phillie of his band The Shemps from asking around about possibly getting their next release on Jon Roren's new Long Island label Example Such Cloth Hammer Engine. I read Wells oh-so-righteously rail against "all of the crumby 'emo' bands blowing up on T.V." and his putting the blame on New York City, but yet didn't see him mention the Tone Library Collective or their No Nucleus compilation, which is doing all it can right now to get the wide variety of other stuff that's going on on Long Island seen and heard. I appreciated and laughed at Bill writing about how people on Long Island get, in his own words, "stuck", but yet he didn't seem to also show any understanding in regards to how such isolation can also give artists and musicians a chance to develop something truly unique and different, like many local bands from Mind Over Matter to the Microwave Orphans on Long Island have.

After reading both of their columns, I found it sad that not once, during their utterly ridiculous mockery, nor their ultra detailed "Trivial Pursuit" like defense, of the Island, did either show or display a truly thorough and deep understanding of the Long Island scene as it is *right now, today*. Sure, there'll always be the egos, assholes, copy-cat bands that suck, people whose minds are simple and always will be "stuck" and those who are acting like they're creat-

ing the new punk rock revolution when their words, thoughts, actions and deeds really mean nothing; but hidden beneath the surface are always people who do care, do get it and understand what it's really all about.

Hell, the PWAC and Huntington YMCA days are long gone and I sure as hell am not the next Malcolm McClaren over here at Saints and Sinners. Also, I've been in the men's locker room often enough growing up through the years to know I'll never win any kind of big dick contest, but I'll still never admit it's folly to love the bands I book right now or what's happening on Long Island today, because I'd have to look way too many people I know, love and respect in the eye and try to explain to them why I just told what I knew to be one of the world's biggest, largest and fattest lies.

—Charlie Kassay
Smithtown, NY
TheVocab21@aol.com
631-724-8572

Arwen—

I'd like to thank you for printing my long letter in *MRR* #251. I'm also happy that your response wasn't as "intense" as the responses you had to Rich and Sean in previous issues. You made your points in a more even-handed way and I appreciate that. I would like to address some of the points you raised in that response.

First, you say that I "completely ignored all the reasons" you gave for being angry. I did not ignore them, although I did not concentrate on them in my previous letter. Let me say now that I have a long, mental list of women who over the years have told me about the experiences that they've suffered at the hands of rapists, sexual assaulters, batterers, and sexually abusive fathers. While I obviously haven't experienced any of these life-changing events myself I've spent a considerable amount of time thinking about them as these events happened to people I care about or at one time cared about deeply. As both a male in our society and a person interested in social change I have often thought about what I can do to make this world a better, safer place for women.

Some abusers cannot and will not ever change, but I believe that some of us owe an acknowledgement to those who profess a willingness to change even if this cynical world causes us to doubt their sincerity. An abuser must believe that his life will be better if he can transcend his past behavior. I am not asking victims to ever forgive their abusers. I'm asking for those of us not directly harmed by a particular abuser to find a way to offer some hope to this person. An abuser must believe that if he changes his behavior a better world awaits him. To offer this person only a seemingly endless disdain may feed our desire to stand strong against his wrongful acts, but it also sends the message that no matter how much this person may change he will be forever defiled in our minds because of his past behavior.

Having grown up around a lot of Southern Baptists I understand this mentality all too well. Finding it in the punk scene and in left wing politics is especially disheartening. Our commitment to the purity of ideology has divided us over and over again. If Sean, Felizon, and Todd had chosen to handle the situation with Rich by banning him from their publications and publicly refuting him we could all cheer and say that they had taken a strong stand against sexual assaulters and a strong stand for women, but to me it would have amounted to nothing more than a collective patting ourselves on the back. It reminds me of every time someone on death row is executed in this country. The pro-death penalty crowd will all agree that justice has been done, but I believe that most of the readers of this zine don't really think that executions are any deterrent to violent crime. Consequently, I don't believe that reviling Rich Mackin will cause other abusive guys in the punk scene to rethink their behavior nor do I believe it offers Rich any motivation to change his. I don't dare suggest that any of us have a responsibility to befriend abusers, but if some of us try perhaps this world can improve just a little bit. Where you see Sean as being in denial about Rich's violent self, I see Sean as seeing facing up to Rich's abusive behavior and still seeing enough good inside of him to think that Rich can turn himself around. Maybe Rich will fail to change and you can say, "See, I told you," but as I stated before that defeatist thinking smacks of what I get every day from the mainstream world. I was attracted to the punk scene because at its best it offers hope. It offers hope to both the abused and the abuser.

When you ask that I "spend a minute thinking about what it's like to be on the other side" I'd have to say that I've spent a significant portion of my life thinking about that. I was born out of wedlock and raised by my single mother who struggled to make ends meet while my millionaire father paid no child support and lived a very different life with his legitimate family. My early childhood influences were all women. My first daily exposure to my own sex did not occur until I started first grade. Consequently, I got my ass kicked on a regular basis back then because I was so different from the other boys. I found that I preferred girls because none of them wanted to beat me up. Although that was a long time ago I still have more women friends than men friends to this day. I've read the letters that women have written to you regarding this incident and I believe their pain and anger is totally justified. My letters are not attempts to negate or pacify those feelings but merely my attempts to look for possible solutions. Until we get the abusers to reform (if they're willing and able) I'm afraid I'll be adding to that long, mental list I mentioned earlier.

As for my mention of former *MRR* columnist and Wrecks bassist Bessie Oakley, you wrote that I mentioned her "for no other reason that I can fathom than to indicate that at one point, you had respect for the opinions of a punk girl." That statement would seem to imply that I now don't have respect for the opinions of any punk girls, and, of course, nothing could be further from the truth. Even in the current pages of *MRR* my favorite columnist is a woman, Kat Case. The reason I brought up Bessie as well as Tim Yohannan was I felt it necessary to preface my letter with a little background on how and by whom my punk ethics were shaped. I was hoping to place my comments in a context that would show I'm not some macho jerk trying to find an intelligent way of saying, "Ah, c'mon give the guy a break."

Finally, you mention how "sad" it is that Bessie and other women from the early days of *MRR* have quit the punk scene. You mention punks in their mid to late 30s and older and then write, "Ask yourself, why aren't more of them women?" I don't think there is a blanket answer to that question. I don't necessarily think it is sad when someone quits the punk scene. It all depends on why they quit and what they have since gone on to do with their lives. There are many more important things in life than the punk scene, such as volunteering at soup kitchens, battered women's shelters, AIDS hospices, organizing workers, and so on. I'm not suggesting that most punks leave the scene to go on and do such noble work, but it happens. Some get married and start raising families, which I don't think is necessarily a detriment. I'd rather have enlightened punks bringing kids into this world than have the Bush family to continue reproducing. Each woman who leaves the scene has her own story to tell and that would make a good article for *MRR* or *Razorcake*. Of course, by staying in the scene our numbers could grow and we could become more of a social force to be reckoned with. Unless, of course, we continue to tear ourselves apart over ideology. The power brokers in Washington D.C. and elsewhere won't have to divide and conquer us if we continue to do their work for them.

—Chris Peigler
Chrisplr@hotmail.com

Chris—

1. You can't forgive someone who refuses to admit—really admit—that they're in the wrong.

2. When did I advocate banning anyone from anywhere? What is this purist ideology you speak of? Perhaps you're confusing me with someone you've seen on TV.

3. It's ludicrous to compare publicly criticizing a sexual assaulter in a punk zine to getting off on state-sponsored murder.

4. "This cynical world" hasn't caused me to doubt Rich Mackin's sincerity. He's achieved that on his own—or with a little help from his friends.

5. You continue to grossly misrepresent Sean's tone and, in my opinion, his good intentions. Allow me to remind you of the pull quote accompanying his column: "If you're going to ask Todd, Felizon, and me to stop publication on a book that has already been printed, the least you can do is point to the spot on the doll where the bad man touched you." Not dismissive? Not defensive? Here's another one for you: "You can't call kissing a breast or feeling up a woman who chooses to sleep in your bed sexual assault." This is Sean "facing up to Rich's abusive behavior"?

6. Please stop telling me about your women friends, childhood, etc. It's irrelevant, and I'm not sure I believe you anyway.

7. I've received as much correspondence from men as women about the writing in MRR *on this issue, although not so much intended for print. Judging from those and other responses, I disagree that having public conversations like this can't change minds and even behavior.*

8. You don't really sound all that macho. But you do sound like a jerk trying to find an intelligent way of saying, "Ah, c'mon give the guy a break." And failing. Enough already.

—Arwen

Dear Chris—

First, I agree with Arwen that someone who is still defending their actions has not "changed their behavior" and none of your ideas of the breaks we should give to such a person apply in this very different situation.

Second, we're supposed to believe that you're some big time feminist and ally cause you think girls are so much cooler than guys but the reason you cite for liking us so much is that we "don't want to beat you up??" I mean first of all, maybe I do wanna beat you up—after reading your letter I betcha a bunch of girls wished they could—and then also, uh, thanks a lot, dude. Whatever.

Third, and most importantly—you claim not to be a "macho jerk" on the basis of how you listen to women so much, but you're not listening at all right now. And so you're not hearing what us women are saying, like that hey—you're being a jerk. And it's something you should maybe deal with.

Finally, just cause it brings up a personal pet peeve (people leaving the punk scene to pursue "nobler goals"), may I point out that none of the admirable life works that you describe as good reason to leave the punk scene are in the slightest bit incompatible with being a punk rocker, in my opinion? And, thus, they are not valid reasons nor possible motivations for leaving the scene—again, in my opinion. —Anandi

Dear Punks—

Salutations from the armpit of Texas. Your magazine was very recently brought to my attention. Which is sad, since it's been around for 20 years or so. But please cut me some slack, I've been locked up for 10 of those, since age 16.

A fellow anarchist sent me an old issue...and I do mean old, #102 (Nov. '91). This venerable stack of newsprint was nevertheless an invigorating read, and if *MRR* is anything now like it was then, I need to get on board.

So my first question is, do you guys lay free subs on prisoners?

Oh, and I thought I'd be ridiculous and respond to Mykel Board's column of Nov. '91: Hey Mykel, read your column. You should maybe re-consider your paean to GG Allin, concerning the rubbing-face-in-crotch and kick-to-the-chin he delivered to that girl in the front row. Assuming the girl had some kind of pathological need to be abused, I would say that's nothing to celebrate. You could have been looking at it like, "she's down, she's not crying about it." I would say, they're both sick in the brain and need to do some serious self-searching. Violence and degradation of women shows a lack of respect for others and self-respect for one, whatever forms it may take. Men degrading women and women enjoying degradation are an outward manifestation of inner turmoil, guilt, and a need for punishment. You should seriously study your psychobabble dude.

By the way, is punk still dead? Something stinks around here.

Salute!

—Hanesa Karuma (J. Gunter #697357)
Estelle HS – 204 FM 3478
Huntsville, TX 77320-3322

Dear Hanesa—

Sadly, it is not within our means to offer free prisoner subscriptions, nor even a discount...naturally we would love to give everyone a free sub (well, I would anyway)—however it's just not possible. But thanks for the kind words!

—Anandi

Dear *MRR*—

Any punks out there looking for some way to make a difference out there ought to consider teaching/volunteering/setting up a business in Cambodia. Right now the only Americans here are either government, Christian missionaries (get a load of these Mormons on bicycles) bogus, ineffectual NGOs who work for the same people who started the wars and caused the poverty or sex tourists. There are some good European people here, and of course many nice Cambodians, but Americans whose ethics were founded in the Hardcore movement are few and far between. I guess I'm one of them.

When you're here you put yourself into a whole new context as far as rebellion and self-expression. What I mean is excessive piercings, colored hair, etc. is just going to be a setback. I need you to get over here and lose the attention-grabbing outfits and start representing our culture overseas. Culture is more about what you believe in than what you look like. If everyone you know agrees with you then you're not working hard enough. So here're three quick and easy (?) steps to getting over here and joining the fight.

1. Get a real or fake bachelor's degree, or learn to lie. A TEFL (teaching of English as a Foreign Language) certificate would be good too.

2. Save up some money. Buy a plane ticket. $800-1000, try the travel agencies in your nearest Chinatown. Fly to Bangkok and then travel overland to Phnom Penh for the cheapest passage.

3.Anyone who reads this is welcome to crash on my sofa until you get back on your feet. English teaching jobs pay $8-10 an hour and everything's cheap. Marijuana is almost free and the cops don't enforce the laws at all. Cigarettes are 25 cents a pack. Guitars are $15.

Finally, does anyone out there know Sothira, the Khmer-American guy who was the lead singer of a hardcore band called Crucifix? Reading about him reinforced the numerous connections between Cambodia and Hardcore for me. I'd really like to correspond with him if that's possible.

We've got an instant scene here, just add punks!

—Chris Mothershead
chrismothershead@yahoo.com
Fantastic Planet Books & Comics
Phnom Penh, Cambodia

Dear *MRR* readers—

Good morning! My name is Abby Banks and I am working on a photo-documentary of punk houses across America. Perhaps you can help. Starting March 2005 I will be driving to every state and photographing punk houses, hopefully to create a book. My objectives for this project are to document/archive punk houses for the sake of history and strengthen existent networks, communities and friendships in the present.

My hope for this project is that it will be a celebration and examination of people making their living spaces their own. I think that punk houses often reflect the passion

and motivation of the people who live in them.

My approach to defining what a punk house is goes as such: a house that hosts shows, activist houses, punk artist houses, DIY record labels, zine houses, free radioites, band houses, 1/2 pipe in the living room, squats and bike-coop houses. I hope for a full spectrum- from vegan houses that make their own tofu from homegrown soybeans, to houses that have basement shows and kids living in cabinets with puppies. Another aspect of the project will be interviews with the people in the houses (of course only of those who are interested in being interviewed).

If you want to participate or have a suggestion relating to this project please get in contact.

Here's my disclaimer:
This project/book will not be a directory. I will not give out addresses, names or phone numbers to anyone. I am also not doing this project for monetary gain; I am funding this on my own two feet, and hope to bring this book back to the people who participated in some way and the larger punk community. I am also not doing this project for any gallery, or for others to gawk at. Even if you do look funny.
Take care.
—Abby Banks
230 west 11th
Claremont, Ca. 91711
abbybanksisdead@hotmail.com

Hey Ariel and *MRR*—
Thanks for the nice review of Lickin' the Beaters vegan desserts cookbook (*MRR* #252). I'm really glad Ariel actually took the time to try a couple. Just to clarify a few things: Lots of people aren't into low fat desserts so I mention how you can substitute oil or margarine instead of applesauce in the recipes. Also if you don't have "exotic" flours plain old white is fine. There are 97 recipes altogether.

Is there a raging debate over ISBN numbers? I specifically didn't put a bar code on because of DIY reasons and ISBN to me means being linked to libraries...The price is $12 ppd if ordered through me. I did virtually everything myself including the layout, index and photos on the back...

Thanks again for being so thorough describing it all! If anyone knows where Raggedy Annarchy is to be found *please* get in touch!
—Siue
P.S. I'm traveling around the US with my partner in July/Aug. If you can put us up we can possibly cook/bake for you!
beaterlicker@yahoo.com
dairyfreedesserts.com

MRR—
Hi. I am sending a letter for your readers, to let them know the truth about the Alaska or Anchorage scene. This too may be a brief update to our previous scene report. We take great pride being from Alaska and in the hard work we put into building a cool, fun, small DIY community up here. O.K. so just to let people know, if they care. Our scene does not consist of EPI-FAT clone bands. There may be one or two up here, or a one sided filler zine that makes us look like a bunch of bumbling idiots called *AK Ink*.

There is a venue up here and a grip of great original DIY artists up here. So if your band is interested in coming to Anchorage Alaska, (you can stop over on your way to Japan too by the way), we will be more than happy to make you feel welcome and at home, with some pretty cool shows to play. Even if you are a god awful epi-fat clone band, or a real god honest rootin-tootin epi-fat band! Sure there is *AK Ink*! So there ya go. Please come! We would love it! Here is the contact to the main venue.
—Bitoz
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Phil (booking)—907 223 0073
or— shane@industryxstandard.com
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c/o Faith Ivey/Andrew R.
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Hey at *Maximum RnR*—
I want to say "Thanx" for your dedication in putting out a great publication. I want to tell anyone who's into mail order, stay away from Kung Fu Records. They're a small label. They have a lot of pop-punk ska type stuff. They took over 1 month to send out my order. Then when I wrote and told them, well, they took offense at it. They advertise in *AP (Alternative Press)*, a trendy poser mag. They insulted me because I live in a small town. Not Hollywood. I live outside of Fresno. About 15-20 miles. Sure it's small, but no place is perfect and they aren't either.

Instead of admitting to anything, they insulted me. Y'know, a 2 year old mentality. So, if you don't want a lot of BS, stick to the tried and true, *MR&R*, and how you want to be treated. I like your magazine because of the columns and places you can send off for cool shit. I'm not trying to badmouth them. You should just be careful when you do mail order, because there are jerks out there who don't care about anything or anyone. I wanna say to George Tabb: I like your column the best. In your endeavors, you'll make it! Don't give up. And the price of freedom is eternal vigilance. We in Amerika take our freedom for granted. We complain day in and out! We don't even know why. Be content and grateful. There's people who're starving and don't even have $2.00 in their pocket. The most wealthiest nation and all they do is bitch and moan and attack everything! It's time Amerika grew up. We need to overthrow Bush. We need someone with vision. Vote Green! Peace!
—Jon Kurtti

Dear *MRR*—
I'm writing to let everyone who reads this to know how I feel about the prison system I'm in. It sucks!!!

First of all, I'll tell you, I am in here on charges of three counts delivery of a controlled substance. So that means I sold a little weed to an informant and in turn he gave in to the cops. How nice! It's been six months since I've been arrested and still waiting for a court date.

In my six months I've gotten to know a little of what goes on here. There is no rehabilitation. I mean, how can you throw a bunch of criminals into a small area and expect them to act like a (normal) citizen?

Time is passed by playing cards, watching TV, working out and gambling. How is this rehab? They have only one way of bettering yourself. That's religion, and I'm *not* that!

Most of the people are multiple offenders. So I see no hope that these people will better themselves with what they have now. This just shows that the government or someone needs to find better ways for rehab of criminals. At this rate, I do not see it changing anytime soon. Maybe someday they will see the problem.

So by the time you read this I'll be out on bail. A "Nominal Bail", which means I only have to pay $1.00 to get out. Because of this thing called "Rule 600", that says if you are incarcerated for more than 180 days without having a trial you can be released on $1.00 bail. The system can work sometimes.

So remember—"Some men are in prison even though they walk the streets at night, other men who got the lockdown are free as a bird in flight"—Rancid.
—Justin Cozad
1241 E 34th Street/Erie, PA 16504.

Dear *MRR*—
I really enjoy looking at pictures. I think that it rules when you run full-page photos like those of Xavier Lepaige.
A picture is worth a thousand words. So I propose that for every 1,000 words printed, you should print one full photo page.
—Richard Florian & Nathan Howlett
(A Lunch Chantilly High School)

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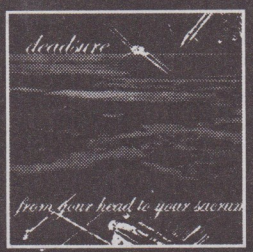

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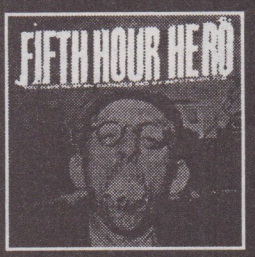

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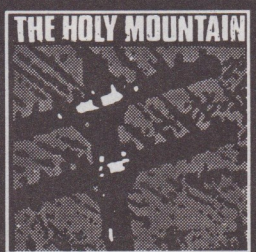

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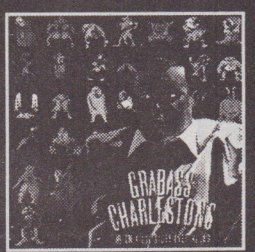

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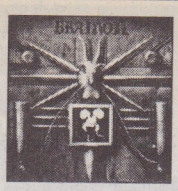

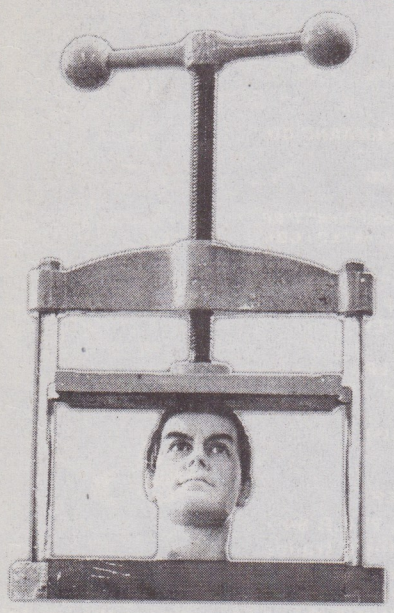

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FROM ASHES RISE/VICTIMS SPLIT From Ashes Rise brings forth 8 new tracks of devastating dark HC power while Victims unleash total Scandinavian HC assault. Flawless production and Pushead cover art put this one over the top. LP HC 1211 CD HC 5011

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CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T Rampaging first 7". Pittsburgh veterans kick out the best possible mix of early 80's HC + Scandinavian HC. HC 7028

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MISERY THE EARLY YEARS Includes the Born, Fed, Slaughtered, Blindead, and Children of War 7"s, the Misery side of the split w/ SDS, and the Production Through Destruction LP. CD HC 5004

HOLDING ON JUST ANOTHER DAY Crucial TC Hardcore, 1st LP. Aggressive, powerful mix of early 80's thrash+youth crew HC LP HC 1203 CD HC 5003

DS-13 KILLED BY THE KIDS One of the best bands in HC today. Amazing 2nd LP of early 80's style thrash/HC/punk. Excellent production, Pushead cover art. LP HC 1202 CD HC 5003

CODE 13 COMPLETE DISCOGRAPHY 1994-2000 All 7"s and comp. tracks w/ 1 unreleased song. CD HC 5001

ASSEMBLY OF GOD SUBMISSION OBEDIENCE DENIAL Ex-Brother Inferior-fast political HC/punk. 7" HC 7026

VITAMIN X PEOPLE THAT BLEED 3rd 7" by this Dutch sXe band. Fast HC like DS-13 or Life's Halt. Great political lyrics and high energy HC. HC 7025

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BY **JACOB DAVID**

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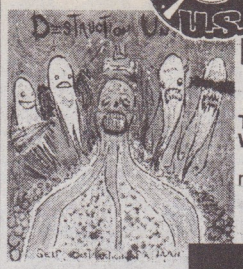

Destruction Unit
The Lost Sounds & The Wongs members create an out-of-control beat met with electronic keys, deafening guitars & damaged vocals

Really Red
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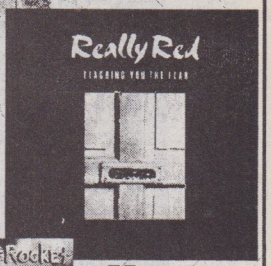
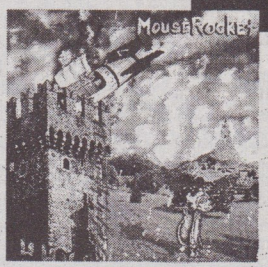
Back in print, the Texas Hardcore classic from 1981.





Mouse Rocket
Mouse Rocket, the newest project from Memphis art-core luminary, Alicja Trout (Lost Sounds, Fitts, Destruction Unit)

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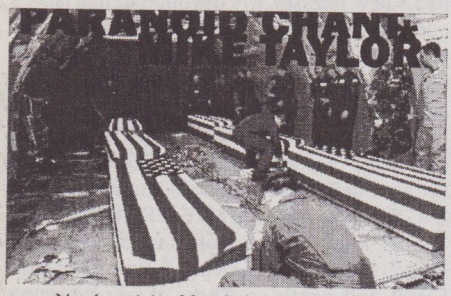

You're visited by federal agents. They say that the owner of your building is under investigation for taking flight lessons last year. Unfortunately, at the time of this visit you have, sitting on your coffee table, like everyone in New York, the issue of TIME magazine with the cover photograph of the World Trade Center on fire. So your house gets torn apart, and that work permit application was lying around. You had to apply for it downtown. Near the towers. Great.

But that's no big deal. You are, after all, no terrorist. You install cable for a living. But you *are* from Pakistan.

So let's say you are taken to the Metropolitan Detention Center. And let's say you're put into the general population for a while. Not charged or anything, just, you know, *in there*. It's a safe bet that there are some proud Americans in there. The kind of folks who are having sensitivity issues with camel jockeys and towelheads; you know, they're really wounded about the whole America thing. Those guys probably will give you a hard time. But you won't be in that facility for long. You're told you have a "legal visit" upstairs. Once packed up and escorted far away, down a few halls, through a few doors, you're surprised to meet not with a lawyer, but with several beefy federal officers. They pull that one about, "welcome to hell," because in AMERICA we all grew up with Clint Eastwood, real tough guys who knew how to deliver the goods. You're soundly beaten, raped with a flashlight, and taken to solitary confinement.

Several train lines away, the young people of West Brooklyn are going to rock shows, art openings, and rooftop keg parties. Though the bittersweet throes of youthful recklessness are a bit more bitter than sweet this autumn, it's still early fall in New York. The nights are getting cooler, the economy's good, and if you're young, highly employable, and arguably white, it's not a bad time, all things considered.

In solitary confinement, they keep the lights on 24 hours a day. You have no mattress, blankets, or toilet paper. When you try to sleep or pray, the guards beat their clubs against your cell door, calling you a sandnigger, a terrorist, a dirty Muslim. Your wife, unable to take constant pressure from FBI agents threatening her, will soon leave you. You are still without council, and still uncharged. As the weather gets cooler, the guards have taken to letting you go outside. Without a shirt or shoes, and mostly when it rains. When you come in, they turn on the air conditioner. And then they bring in female staff members to point out the inherent lack or endowment *your people* demonstrate compared to the big patriot dicks of real Americans.

It's not as though no one is thinking about what is going on with you. It's widely assumed that anyone who can be taken for anything but white has it really bad right now. There are fights over race in the subways, cab drivers dragged out of their cars, shopkeepers made to justify themselves to any asshole walking in off the street with a chip on his shoulder. Just like you know, there in the special division of the Metropolitan Detention center, that all brown-skinned people are getting shit right now. You know it's not a time for freedom. Despite all the melting pot-United We Stand bullshit, it's not a time for freedom. It's paranoid time, hate time, violence time. And you spend nine months in the belly of American paranoia. And you don't get over it. You've lost 40 pounds by the time they deport you to Pakistan. From there, you know more than most Americans about their country. *Their* home that could never be *yours*. The violent poles that exist within the open arm pose. The backwards bullshit of immediately revocable tolerance and the unfathomable wedge driven between the alleged guilty and the assumed innocents.

This whole scenario happened in late September, 2001.But not to you, to Javaid Iqbal and Ehab Elmaghraby. I know what I would like to come of agents responsible, but as my father said this weekend, "Sometimes the wheels of justice are square."

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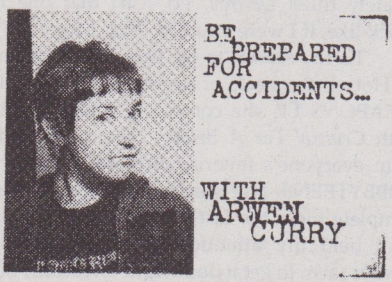

We sometimes joke about MRR HQ as being *the* punk house, even though it's really a pretty fancy pad. I live in a regular punk house again now, complete with a scabies scare, holes in the walls, and a band practicing in the basement. Sometimes my band. The place is overrun with animals and punk zine columnists. It's a real house, sprawling and creaky, from the turn of last century when some rich family probably took their vacations here from San Francisco. A shaky foundation keeps the rent cheap and the punks feeling stable. It's nice to be back in the East Bay—to see cats on the streets at night, and to live around people who are under twenty years old and over fifty.

Looking through some old papers after I moved, I found this draft of a column I wrote about six months after I took the coordinator position at *MRR*. I didn't print it then, but I thought it would be appropriate now, when the guard is shifting and changing again. I wrote it five years ago this May, the month Jacqueline announced she was leaving as coordinator. Jacqueline was the last Tim Yo-trained coordinator, and as the second generation, it seemed like Sean and I had a lot to prove. When I read this, I was struck by how much Tim's presence still reigned at the zine. I think it's a very good sign that people don't feel compelled anymore to compare the coordinators' every little move against Tim. I haven't heard the old "Tim Yo would be rolling in his grave right now if he could only see this" remark for quite a while now. I think I didn't print this back then because it came out a little heavy-handed—it still does, but here goes:

•••

It's time to talk about ghosts, those unseen presences lurking in the shadows. I've never believed in them. I was raised by scientists, thinking that physics should be enough of a miracle for anybody. Convince me that you can grasp the scope of the knowledge available to us now, I would argue—eternal space, unending time—and then I'll sit down and talk about ghosts and miracles.

But I'd never spent much time in a house after someone died. Tim's ghost is as real as they get. I know, because I do his paperwork. I follow his clue-trails in bankbooks. I unearth his half-finished projects, like the ones where he's cut up some of the best record sleeves of all time and personalized them, making collages with photographs of the bands from old newspapers and fanzines.

What a pisser, I thought—he left his trace in every corner; left no person, no wall unmarked. I love those handmade covers, because you can really feel the devotion—the emotion of the person who once held this record, treasured it, and wanted to warp it a little to make it his own. Like people do in love affairs. I feel the weight of his personality when I find notes in his handwriting, seemingly planted for my discovery. He understood enough about people to know what sort of person I would be—enough to anticipate my

movements.

He left behind this opus of efficiency, this system of delicate gears held in place by their own interconnected teeth. But would the new people, stepping into all that clockwork, be able to give a spirit to the machine?

Two days after I moved into the MRR house, I was given the task of calling all sixty-plus shitworkers to invite them to our year-end meeting. Since his name hadn't yet been taken off the list, I called a recently fired shitworker and invited him too. He asked me, with a tone of strong emotion I couldn't yet identify, "Who the hell are *you* to be running *Maximumrocknroll*?

A good question. Who was I? My credentials weren't *that* exciting. I had to ask myself—what could I accomplish here? What could I bring to the zine besides my hard work and gratitude and pride in punk? I would need more than that—a person can't run things forever after he's dead.

And assuming I figured out *who* I was, the question remained, what was I doing here? Not compensating for an inability to function in the real world. Not passing the time before I get cracking on everyday life.

Punk is more than a manageable microcosm of society to screw around in. It's about claming your own mortality; saying, this is my own fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years, and I won't answer to anybody for it, or apologize for not doing it right, or do it by rote, or by default.

•••

So we just hired a new coordinator, Golnar. She's from New York City. We're all very excited about having her, and we hope she'll like it here in San Francisco, even though she said during her visit that the buildings were "inappropriately colored." I love New York, but what's wrong with a little pastel in a coastal town?

It took us over six months to find a replacement, and we had terribly difficult decisions to make up until the very end. I want to thank, from my heart, the folks who tried out for coordinator and weren't picked. It was an unexpected heartbreak to have to turn away such great people.

•••

Look out for Hue & Cry, my band with Clara and Chloe, on tour on the east coast through the last half of July.

***

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Maybe it's the time of the year. Maybe my weekend alcoholism is finally catching up with me. Maybe I've finally been swallowed up by record geek hysteria. All I know is that all this record shit just hasn't been the same lately. I have a fairly methodical approach towards writing this column. I hit the stores every Tuesday, masturbate to distro lists, and hunt around the Internet for band/record info. I call it "The Scum Regiment". It's a simple process that involves an upping of my OCD levels for the benefit of all scumkind. It's perfect, easy and painful. While it may seem sickening to the average dork, it keeps these old fingers flying on a monthly basis. Unfortunately, the past couple of months saw a break in this routine and a serious lack of motivation. The scouring never subsided, but my frustration grew astronomically. Until now, 2004 had offered little or no reward for dorks like me/us. Sure, the notable exceptions (PONYS, DESTRUCTION UNIT) have been a great soundtrack, but I strive for what I like to call "quantity quality". It just wasn't happening. *Wasn't*. It is now. Thankfully, I've had my ass handed to me by several releases this month and have returned to the land of the hopeless. For the first month in a long time, there are almost too many noteworthy records to dish. Almost…

I somehow tricked The Powers That Be into letting me do record reviews here at *MRR*. One of the first records I got to review was a single by this Swedish band called REGULATIONS. Noticing that Regulations featured folks from EPILEPTIC TERROR ATTACK, I assumed that the hazing had begun. Give the "garage" guy a hardcore record and watch him squirm. That's what I would do if I were in their shoes. I'm sure you can imagine my surprise when the *Survive In The City* 7"EP turned out to be the best single I'd heard in months! This debut single, released on Putrid Filth Conspiracy, perfectly blends the classic sound and energy of the early Dischord singles with the trashiest *Killed By Death* hits. Some of the Kick'N'Punch stuff comes close to this, but Regulations take the cake as far as I'm concerned. It actually makes some of the Kick'N'Punch stuff sound like it came out on Victory (NOTE: Mike Thorn approved that joke). While it appears that their debut 7"EP might already be out of print (I bet you can still find copies), Regulations has a brand new single on Busted Heads, a five song 7"EP appropriately titled *Destroy*. I'd scarf that one up quick-like, if I were you. Do! Not! Miss!

'Tis the season to be Tina. Lucchesi, that is. Hot on the heels of last month's DEADLY WEAPONS LP, she comes right back at you with *Cruisin' For A Bruisin'*, the new album from everyone's favorite dirty poppers, THE BOBBYTEENS. Not surprisingly, they were a complete mess the last time I saw them play (still held my attention though), but they always seem to get it done right on record. Like their last album, the CD is on Estrus and the LP is on Screaming Apple. I think you know which one I recommend.

NAZIS FROM MARS have a new single out on Subway Star. Lots of folks seem to *really* like this band, but I've never been anything but mildly impressed by them. Too poppy? Too electronic? Not enough snarl? I've arrived at those conclusions throughout my journeys with this band, but I'm trying to find the goods. Hopefully their new *American Express Dream* 7"EP delivers.

In an effort to not blow my wad completely at the start of this column, I've dished four full records before diving into In The Red's new releases. My devotion to this label's output sickens me almost as much as it sickens you, but shit this consistently good is impossible to ignore. The "barrage of genius" (sorry, couldn't resist) continues with new albums by two of the finest "garage bands" (using the canonical Little Steven's "Underground Garage" definition, of course) around, REIGNING SOUND and THE MYSTERY GIRLS!

A lot of folks really warmed up to Reigning Sound upon hearing *Time Bomb High School*, and rightly so. Those of you expecting another ballad-heavy album will immediately know the score by checking out the new album's title: *Too Much Guitar!* Don't get me wrong, I love Greg's softer side as much as the next schmoe, but there is one thing I believe deep down in my soul to be fundamentally true: Mr. Cartwright feels the need to rock so strongly that he fucking aches. That's not to say that this is a ballad-free endeavor, but it rocks noticeably harder than Reigning Sound's previous platters. The crunchier production (courtesy of a few LOST SOUNDS) only adds to floor-stompin' vibe running throughout *Too Much Guitar.* Followers of COMPULSIVE GAMBLERS and OBLIVIANS will once again hear urgency and strain in Cartwright's playing and (especially) vocals, and we're all the better for it. I'd sell one or both of my testicles to be this talented at anything.

While talent (and my testicles) might be an overrated (or even unnecessary) commodity in the punk/garage underground, it's pretty difficult to overstate how great The Mystery Girls are. Their previous *S/T* album on Trickknee/Dropkick has enjoyed a slot in my "frequent plays" section since it's release, and that was almost two fucking years ago. Naturally, I've made room for *Something In The Water* in the same section. The improvements in terms of production are immediately recognizable, but the energy level remains the same. The blues lean and psych tinges are more upfront than on their previous records, but it's perfectly obvious throughout that this band is one sweaty, 60s-inspired garage/R'n'B monster. Listening to this new LP reminds of their live show more than their ultra-raw debut does, which is a huge compliment. Get both of these LPs or…don't. Your loss.

Big Neck Records has returned with two noteworthy singles. The first is the 2+2=? 7"EP, another outing by side-project superstars, THE SEGER LIBERATION ARMY. That's right: members of BANTAM ROOSTER, NEW BOMB TURKS, and DIRTBOMBS paying tribute to the original punk rocker (surely you are well-versed in mainstream 70s rock writing?), BOB SEGER. Is this band a big giant 'FUCK YOU" to THE BRIEFS? Their previous single wasn't a great as expected, but look what they

are working with! Next up is the second 7"EP by Canada's SICK FITS, *Mirror Creeps*. I didn't find their single on Pelado that impressive, so I'm approaching both of these with caution.

Wisconsin outpatients SAGGER have a new 45 on Cass Records. If "Black Market Body Parts" b/w "Satyrs Make Martyrs" is anything like their Big Neck or Goodbye Boozy singles, wear a cup while you listen.

Criminal IQ Records just released the debut LP by *Maybe Chicago?* stand-outs, VEE DEE. Add *Further* to the list of great debuts out of Chicago in the past year or so (long list!). While not as frantic as some of their midwestern counterparts, Vee Dee has more than enough attitude to go around. It's up-tempo, booming punk, but there is a dark drug drive running though their sound that keeps things interesting. Some moments reminded me bands like CRIME and TESTORS, while others plunge deep into the boom. Good stuff here kiddies. Take note.

It's Solid Sex Lovie Doll time again! Time to sweat! Consistently fantastic singles released in ridiculously small quantities...what's not to love? This new batch is the strongest SSLD has unleashed in quite some time. The trash heap known as 10-4 BACKDOOR (featuring KING LOUIE!) checks in with their debut 7"EP, *Kick The Door Down*. I believe they are already defunct, but don't quote me. I assuming the *I Found You* 7'EP is the last release ever by LES SEXAREENOS, which is a damn shame. Hopefully a few more releases will trickle out. THE LIMES are (presumably) another one-off band featuring JACK OBLIVIAN (surely you scored that KNAUGHTY KNIGHTS 7"EP?), and they check in with a top notch 45. Some AMERICAN DEATH RAY folks back him up, which sweetens the pot considerably. Finally, and perhaps the best of the lot, is the *Make Me Bleed* 7"EP by TOKYO ELECTRON, another psychotic meltdown from the tortured mind of DESTRUCTION UNIT and WONGS honcho, Ryan Wong. All four singles are limited to 300 copies, feature several sleeve variations and are/were available through mailorder only. These singles (along with everything else these days) have a habit of popping up on eBay for ridiculous sums. Go ahead...drive yourself crazy!

Am I going nuts or is the new MARKED MEN album a bit of a letdown? While I never championed their debut LP as much as others, there's no denying that it flat-out ruled. It's hard to put a finger on what's missing from *On The Outside*. On the surface, the only noticeable change is that it's on Dirtnap Records. They're still in jerky speed-pop mode, but it seems less frantic throughout. Don't get me wrong: it's not a severe departure and there are still some great fucking tunes here, but I'm left wanting more buzz. It may prove to grow on me...hopefully.

I had heard so many glowing reviews of THE GIRLS from Seattle prior to catching them live last month. Maybe the whole new wave/punk thing is wearing thin on me, but I was less than impressed. I gave them a second chance with their debut *S/T* LP, another new release from Dirtnap. Although they seem to possess all the Dirtnap trademarks (which is usually enough for me), it wasn't enough this time around. If The Briefs are a punk/new wave band, than The Girls are a new wave/punk band. I'm certain most Dirtnap devotees will shit over this, so pay no attention to me.

S-S Records has added CRASH NORMAL to their already exciting roster. Hopefully you recognize these French electrobuzzers from their singles on Royal. Perhaps you caught wind of CHEERAKS as well. Regardless, *Heavy Listening* is sure to produce just that amongst the adventurous punk sect. C'mon...there's gotta be a few of you out there!

It simply wouldn't be an installment of *Let's Get Hurt* without mentioning a new LOST SOUNDS release. Seriously, without this band, I'd have nothing to fucking write about. Anyway, Rockin' Bones has unleashed a 3x7"EP Lost Sounds box set! *Demos And Outtakes Vol.2* features both new/exclusive and familiar material (duh), but the colored vinyl EPs, posters, stickers, pins and other goodies that are jam-packed in this thing are enough to make me drool. C'mon...who can resist?

I'm not gonna talk about the OIL! LP, which is out now on Noma Beach. All you have to do is check out the booklet inside *The Glory Of Honour* and you'll know all there is to know about these mythical skinhead legends. You could listen to the record too if you want...

Not much in the "Old Shit" department this month, but the big names make up for the slim pickings. Arguably two of Texas' all-time best bands, REALLY RED and BIG BOYS, have been given the reissue treatment. Although these bands' complete discographies have been readily available on CD for quite a while now, having the vinyl available is good fucking news, especially for mall-punks like me. First off, Empty Records brings us Really Red's debut LP, *Teaching You To Fear*. For those who only know the *Killed By Death* masterpiece "Crowd Control", you ain't seen nothing yet. This is damn-near perfect political punk/hardcore from '81. As for The Big Boys, Germany's Red C Records has offered up a high-quality vinyl reissue of the classic *Where's My Towel* LP, complete with screened sleeves, 180-gram vinyl and inserts galore (including a blurb from TIM KERR himself). Apparently made by the dorks, for the dorks. Now go reissue your own band.

Anyone remember that fantastic DREAM DATES single Ugly Pop put out a few years back? "Moans On The Phone" ring any bells? It should: Canadian JOHNNY THUNDERS-influenced, power-poppy goodness that still gets regular spins at my pad. Although I haven't been able to score Ugly Pop's new Dream Dates excavation, "The Mess You're In" b/w "Search And Destroy" 45, I'm willing to wager it's worth seeking out. I'm sure "Moans On The Phone" made a lot of converts, so act fast! Grab the CAREER SUICIDE LP while you're at it!

While not really old, I'd be a fool to pass over the new live album by Budget Rock darlings, SUPERCHARGER. Rip Off has finally made *Live At The Covered Wagon (SF) 1992* available to the hungry, lo-fi masses. I suppose it goes without saying, but this disc sounds better than almost all of their "studio" material. Now's your chance to relive the inept, energetic garage punk monstrosity that was Supercharger...in your own home! I believe a RIP OFFS live LP is soon to follow, but you never can tell...

That'll do it this month. I've got some completely irrelevant news items I wanna fill you in on before I go, so bear with me. Next month, I'll probably offer up some sort of rundown regarding the *Horizontal Action* Chicago Blackout, a three day show featuring a whole slew of killer bands like REATARDS, CATHOLIC BOYS, DEADLY SNAKES, TYRADES, and many more. Another Japanese column is in the works. Beware. See you next month! Oh, one more thing: SHORT EYES is my new favorite band! <<Mitch Cardwell>> <<PO Box 23882, Oakland, CA 94623>> <<LetsGetHurt@yahoo. com>>

Mykel Board sez: YOU'RE WRONG!

"Suffering and understanding are deeply connected; death and self-awareness are in league" —Denis de Rougemont

[NOTE: Dialog originally spoken by me in bad Spanish, and others in good Spanish, will be translated here into my usual perfect English.]

San Francisco: Not the boring California city where it's cold in the summer. Not the place you have to climb a mountain to get anywhere. Not where the answer to any joke is "that's not funny." I'm not talking about that San Francisco. I'm talking about the one in the Dominican Republic. That's where I am now, writing this, my last column from that country.

FLASHBACK: I've just arrived in the D.R. and ingratiated myself among the guys from the band LA ARMADA ROJA.

"Remember, I am Robert, not Roberto," the drummer tells me. "Roberto is my father."

We're visiting Robert-not-Roberto. He is an attractive young man who lives with his parents in a quiet part of Santo Domingo. I'm there with my pal, Maikel, and the rest of the band. Maikel is the best English speaker in the group.

"You know how to say *I'm hungry* in Spanish?" he asks in English.

Why doesn't he ask me in Spanish to see if I understand?

"Tengo hambre," I say.

I often get this confused with "tengo hombre." That means, "I have a man." Sometimes there are consequences.

I get it right this time. Maikel nods, then

adds, still speaking English, "Wait until I move my hand like this..." he strokes his chin, "then I want you to say it."

I can't figure out what he's talking about. Maybe it's a Dominican custom I don't understand.

Robert-not-Roberto's mother enters the room. She vaguely says hi to everyone. Then she notices me.

"This is Mykel Board," says Robert-not-Roberto. "He is from New York."

I extend my hand. Raising my eyes, I see Mom's face brighten. It's like Ricky Martin stepped into her living room.

"Welcome!" she says.

Maikel strokes his chin.

"Tengo hambre," I say.

"Of course," says mom. "Would you like a cheese sandwich? I'll make some for everyone."

Maikel flashes me the thumbs-up sign.

After lunch, we hang around in the living room.

"What do you want to do in the D.R.?" asks Robert-not-Roberto.

"Well," I tell him, "I want to see punkrock, drink a lot, meet Sammy Sosa, get laid, and see a cockfight."

"Punkrock you'll do," says Charlie, La Armada's guitar player. "We play in a heavy metal festival on Saturday. We're a hardcore band, but what do they know? We have guitars. We play loud. So we're heavy metal."

"Metalcore," says Javiar, the singer.

"I don't think you'll meet Sammy Sosa," says Maikel. "He doesn't hang out the same places we do. As for getting laid..."

His voice drifts off. The other guys in the room press their legs tightly together.

"You'll have to do that on your own," he continues.

"But my uncle," says Robert-not-Roberto, who seems at first to be offering him as a gift to my lust.

"My uncle," he continues, "raises and trains fighting cocks. We can go to see him... take a trip to the North, to San Francisco."
END OF FLASHBACK

We're in San Francisco, staying at the house of Robert-not-Roberto's tio y tia. It's not only me and Robert-not-Roberto; the entire band is here. And more: Maikel, Juan from the *Punk Dominica* website, and Maryanne, an American whose mom is Dominican. She's one of those people who's really cute and innocent but is really over-the-top political. *Everything* is political.

"Nice day, isn't it?"

"How can you say it's a nice day? Don't you know about global warming?"

Maybe she should move to the other San Francisco and write for *MRR*.

In Tio's backyard are a dozen large cages. In each is a proud rooster. Shaved from the waist down, some of them have downy white backs, others full black feathers.

There is a large shack in the yard. In front of the shack, a rooster lies dead in the dust. Its empty eye socket glares at me from the visible side of the head. There's a little blood.

"The loser?" I ask Tio.

He smiles and nods.

Javiar, who is taking the cock tour with me, sees me snapping a picture of the dead bird.

"The loser," he repeats. "What a great CD cover... and name."

We enter the large shack. A wall full of roomy cages stands against one side. In the middle are a couple solo cages with a large, magnificent rooster in each. Across from the door, there is a huge floor to ceiling cage. In that one are two men and two roosters.

One of the men is a young guy with slightly Indian features. The other is Robert-not-Roberto's tio. He's a light-skinned man with a pompadour and hooked nose.

Tio is on one knee, with a rooster on the floor of the cage. The young guy holds another rooster in one hand and dive-bombs it. He's like a kid playing with a toy airplane.

"Nyyyowwww!" He tilts the rooster in his hand at an angle, bringing it toward the one on the ground. The one on the ground isn't interested.

"Go! Go!" coaches Tio.

The man operating the other cock, does another little dive-bomb. Then again. Nothing's happening.

"Put him back," says Tio. "We'll work again after the fights."

So we're off to the cockfights. Piled into the back of Tio's pick-up. I get to ride shotgun. Through the woods, down tiny dirt roads, to the arena.

The arena is a large wooden structure that looks like someone put it together yesterday... and then sprayed it to look old.

Peeling white paint covers the outside plywood walls. Bracing the tin roof is lumber sawed directly from trees. Bark still on, various limbs crisscross to support the structure. In front, a few cars and motorcycles are parked. Across the dirt road, a small shack sells snacks.

We pile out of the truck and go into the arena. Inside it's packed with men. Grizzled old men. Boys who should be in school. Twenty-somethings. Men. Men. Men.

One guy, about 20, dressed in thin torn jeans, a t-shirt, and loafers—no socks—holds his bird gently under his arm. He caresses the head, stroking it softly. He looks around at the crowd, wide-eyed, as if it were his first trip here.

Another man, older, dresses in a shabby blue suit. He, too, holds a rooster under one arm.

The two talk. Then, they both kneel onto the hard concrete floor.

They each set their birds on the floor. The older man's has off-white feathers with a ring of bright red around the neck. The other one is black with bright white neck feathers.

At first the two birds ignore each other, strutting around, exploring the land between the legs of the patrons. The owners grab their birds and put them head to head. An electricity flows between them. The birds stare at each other inches between their beaks. They flap their wings. Suddenly, the white-necked bird lunges. His owner holds him by the tail feathers, preventing an attack. The younger guy too holds his bird, though it doesn't seem to be going anywhere.

I feel a tap on my shoulder.

"It costs 100 pesos to get in," says Maikel. "Are you going in?"

The rest of the crew shake their heads, or shrug. I'm determined to do it.

"OK," says Maikel. "We'll meet you at the snack bar. After the fight."

They leave and I wander around.

Robert-not-Roberto's tio sits on a chair near the ticket-seller. In front of him is a table. To his left is a small shelf. On the shelf are a shallow jar of something tar-like, an eyeglass-size metal case, a roll of gauze tape, and a larger jar of something yellow with a brush stuck in it.

In front of Tio is a line of guys holding their cocks. (Boy, did I enjoy writing that sentence!) I stand to the side and watch.

A middle-aged man with a well-worn face hands a bird to Tio. Tio does not take the whole bird, but rather just grabs a leg. He stretches it, gently holding the claw between his thumb and forefinger, bending it to expose the natural spur.

Then, using a pocketknife, he cuts the spur with a motion you might use to sharpen a pencil. At first, that's what I think he's doing. Cutting the natural spur to make it deadlier. I'm wrong.

Tio continues to cut. SLICE! SLICE! SLICE! The spur slices off completely. Goes flying onto the floor. Blood oozes bright red out of the stump. For the first and only time that night, I feel woozy. I hold the table for support as Tio reaches a finger into the shallow jar. He dabs the black liquid onto the stump on the chicken leg. The bird tries to pull back from the sting.

The bleeding stops. Then Tio takes a long strip of adhesive and wraps it around the wound. Making sure it's tight, he opens the jar of yellow stuff. It smells like the kind of glue I sniffed in high school. He dabs a bit on the back of the bandage.

From the metal case, he takes out a deadly looking black spur—tough plastic or metal, I can't tell—and attaches it to the glue. He wraps more tape around the spur and checks to see that it's secure. Then, the same thing to other leg. That bird is done. NEXT!

I turn to get in line to buy my ticket and enter the inner ring. There's a tug on my sleeve. I turn around to see Maikel.

"I forgot to tell you," he says. "If anyone asks you any question, or even speaks to you. You should do this..."

He shakes his head back and forth.

"Never do this," he nods his head up and down.

"It's really important," he says. "If you make a mistake you will have to pay a lot of money...or there could be trouble."

The crowd pushes me toward the door. I can't ask him for further details, but I'm not taking any chances.

As soon as I enter the arena, I start shak-

ing my head. I'm like an old man with Parkinson's. Shake. Shake. Shake.

The ring itself has three levels. Cyclone fencing interwoven with barbed wire separates the top ring of benches from the bottom two. Behind the top tier is another barbed wire enhanced fence. My seats are in the top row.

Shaking my head as I walk, I slide around until I can get a good view. The place quickly fills up. Downstairs a vendor sells something white and viscous in small plastic bags. I see Tio enter and sit in the expensive seats. Right at ringside.

The fighting pit itself, three rows down, is a green circle, about 8 feet in diameter. Around it is a piece of white plastic, like a giant round tube, sliced lengthwise then sliced again. The place is hot. The only ventilation is the gap between the plywood walls and the tin roof.

The entrance door closes. A few minutes later, a man steps to the center of the ring. He wears jeans, a flannel shirt, and a Texas-style hat made of straw. He holds a wireless microphone and speaks into it, welcoming the crowd. I don't understand a word.

A young man brings a large stick into the ring. He hangs it on a hook at the end of a rope suspended from the ceiling. Then two more men enter the ring. Each carries a large black bag.

One of them I recognize as the young man I saw earlier... in the eye-to-eye face off. The other is an older man with a thick black mustache.

The two men hang the bags at the ends of the stick. The announcer fiddles with it until it balances, then claps his hands. The stickman removes the stick.

The older man takes the first cock out of the bag. Bright red neck feathers flatten against the jet-black rest of him. He struts around the ring like he owns it. Head held high, he walks upright and proud.

The owner picks him up, and holds him stroking his head with the back of his hand.

The other owner takes his bird out. He seems dazzled by the light. Instead of moving, this rooster stands, and blinks. He looks right, then left and takes a tentative step. Then, he looks around again.

The announcer steps into the ring. He says something very rapidly into his microphone.

Meanwhile, the crowd is going wild. "A hundred pesos on the red! Three to one on the white! Give me better odds!"

Occasionally, someone will ask me something. I just shake my head back and forth.

Then, at arms length, the announcer holds one wing of each rooster. Saying "oh!" (or is it "go?") he releases the wings and steps out of the ring.

The roosters face off. Heads down, neck feathers fanned out like those tiny umbrellas stuck in the tropical drinks that girls like.

Beak to beak, they size each other up. Head follows head as a Zen-like staring contest arises. Then, whack! The one with the red feathers attacks. A quick peck on the back of the neck. Whack, another peck. Red holds White's head down like a boxer's clench.

The other bird struggles, pushing his head back against his opponent. In a classic sucker punch, the red-collar rooster lets go. The other's head pops up, exposing his underbelly. Red-collar bounces into the air, sinking his spurs into his opponent's belly, then releasing. Another quick peck. A one-two punch. The other guy has had enough.

The white rooster turns chicken. POW! He's out of there. Climbing into the seats, over the first row of fans, into the second row. There is some laughter, as the men fish around, grab the bird and hand it back to the announcer.

Arms spread again, one cock wing in each hand, the announcer shouts and lets go of them simultaneously.

This time the bird doesn't wait around for the spurs. He takes off back into the stands. The macho rooster struts, king of the ring. Meanwhile, the crowd again fishes the runaway from their midst.

This happens once more before they end the fight. The winner is declared. This time, the loser will live, at least until dinner.

The next fight starts on the heel of this one. Again the two fighters are brought out in cloth bags. Out of the bags, we can see that both are large beautiful birds. Both jet black, one with red neck feathers, the other with white. I guess this is the usual match-up.

"Go!" says the announcer.

The two size each other up. And attack. Simultaneously. Beak in beak. Like they're kissing. They pull, push. Twist their heads. Then Red is free. He tries the push-down-on-the-head routine. But White is wise to it. When Red releases, white flies into the air, landing both spurs into Red's back.

Red is down, but not out. He twists away. Suddenly, the two of them are in the air. Breast to breast. Colliding with a thump that sounds like a boxing glove against naked skin. WHACK!

They land simultaneously. Then again, up into the air. WHACK! This time, they land with Red down. He's on his side. White stands over him, digging a spur behind his exposed wing. It looks like... No! Red is up. Backing away a bit, then attacking. Flying above the other bird, landing hard, both spurs dug in.

White spins, trying to throw off the attacker. Once. Twice. Three times. He turns in a mad whirl. And it works. Red is away, flung to the side. He turns back. The two birds face each other again. Beak to beak. White's neck feathers are slowing turning pink with the blood oozing from his back.

A few tense seconds pass as they feel each other out. White attacks, flying up, spurs exposed. Red moves out of way and white lands on the green concrete. Then Red moves in. A judo like kick just below the neck. WHACK! White is down. Red digs his spurs in deeper as white struggles. Red adds his beak, pecking at the bird's throat, his eyes.

It's over. White lays motionless on the ground. Red, obviously tired, but proud, struts slowly around the ring.

There are two more fights after this one. One ends in a draw where both birds fight until neither can stand. The other ends in another death.

Tio stands up in the front row. He turns and looks around. Spotting me, he waves a "let's go," wave. I meet him at the exit.

"You go to the snack bar," he says. "I have some business. Then I'll get the truck and pick you up."

I walk over to the snack shack where the others sit outside enjoying some Pepsi.

"How was it?" asks Javiar.

"Great!" I tell him. "I've never seen anything like that before."

"How could you like that?" asks Maryanne. "It's so cruel."

"What?" I shout at her. "You eat chicken! You know how they're raised? They live in tiny cages set in rows so the higher ones shit on the lower ones. Their beaks are filed blunt so they can't peck one another. Their legs atrophy for lack of exercise. The chickens you eat are tortured from birth to a horrible assembly line death. These birds live well and die bravely."

"Two wrongs don't make a right," she answers creatively. "I try to eat free range chickens and I want to be a vegetarian."

"Vegetarian, shmegetarian!" I say, using my native dialect. "Here is a bird slaughtered by the thousands. Raised in factories, treated worse than a widget, shot full of drugs. When the birds are loved, given a personality, a reason to live and die... that's when people complain."

Maryanne opens her mouth as if to speak again, but I don't give her time.

"If the average human had one tenth the reason to live that these birds have, humanity would be saved," I continue, switching from discussion to soapbox mode. "These birds are loved, trained, and cared for. If there is pain in their last moments, think of the rest of us. For us, *life* is pain, not death. These birds live without the pain and die heroically. Us? We live with pain and die in some hospital with tubes stuck in us."

By this time, I'm standing on one of the benches outside the snack bar. I have one arm resting limply at my side, while the other is raised, my hand cutting the air violently with each point I make.

A horn honks. It's Robert-not-Roberto's tio with the truck. We return to his house. His tia has made dinner for us. Chicken.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: mykelboard.com or subscribers (email to: god@mykelboard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *GG Ruled, Peelander Z took over. What's next WORLD WAR IX? Dept*:

Yowsah! I've seen the future... and they're the past!! WORLD WAR IX (www.worldwar-ix.com for info) is a Brooklyn punk band that can't help bring a drunken smile to your drunken face. Two GG Allin covers (including one from THE JABBERS time), plus a CIRCLE JERKS song. Pure just-one-of-the-guys looks, and more energy than a Dominican ass. See 'em or be *really* sorry!

—>*You deserve a promotion dept*

This from Ted: The Westminster, California school board refused to carry out a state policy that protects transgender students.

The school board voted to reject the anti-discrimination policy during a meeting that drew hundreds of parents and teachers.

Westminster is the only one of California's school districts to refuse to endorse the state law that gives transsexual students the right to pursue discrimination complaints.

Board members Judy Ahrens, Blossie Marquez-Woodcock and Helena Rutkowskib argue that adopting the state's definition of gender would be immoral and "promote transsexuality."

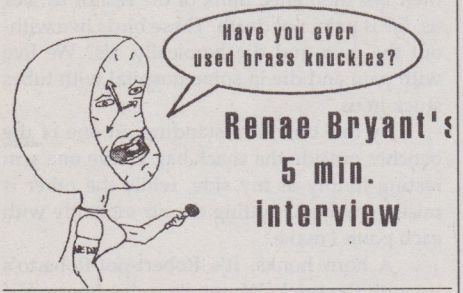
—>*Speaking of the Red Armada dept:*

My pals in La Armada Roja got to travel to El Salvador and maybe Cuba. The trip was paid for by THE COMMUNIST PARTY. Yep, partly because of their name and partly because of their lefty pro-pueblo lyrics, they get to travel outside the D.R.! I think they're the only band to do so.

Lucho is planning to bring them to the US. I guess there's not problem with commies anymore. *Terrorists* are the new commies. Nobody cares about the old ones. But is there still a Communist Party USA? Will they sponsor punkrock? Stay tuned... or email larmadaroja@hotmail.com and find out yourself!

—>*Speaking of San Francisco dept:*

Along with the cockfight adventure, we went to a free outdoor punkrock festival sponsored by the folks from Chung Ho records. (www.chungho.com). It was terrific, with half a dozen bands and the whole town coming out to enjoy the fun. Old ladies, little kids, teens. Not one fight. Beer and rum flowed like sperm at a peep show. Everybody liked all the bands. I love these people! I love the D.R.!



Right now I am in the secluded woodland area of York, PA. It's 12:30 am and starting the column is always the hardest part. We're (All or Nothing HC) on the eleventh day of our four-week US tour. Once again we hopped into the Chevrolet Astro Van, attached a U-haul trailer, and headed out. This time we do not have a roadie, but we are a five-piece. Two of the members have never been on tour (the drummer that replaced Mariana after she quit and the new rhythm guitarist). We were supposed to do the first half of the tour with the Midnight Creeps out of Rhode Island, but the singer's father passed on. Understandably, they pulled out of the tour. This tour is going much more smoothly than the previous tour in September. So far, no major drama has erupted (I am currently knocking on the nearest piece of wood).

We had to leave California on a Sunday because I was in a wedding on Saturday. We played Jugheads in Arizona. I don't like playing bars. I don't want to play bars. It seems that for a beginning touring band, it's hard to get all-ages shows on the off days, Sunday through Thursday. Many of our all-ages shows were at bars. It's bizarre. This time, we had someone help us with the booking, knowing that we only wanted all-ages shows, and we still got bar shows. Don't get me wrong. I'm happy to play. We always give a hundred percent, for five people or five hundred. We have met amazing people and played with great bands at the bars we played at (all-ages or not). I am just going to have to work harder to get us booked on all-ages shows for the next tour. It can't be as difficult/impossible as some make it seem.

Anyway, back to Jugheads. It's a cool punk rock bar. We met some cool people that got what we're doing. That made it worth it. The bands were fairly lame and that's being kind (they were not punk rock whatsoever). One band was a speed metal band from Colorado and the other was a self-described "Foo Fighters"-style band from Long Beach, CA. Yeah, all touring bands on a Sunday night in a bar...pure genius.

The next night we played Surges in El Paso, TX. Surges was one of those all-ages bar shows. The kids that showed up were great. The only problem was that the show started late. We played with one performance artist called Severe Deformity and the Amputee. He was an African-American gentleman that sang to programmed electronica in a tie and some tightie whities. The other band that played was this very talented punk band called Lost Cause. Their guitarist shreds and it just so happens that she's a girl. They were hugely entertaining and the highlight of the show. The kids told me that they had to take their standardized tests the next day. Going on at 12 am was not convenient for anyone's schedule on a Monday night.

The next show was in Houston. This show had us booked again at another all-ages bar, Fitzgeralds. The silly thing about this show was that we were booked to play the downstairs, along with four other bands. Andrew WK played upstairs with No Motive and Jersey. The only reason I mention him at all is because I was impressed with the time Andrew WK spent with his "fans" after the show. He seriously was there for at least two hours signing autographs, leaving phone messages, etc. Andrew WK is not punk. Some people may feel that signing autographs is not punk. The fact is that it made his fans really happy. I wish that more punk and hardcore bands took this kind of time with their fans. It breaks my heart when I hear horror stories about rock star punk and hardcore bands that walk around holier-than-thou with their noses in the air, unwilling to make time for people. We did play with some fun bands downstairs: Stale Mind (Beaumont, TX), Focusyn (Houston, TX), and this campy girl-fronted band called Hybred Soul (Houston, TX). We had to go on fifteen minutes before Andrew WK went on upstairs. So I went upstairs and began to round people up. Many came downstairs and watched for the fifteen-plus minutes. We played our asses off. As the singer from 3 Kisses said, we "worked for it."

The next show was in Dallas, TX. This show was at the Red Blood Club. The owner was cool but the guy that set up didn't bother to promote it. It was two bands on a Wednesday night. The best thing about the night was hanging out with this gal Stephanie. Stephanie is a writer and had sent us an interview before we left on tour. Hanging out with her talking for a good two hours made the show worth it. The Reprehensibles played and made the time worth it too.

Our next date was in New Orleans, LA. We arrived early as to enjoy the city. We had a great time and learned that if someone asks to guess where you bought your shoes, they are going to rob you. Luckily, the guys in my band we're completely unaware of what was happening and succeeded in not getting shanked. That night we played at the Dixie Tavern. Now I have forgotten the names of the band we played with on purpose, but I do remember how truly offensive they were. The first band's skinhead singer told jokes about women after every other song: "Why do women get periods?" "Why do punk girls wear underwear?", etc. I sat there getting furious, ready to rip his eyeballs out of his head Kill Bill style. Instead, I began thinking of ways to turn his jokes around on him. So when it was my turn to rock we blasted through three songs and then I practiced some comedy relief: "Why do women get periods? Because men deserve it..." "Why do punk girls wear underwear? To stuff them down the throats of punk/skinhead boys after they've hogtied them, to muffle their cries as they put Ben Gay-covered q-tips down their penis shafts." My favorite one was at the end of our set, when I asked, "How can you tell when a punk or skinhead guy has a really small cock? He stands on stage and talks shit about women." The guy took all the jokes pretty well and said I was the first gal to hand it back to him. The last band was awful and sang a song about chaining their child to a toilet. Terrible....

After LA came GA. I have never been to a show where things are so backwards. I didn't agree with the underage drinking. I was not impressed when this kid offered me counterfeit money. Blagh. It was cool seeing Floyd, who promised to help book us on a good hardcore show the next time. Knife took good care of us.

After Georgia we needed a really cool show, and Wigga Joe delivered. He set up the best show of the tour so far at this all-ages café called the Factory in Roanoke, VA. We had played the Uglyfest back in September and were looking forward to a great show. We played with Piss Ant, XLIV, Dead End Heist (this impressive gal-fronted band) and the Overprivileged. Everything about the show

was cool.

We stayed for three days in DC with Chris Suspect (from The Suspects, Spitfires United, and currently of VPR) and his talented wife, Amy. Chris is the best host ever, and as a bonus, his band kicks ass. We were there on my birthday. It was a rainy but relaxing day, since we had the day off. We ate Italian and watched *Kill Bill Vol.2*. The next day we took in the Smithsonian National Zoo. That night we played with Die Cheerleader Die and VPR. The people working at the Sidebar were fucking jerks. I did get to meet Billy from Toxic Flyer and Dunaway and his gal, all really sweet people.

It takes me forever to finish a column. This one took even longer because I cut my guitarist hair. You are welcome to give constructive criticism and even praise to aonhc@earthlink.net; www.ontherag.net; or PO Box 251 Norco, CA 92860-0251. Thank for reading and thanks to every single person who has supported us in any way in the last eleven days.

The band FREE VERSE was interviewed in the May 2004 issue of *MRR*. In that article, I found it interesting to notice the interviewer stated: "It seems like Riot Grrl, along with Queercore, as a term died off in the late nineties."

Well if queercore died, let's just say the news hasn't gotten to the bands that appeared on the QUEERCORE BLITZ tour this past April. It's a DIY tour founded by Anna Jacobson-Leong. I went to the NYC show and was very much impressed. There were *five* bands. Now keep in mind, I'm the sort of guy who usually thinks two bands per show is the ideal situation, and three bands is plenty. Any more than that and I start to feel like the show has dragged on for too long, so when a show has more than three bands, I tend to lose interest. I don't like standing around a club for hours and hours, especially if I feel I'm standing through bad or mediocre bands waiting forever for the act I came to see to go on. But I have to give QUEERCORE BLITZ a whole lot of credit. These people knew how to keep a show moving. Each band did a short set...long enough for you to feel like you got your money's worth, but short enough for you to keep from losing interest. As soon as one band was finished, the next band was ready to go! This cut the in-between time you usually spend waiting around down to virtually nothing. It was almost as if people behind the scenes were snapping their fingers, saying, "Keep it moving, keep it moving!" I can't remember ever before seeing a show with five bands that came off as smoothly as this.

All five of the bands are new and previously unknown to me. The bands that performed on April 23rd were GINA YOUNG & THE BENT, THE KITTY KILL, TRIPLE CREME, DAVIES VS. DRESCH, and THE DEAD BETTIES. I would say that's evidence that queercore didn't "die off in the late nineties," but is actually thriving. Yes, it's true that many bands from the original wave of queercore bands are now inactive, such as Fifth Column, Fagatron, Cheesecake, and Limp Wrist. But that doesn't mean queercore itself is dead. Nope. Just because a genre's originators aren't around anymore, it doesn't kill the genre. That's the same mistake certain folks made when they declared "punk is dead" after the first wave of bands like The Sex Pistols, Eater, X-Ray Spex, Stranglers, and Slits either broke up or changed styles. Well, as we all know, punk isn't dead! And neither is queercore. As long as queer punks get together to form bands, there will always be a queercore. Lets' hope future Queercore Blitz tours will also be around to showcase them across the country.

I encountered San Francisco native Larry-Bob Roberts of the zines *Holy Titclamps* and *Queer Zine Explosion* at the event. He was looking great with his new shorter haircut. We hung out together for the rest of the show, and had a lot of fun talking and catching up on what we've been up to since we last saw each other. Larry introduced me to Anna, who masterminded the Queercore Blitz. I told Anna that of all the bands who performed, I felt I liked DAVIES VS. DRESCH the best. This band included Donna Dresch from the now defunct group TEAM DRESCH. Even though there was some slight tentativeness on stage (reminding you that this was still a very new group), overall DAVIES VS. DRESCH had the chops that you'd expect from years of experience.

The rest of the bands were enjoyable too—each group had their own unique sort of vibe or twist to them, although THE DEAD BETTIES couldn't help but really stand out as the only all-male band in an evening of girl-power. Ironically, their version of an old BIKINI KILL song was my favorite moment of their set. The audience reacted very warmly to it as well. And guess what? You might imagine that a whole evening of fairly little known bands from a fairly obscure subgenre of punk rock—itself uncommercial by nature—wouldn't attract a huge audience, right? Wrong. The place was packed. Most of the audience was really young too. Yes, a future wave of queercore is on the rise.

Queercore Blitz will be striking the West Coast! The tour will run from San Diego to Seattle on December 2nd through the 12th, 2004. Great bands such as feminist hardcore quartet DOMINATRIX (Brazil) are already confirmed. If you're interested in booking a tour date at your club, or you want to submit your band's demo to possibly be included on the tour, email the Queercore Blitz organizers at info@queercoreblitz.com Also be sure to check out the website www.queercoreblitz.com

No.

Let's just get this out of the way first: demographically, most of the people who write for and/or read this magazine, including myself, can be characterized as radicals with regard to their political views, with a large percentage of those radicals being of an anarcho-syndicalist bent (whether they know the history of Anarchism or not). Most of the people who write for and/or read this magazine are not going to like what I write this month. Frankly, I'm not entirely sure that I like what I'm about to write either, but it needs to be stated regardless.

I'm going to vote for John Kerry for president of the United States, and I think you should too.

This year, for the first time in my admittedly short and chemically compromised memory, democracy in the United States has officially become a war. You can bitch and piss and moan and complain (as I have, repeatedly) that the Democrats and Republicans are essentially the same; that their candidates are both wealthy insiders with fresh blood on their hands; that they attended the same Ivy League school where both of them belonged to the same clubs (the secretive 'Skull and Bones' society at Yale, just to name one), went to the same parties, and probably fucked the same drunk and unconscious sorority girl while doing coke off of each others' unresponsive male members. On all of these counts you may be right.

However, if you said they are exactly the same and would do the same things as the President of the United States, you are wrong.

There are an estimated 90 million evangelical Christians in the United States. Though the hard-core fundamentalists are a minority amongst evangelicals, they are highly visible. Despite these fundamentalists' consistent self-portrayal as "conservatives," they tend to be downright radical in their views. They posit a near-uniform opposition to abortion, gay rights/marriage, most women's rights, the UN, gun control of any sort, taxes (especially those earmarked for social services and secular public schools), and any form of peaceful reconciliation with the Muslim world. They overwhelmingly support the legal enforcement of Christian values and hold steadfastly to the view that the world will end up as a ball of fire in God's apocalypse, as foretold in the Book of

Revelation, replete with the inevitable Zionist Israeli conversion to Christianity on the doorstep of doom. The bulk of evangelicals, though they do not necessarily agree with the extremism of the fundamentalists, increasingly tend to vote as a block in collusion with them in elections. If one of their own is running, a near-complete unity of evangelical support for him (it is almost always a man) is largely assured.

George W. Bush is a right-wing, evangelical, fundamentalist, born-again Christian. John Kerry is not, and that constitutes a very, very important difference between them. The vast majority of evangelicals have already been mobilized for George W. Bush. They will show up to the polls and they will vote for him, heedless of any reservations they may have about the extremism of his approach. Beyond the fact that we all breathe air, drink water, and occasionally need food, I feel that I have nothing in common with people who are voting for Bush. In fact, things are at a point where I unequivocally consider them to be my enemies. There have been points in time when relatively sensible people have been fooled into voting for a Ronald Reagan, or an Arnold Schwarzenegger. Sometimes, as with Reagan, they'll even do it a second time. This can be chalked up to a number of things: stupidity, charisma, and relative domestic prosperity chief among them. None of these excuses can possibly apply to voting for Bush in this election. This is beyond a question of stupidity or naiveté: This is a genuine, base level difference in ethics and morals that has escalated into full-blown mutual hate. Once, while on the sidewalk with my friend Sarah, we saw a dude walk by wearing a t-shirt that said B*U*S*H* (you know, like M*A*S*H*). The exchange went something like this:

Sarah: What's up with that shirt?
Dude: I like the guy!
Sarah: You wanna fight?
Dude: What?
Sarah: No, really, do you wanna *fight*?
(dude looks disgusted and hurries away, not wanting to risk getting beaten up by pinko weirdos who almost certainly have AIDS)

The thing is, these bastards have learned that to win you need to vote together and not sweat the small stuff. They figure the minutiae can be worked out once it's all over and their duly elected festering carbuncles have taken office. Then they can argue about the best way to destroy the world in closed meetings. Frankly, they can all go to hell, but I don't want them taking me down, too. This is why we need to vote, and specifically why we need to vote for John Kerry.

Voting for Kerry is a risk. His record for the last several years has been spotty at best and foul at worst. As a younger man, he was a Vietnam veteran against the war who threw his medals down in protest on the Capitol steps after being wounded in combat, and spoke eloquently against the war. As of late, he has veered wildly back and forth between support for and opposition to the war in Iraq. He is a pro-choice practicing Catholic who recently said (echoing another wishy-washy politician, John Kennedy) "I will be a President who happens to be Catholic, not a Catholic President... I don't tell church officials what to do, and church officials shouldn't tell American politicians what to do in the context of our public life." He also has a Jewish paternal grandfather, but, being a spineless consummate politico who is in abject fear of the reactionary Bush evangelical juggernaut, he has denied this. If elected, he may turn out to suck as much as Clinton, the Democrat who was notorious for executing many of the "reforms" that Republicans had been clamoring for for years (the end of welfare, NAFTA, GATT, communications industry deregulation, etc.). If Kerry does turn out to suck, my ass will be immediately railing against him and I'll see you in the streets.

Misguided as it may be, however, my gut feeling is that Kerry could be a "stealth liberal" who, oozing into office on a moderate platform, could emerge from his homely little pupae as a progressive butterfly, spreading the bittersweet pollen of relative social justice all around—much as Bush, somewhat featureless in the election, got to the Oval Office, donned his cowboy hat, and started shooting in all directions. Or maybe Kerry will just suck, and become Clinton II. Keep in mind, though, that a key difference between Kerry and Clinton (or Gore, for that matter) is that Kerry is from New England and Clinton is from the Deep South. In terms of Democratic Party tradition, southern Democrats (or Dixiecrats, as they have been called) generally tend to veer towards the right, while the New Englanders are far more unpredictable. Purely anecdotal and not quite reassuring, I know, but that's beyond the point. The point is that voting for the riskier of two candidates, for the one who actually needs codified opposition support to get elected, is a far better idea than voting for some chump like Nader (who I voted for last time, by the way—I'm not ashamed) or not voting at all. If Bush gets re-elected, there is no risk factor. There is no doubt. It will utterly suck, and it will suck in new and horrible ways that we cannot even begin to fathom.

The last thing I want to say is this: The American left (and their affiliates) needs to take a long, hard look at the last hundred years of the history of Spain. The Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) was comprised of dozens of political factions, a veritable rainbow of ideologies including the first and only codified major Anarchist army in human history, the CNT. These factions were constantly veering between halfhearted cooperation and brutal infighting. The result of this was that the Fascists, led by Francisco Franco and armed by Germany and Italy, were able to steamroll their way into absolute power. Spain was ruled by Franco until 1975, 30 years after the end of World War II and the defeat of Germany.

This April, following the terrorist train bombing in Madrid, the people of Spain overwhelmingly voted to oust the ultraconservative Prime Minister Jose Aznar in favor of Luis Zapatero, a Socialist progressive. As the train bombing was widely seen as a direct response to the Spanish government's wildly unpopular entry into the Iraq war, the opposition put aside factional squabbling and simply chose to elect the person who would do what they wanted instead of whatever he pleased.

We would be well advised to be aware of Spain's history, and to follow their current example.

Johnny Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA. 94609

MAKE THE IMAGES YOU WANT TO SEE REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING IS MANIPULATED BY ITS MAKER

Every year, I work a few different film festivals, moving prints from the distributors and filmmakers to local festivals here in San Francisco. This past month, I've been laboring like a motherfucker, delivering the films to the theaters, promoting the works of other people that I feel add a complex analysis to all of the images distributed in this shattered world. I break my little back, doing manual labor with two other women, all angst and glamour, trying to promote ideas that I feel get shunned by our boring consumerist society. The prints weigh about fifty pounds each, and they must be boxed up and carried up many flights of stairs into lonely drunken projection booths where they are handled with care by jaded intellectuals who work for the union.

After driving these city streets and the surrounding highways in the darkness, I've watched the photos trickle in from the media. You know, it is hard to try to say anything about the news that will be published a month after it is written, but I was all sick in my kitchen yesterday watching a pile of naked Iraqi people tortured at the hands of the kids from this country who we've sent out there to "instill democracy." I can't begin to analyze the complexity of this, the sexual abuse of men at the hands of men and *women* with a specific kind of privilege, one based on ethnicity and country of origin. But, documenting reality and understanding the power that provides should be a divine goal for us as journalists, and as people—I won't use the word "citizens," because what the fuck does that acknowledge as legitimate, this state that I don't support? I will say that as activists, artists, freaks, and just generally angry folks, we have a duty to create our own media, no matter who will ever see it.

When I think about the idea of teaching

video to people, I think about documentary films, and the experiences I had as a viewer before I was an image-maker. I think about being younger and watching PBS and assuming everything I was told was true.

I understand that we, as punks, are inherently skeptical of the images that are fed to us by the outside world (and I wish we were more skeptical of the images that are created within our community, but that's another column). But there is a power in the medium of documentary that must be acknowledged. There is voice of truth that is generally generated, and it is false. When Mr. Man tells us, in a very confident voice-over, that kids kill themselves because of the rock, and we hear testimonials from five kids saying heavy metal compelled them to want to die, this is seen as evidence. Often, these kids were interviewed for two hours, and four minutes of their testimony was used. Often, there were fifteen other kids interviewed that didn't say what the director wanted them to say, and so their interviews were not used.

These are things that we may know intellectually, but that are more effectively understood kinesthetically, through the process of creating images and having the ability to exploit them to one's own agenda. You can make anyone say anything through the proper manipulation of dialogue. It's all about the information that is given to the consumer of a particular form of media, and how the subject is viewed as a result. Sometimes, the subject is not presented honestly. This happened in a really serious way with the Black Panthers, who were involved in a number of activities, including starting free lunch programs and putting stop signs in neighborhoods to save kids' lives, but were primarily famous for supporting the right to bear arms and fight the cops. It also happened with Riot Grrrl (I am not equating these two movements) when the mainstream press interviewed some of its members and simplified the movement into a bunch of repressed little girls who couldn't handle the real world or the real cock, so they did nothing but whine about The Patriarchy, paint each other's toenails, and indulge in their own victimization. Where was *Newsweek* when 18-year-old girls were teaching 12-year-old girls how to play guitar? Where the fuck were they when women were forming alliances with men who also felt fucked over by sexism? There is only so much space in any article, film, or television show, and its creators get to judge what's left in.

So if were don't want to stick with happily consuming the way things are told to us, then we have to create our own worlds. My friends are dykes, whores, glamour girls, professors, and professionals, all at the same time. They create their own stories, they create their own lives, they make up the weird little worlds they live in, but they keep everything out in the open, and they talk to people outside of their constructed realities. They deserve to tell their own stories, no matter how complex they may be.

So, if we are here to express ourselves in our own terms, that entails a certain amount of technical proficiency. For example, I spend some of my time copyediting interviews for this weird little rag, so that the ideas of musicians all over the world are clear enough to read. It's about facilitating communication as best I can, and it's about adding a little bit of clarity to our stories, so that they can be understood. In this spirit, I have a few basic tips—borrowed, studied, and learned from experience—that I can maybe pass on in an effort towards a better understanding of how to create more useable images, how to edit with heart, and how to create in an effort to further a loving cynicism of all media, independent and corporate alike.

First, get a camera. Get any camera you can, and get it for cheap.

That said, there are obviously differences in cameras. Film (as opposed to video) is great but it is expensive, particularly if you are hoping to create an image with sound. If you aren't, get a Super8 camera. Regular8 is used beautifully by a variety of filmmakers, including my friend Pablo, who is one of the best people in the world, but it is harder to light and harder to get film for than Super8 is, so if you are new to all of this, it's probably not what you want. Regular8 cameras are easy to find but the film they require isn't.

If you want sound, and you want cheap, I hate to say it, but you probably want video.

There are a lot of different video cameras in the world. In the interest of being sort of practical, I will keep this column focused on cameras that you might actually get access to if you are not an established filmmaker. That said, if you can get your hands on a really fancy camera through some elaborate scam, fucking do it, even if it seems imposing, and do some goddamn research on how to use it. I swear the image quality will make it worth it.

It's pretty easy to get your hands on an older VHS camera for 25 bucks or a lot less in most parts of the country, either at a thrift store or a yard sale. If you live somewhere where folks have a lot of access to fancy technology, you can probably get one for free, cuz VHS is *so* 1984 to them. The corporate supporters of the "digital revolution" have started a campaign to promote digital video as a superior medium, but really, some of those cameras don't have half of the lens quality that the old VHS guys do. If you don't have manual focus, a headphone jack that works, and a mike jack that you can hook an external mike into (not the shitty one built into the camera, but the kind you use for show that actually works), then you don't really have a camera. Digital makes a big difference if you have access to an nonlinear editing system (the kind that you use in a computer, where the media's stored in the hard drive, not on tape anymore). If you do, the camera plugs right into your computer and boom boom, you are ready to edit. It's pretty cool. But if you don't, the cost of getting a digital camera isn't worth it. My friend Caroline wants me to remind you that Digital8 is a scam. It's not really digital, not better than regular Hi8, just more expensive. To which I add, it's not bad if you can get it free or cheap. And on that note, I've shot on Hi8 a lot and it can look pretty cool if you bother to light it right or if you shoot outdoors in the sun. Hi8 looks a lot better than regular 8mm video, and used cameras should run about the same price. So, if you have the choice between the two, go for Hi8.

Make sure you test any camera that you buy. Plug it in, or better, use the battery for power. Tape a little bit of footage. Go and buy a tape if you need to—most tapes, including MiniDV, are 10 bucks or less—and play your footage back to make sure that everything looks and sounds cool. Ask the person who is selling the camera to you if you can borrow some headphones to make sure that the headphone jack works. Better yet, if you are out looking for a camera, bring a pair of headphones, a mike, and a couple of adapters—different cameras take different kinds of inputs— to fit the mike into midi and 1/8 inch jacks from your mike that probably has a 1/4 inch jack—the rock mike standard, the size a guitar cord uses. Make sure that your camera comes with some batteries (at least two), and a battery charger.

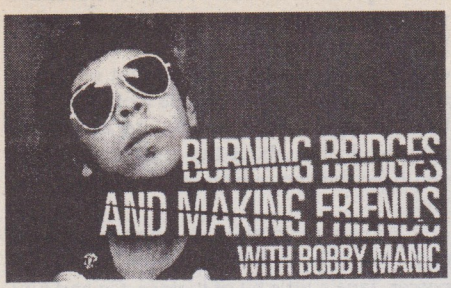
When you go out to shoot, use a real mike, and use headphones to make sure that you are picking up the sound you want. And focus the damn thing yourself, even if you are unlucky enough to get something with a goddamn joystick focus. Automatic focus can be finicky, and a lot of the time the camera with shift back and forth, in and out of focus, while you're shooting. That looks like shit.

Bring some gaff tape (available at photo supply stores—buy black) and extension cords and extra batteries, cuz something will go wrong.

If you are shooting indoors, you'll need lights, cuz fluorescents suck, and regular lightbulbs may not be bright enough. You can get three lights at a hardware store for about seven bucks each, those metal ones with clips that can handle 100-200-watt bulbs, which is more than enough for video. Make sure you use the white balance. Check out some books from the library to learn the specifics of these tricks, three-point lighting, and white balance.

It's important, whether you wanna get some footage of a protest in case the cops get particularly evil or you want to interview your mom about your birth, that we all spend some time shooting and then editing images in order to understand the way the images we see every day are manipulated. I first started making videos that distilled hours of interviews with my friends into five-minute art films. I watched their reactions to being distorted, manipulated, and glorified, and I learned about my power as an image-maker. We are all consumers of media, whether we like it or not, and we should all realize our potential as makers of it also, in whatever capacity.

Send me your weird fucked-up movies via the *MRR* PO box listed at the beginning of the magazine.



Let's jump right into the swing of things:

At first glance I thought THE ENDEAVORS' *The End of* CD was a CD-R deal, but upon further inspection it turns out this is a real CD with crappy packaging and just a simple photocopied sheet of paper that reads "The End of the Endeavors" on the cover and "All 9 songs. The Endeavors: 199?-2000," and that's about it. I'm rather annoyed by it. Here's what I can gather from listening to this and the very little info that came with the disc. The label's from Japan, and these guys sound Japanese, therefore I'm going to assume they're from Japan as well. So that being said I think it's stated somewhere in *MRR*'s list of policies and regulations that any band with less-than-polished production and a knack for snotty, catchy rock and roll must be compared to one of the TEENGENERATE offshoot bands or TEENGENERTATE themselves. So there ya go. This fits in very well with all those bands. Ta-da! It's got warp speed angry songs, it's got a slow ballad, it's got hooks, it's got attitude, what more do you need to know? (Well, in all fairness, if you honestly did want to know anything else, I wouldn't be able to tell you, because like I said, they'd didn't pack a whole lotta info on this thing.)

Pelado Records sent me a little care package not too long ago. Pat's been putting out quality stuff for years, but this batch he sent me was really something to shake a stick at. The THINGZ S/T CD sounds like one of the many South City Budget Rock bands from the early 90s. So you won't find me complaining. But I am only one man—I can only type THEBRENTWOODSSUPERCHARGERMUMMIESSPOILEDBRATRTSSPASTICS so many times. The girl/guy split vocals formula is always a safe bet with this genre because, let's face it, garage punk can get a little repetitive and at least two people taking turns singing the same song is a little bit refreshing. And if it sounds like this is a negative review, then you're sadly mistaken, jerk face, because this is much better than your band. So shut up and listen.

The ENDS *Never Again* CD has remained in constant rotation since I received it. These Texans bring back the ghosts of GEN X and the early CLASH but deliver it in a way that reminds me a lot of their statesmen the MARKED MEN. Raspy vocals and pop hooks. A cover of "Radio Radio" by ELVIS COSTELLO to wrap things up and I'm a happy man.

Also from the Lone Star State, the KICKZ *Activate Me* CD really blew me away. I've heard so many mixed reviews about this band, part of me wanted to write them off when I heard one too many STITCHES comparisons, but the fact that they're on Pelado meant that even if they did sound like the STITCHES, they'd at least be good at it. Now that I'm finally around to listening to it I'm not surprised by the comparisons—people are retarded, and anything that sounds kinda 70s UK punk played by Americans in creepers is automatically lumped in with those Orange County retro-wannabe bands. The KICKZ aren't doing anything really new, but they're doing it with a lot more passion than most bands can claim. Hints of the VIBRATORS, BUZZCOCKS, *Sorry Ma*-era REPLACEMENTS, and maybe even the GIZMOS come to mind right from the get-go. They're obviously a bit obnoxious, a bit loud, and one of them really knows how to play lead guitar, but they also have a good stranglehold on the brokenhearted lyric and well-played back-up vocal and chorus. Can't go wrong with that combination. Plus the CD looks really cool.

And in case I didn't I say enough good things about this band just a second ago, Mortville Records released a two-song seven incher with an original on the A-side and a REPLACEMENTS cover on the flip (a very well done rendition of "Don't Ask Why". Tombstone gray vinyl. Check out www.peladorecords.com and www.mortvillerecords.com for info on any of these bands.

When I was a kid I found this zine from Spain (I think it was called *N.O.T.*) and although my Spanish was never that great (and has since become downright awful) I read it cover to cover many, many times. It truly was a great zine, but that's neither here nor there, the point is, one of the columnists/contributors was a kid named Javi Fast Food. He kinda reminded me of myself at the time; a Latino kid in a leather jacket and Chucks worshipping the RAMONES. Halfway around the world. I always wanted to check out his band but by the time I became a reviewer here I assumed they broke up and never really thought to check up on them. Here we are now with a brand new album by FAST FOOD, *And the World Keeps Turning*, and it's fucking awesome.

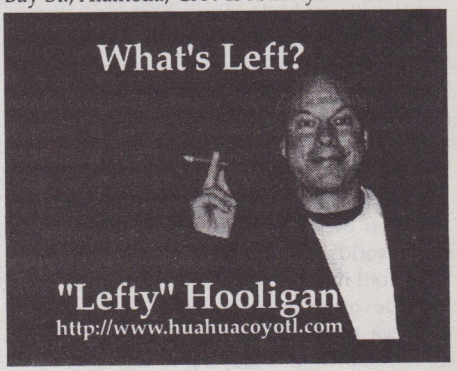
These guys are the Spanish MANGES. They have their RAMONES stances perfectly practiced. They've got the energy, the passion, and the love for what they're doing. They don't seem to care that there are a million bands out there doing what they're doing and they don't even care that most of them do it in broken English. These guys are doing the pop punk thing in their native tongue and they're doing it well. www.fastfoodonline.com

I didn't want to like the CLOROX GIRLS (for reasons that I'd rather not admit to. (All right, I'll fess up—one of them was in MAURICE'S LITTLE BASTARDS and that band irritated the hell out of me so I am holding a personal vendetta against him forever. Forever!) But I'm digging this. I heard they were located out of the Bay Area for a while but moved back to Portland or something, I dunno, point being I missed these guys when they were all the rage around town. Nine times out of ten when someone talks up a band to the degree that they did the CLOROX GIRLS that's enough of an indication that I probably won't like them and in a year or two neither will anyone else. I'm not saying that to belittle the band or this record, I'm just saying it's a fact of life around these parts (like, honestly, who still likes SHARP KNIFE? Oh. You do? Really? I'm sorry). These guys reminded me of a dumbed-down FM KNIVES at times and a smarter BANANAS the rest of the time. They've really got a Sacramento feel to them. I'm not sure if it's the Woodhouse-like production (yeah, I just compared this Kurt Bloch/EGG Studios-recorded LP to Chris Woodhouse and the Loft. And, y'know what? I meant it) or the fact that they just know when to be poppy and when to be pissed off. Well done, good sirs. Too bad one of you had to be in that crap-ass band before this. And for that, no good review for you. How can you go from one of the worst bands ever to this? Baffles me. www.cloroxgirls.com

And finally, in CLONES news, Jeffie has informed me that he and his genetically altered alter egos have already began to work on material for two more CLONES albums and Jeffie's solo debut (does anyone else see the irony in that?) I'll keep you posted next month when I get the demos.

Bottom Line:

* Last month I asked the question, "How do I convince a girl that *MRR* isn't Satan's publication?" A dear friend of mine answered, "One: give her a pair of gloves before she reads it. Two: let her read George Tabb's column first then quickly take it away from her; that way she doesn't tarnish her memory of the experience with the rest of the rubbish that can be found inside." Classic.
* It's that wacky time between spring and summer, which means it's time for everyone to fall in love again, start new bands and projects, and break out the sleeveless shirts! By the time this comes out, I'll be in Florida indulging in all of the above. Party on.
* Deconstructing a joke (or MRR vs. RMM), I have been getting a lot of guff for my new e-mail address. Now before I give it out I want you to stop. Think. And see why I found it funny.
*And on that note ihatemrr@hotmail.com for all your complaints and compliments. 1709 Bay St., Alameda, CA 94501 for your records.



I haven't had a pair of black high top

Converse All Stars fit properly since the company went bankrupt, got bought out by Nike and started manufacturing their shoes in China and Indonesia. I used to wear size 7 1/2 Chucks, now I have to buy 8s because the old size pinches in the width. With the added length my heels are constantly rubbing against the back of the shoes unless I compensate by tying the Chucks real tight, kind of defeating the purpose of wearing Converse to begin with. I mean, it's not for the support. Typically, I wear my Chucks until they're full of holes and falling apart, which is in about half the time with the Third World Converse. I recently found an old, dilapidated pair of Chucks in the back of my closet and I marveled at how comfortable they felt when I tried them on. I keep eyeing the one brand new, never been worn collector's pair I bought before Converse lost it, wishing I'd stocked up.

I'm old enough to have been around when Chucks were cool the first time. When they were called tennis shoes or sneakers, not athletic shoes. I remember insisting my parents buy me Converse All Stars instead of Keds Red Balls because the older kids all wore Chucks. I welcomed their revival with the advent of punk rock and considered anybody I saw wearing a pair a member of the tribe during the '80s. Now, thanks to Nike, Converse are ubiquitous. They were sold everywhere in Paris, so I never bothered to unpack the pair I'd brought from the US. I just wish Nike would go ahead and add The Swoosh to the Converse label.

No, I'm not being maudlin or nostalgic or bitter, nor is this some misplaced "buy made-in-the-USA only" patriotism, nor am I even arguing for something I actually believe, like capitalism always ruins a good thing. My point is much more pedestrian, literally so. Of late, I've become acutely aware of the state of my feet. That's because I walk four or five times a week, for an hour at a stretch, as fast as I can as part of an effort to not drop dead from a heart attack. I also try to do errands and shopping by foot whenever possible, taking full advantage of life in the big city. I've been doing the power walk thing and more exercise in general to combat my heart disease for three and a half years. A pair of favorite walking boots started giving me cramps in my right foot a little over a year and a half ago and I foolishly persisted in wearing them, walking through the cramps and nearly crippling myself in the process.

I wrote about hobbling around during the day-after anti-Iraq war demonstrations that shut down San Francisco's financial district over a year ago. Since then I've healed up thanks to good shoes and even more walking. I'm sad though that my Converse are now next to useless. Chucks were never good for hiking or power walking or anything serious, but at least you could walk around in them. They were modestly functional. Not so with me and the way Chucks are currently manufactured. I continue wearing them to work, but for anything else such as walking around the city they just don't cut it anymore.

I mean I shouldn't even be wearing Converse, now that Nike sweatshop labor makes them, right? Capital's escalating assault on labor was recently brought home once again when the three national supermarket chains—Safeway, Albertsons and Ralphs—broke the back of the five-month-old grocery workers strike in southern California led by the United Food and Commercial Workers union. The chains were willing to lose millions to break the UFCW's power. In turn, the timid UFCW leadership helped lose it with a strategy that was local and legalistic, and the rank-and-file never went beyond their dismal leadership. The result was a contract that gave the supermarket chains what they wanted—a two-tiered employment structure, harsh co-payments to for health care benefits, an end to employment seniority. Little wonder that union labor as part of the US work force has fallen from 14% to 9% since 1995. Yet my *not* wearing Chucks to personally boycott evil Nike and make a statement about the criminality of capitalism would be just as symbolic an act as wearing Chucks have become for me.

Perhaps I should see my Converse as a daily, irritating reminder of how fucked up capitalism is.

As for walking around the city in proper fitting shoes, I've done a couple of columns extolling its newfound joys. Before that I praised walking around Paris. And before that I'd paid regular tribute to the pleasures of walking around New York City. I've even highlighted the times I'd walked around my old hometown of Oakland. I've almost never had the feelings of isolation, anonymity and alienation identified as part of the downside to urban life. Instead I've felt that cities should be inhabited, walked around in, interacted with, and collectively changed; a process of enjoyment, participation and responsibility that is the essence of what in the elementary schools of my day was called civics. From the Latin *civicus*, this was the art and science of citizenship: the rights and duties of citizens in what was considered the basis of civilization, the city.

Rest assured I haven't suddenly become a municipalist, *a la* Murray Bookchin. I would contend that Bookchin's replacement of the commune with the city as the basic unit of self-government in his anarchism amounts to a transformation of a legitimate if old-fashioned anarchist communism into a highly questionable minarchist position. Minarchism (minarchism) advocates the proliferation of smaller semi- or quasi-state units such as Bookchin's city-states, a sort of halfway house between anarchism's radical communalist decentralism and the nation-state as we know it. City-states have always held an attraction for anarchists—consider the writings of Petr Kropotkin, Lewis Mumford, Paul Goodman and Karl Hess for a start. However, the deadly pitfall of a social order based on city-states, shared by municipalism, can be apprehended with a reading of Thucydides' *Peloponnesian Wars*.

I recently joined Friends of the Urban Forest, which is perhaps the best way I can illustrate what I mean by civic involvement. FUF goes around San Francisco planting trees, based on the idea that breaking up the concrete and asphalt heat sink that is the city with more and more greenery will moderate the deleterious environmental effects San Francisco's urban landscape has on local and regional ecologies. FUF also touts the benefits of cleaner air and a more scenic city to its members and volunteers who go out and plant the trees, as well as care for and replace trees previously planted by the organization. To the property owners who get FUF to plant trees on the sidewalk in front of their home or business, the organization also promotes the scenic improvement angle, but never fails to mention that the trees improve property values as well.

FUF's urban improvement program that involves people across class lines is the essence of the civic, as opposed say to the reformist. Reformist organizations and movements often involve broad class alliances and popular participation, yet invariably a sector or class in society fights the reforms in question as against their interests. The distinction with the revolutionary is even more marked, presupposing—as revolution does—outright class warfare. FUF's emphasis is about everybody getting together to make the city a better place to live, an emphasis upon civic interest and civic involvement that has no opposition other than apathy. While an issue everybody can get behind, civic improvement does suffer when there's a lack of money and resources. As a non-profit, FUF came to depend on the city for a lot of its funding. Tight budgets have meant drastic cutbacks, with property owners now forking over $150 a tree as opposed to $30 during FUF's salad days. And it costs FUF $300 plus to actually plant that tree. If capitalist austerity makes civic improvement impossible, will reformism, even revolution become possible?

Please note the implications for a hierarchy of social change, with civic improvement on the lowest rung, followed by reformism above it, and with revolution still higher up. Also note that I have no problem in engaging in all three types of activity concurrently. To paraphrase a tired late twentieth century bumper sticker—I plant trees, I vote, and I riot. There certainly are plenty of contradictions in my stance, but contradiction is the rule of reality. Purity is the exception.

I'll discuss this at greater length when I talk in October specifically about voting. Suffice it to say while I engage in civic, reformist and revolutionary activities, I don't confuse them. I don't view planting trees as anything more than making San Francisco a little nicer place to live. It certainly doesn't change things to any significant degree like a reformist law mandating property owners to plant and maintain trees could, or like the revolutionary movement envisioned by Berkeley Peoples Architecture to rip up streets, tear down fences and transform the city into an eco-friendly urban commune would. I doubt if FUF's efforts will even make much of a dent in the environmental impact caused by San Francisco. Aside from civic involvement I plant

trees for FUF because it's great exercise, it's a way to meet people, and it reaffirms my sense of neighborhood and community belonging.

I was quite miserable the last three years I lived in San Diego's Golden Hill neighborhood, prior to moving to the Bay Area. I hated the city, I was severely overweight, I was drinking way too much, and I spent most of my time when not at work holed up in my apartment writing. When a friend who lived around the corner came by and talked of the wonderful sunset and view of the city she had enjoyed from a nearby park the previous evening I asked: "Where the hell's the park you're talking about?"

"It's just four blocks away," she said, incredulous. "It's part of Balboa Park. You don't know much about the neighborhood, do you?"

I've made an effort to get to know my neighborhood ever since.

There are lots of ways of exploring one's neighborhood, from just walking around to getting civically involved. Somewhere in between there's dining. When my girlfriend and I moved into our current digs, we started frequenting the Gin Joint, a bar in the next alley over that served lunches and dinners that got a mention in indie weekly restaurant reviews. They downsized their menu to quality appetizers before going out of business altogether. Bobby Ryder's bought them out and tried to revive the foodie menu, along with unlicensed cabaret jazz. They too went belly up. The place has been vacant for nearly a year. Something called the Catalyst Bar recently put up signage and repainted the building.

I think the location's cursed.

My block—between 6th and 7th and Bryant and Brannan—is right across from the Hall of Justice so Deli DeLeon, Caffe Roma of North Beach fame and Tacorico Taqueria & Restaurant & Bar & Grill only do business on weekdays, usually closing by 3 or 4. I have managed to sample their menus on days I stay home from work, but there's nothing special. The Taqueria is cheap at least, as is the Mexican food roach coach that inhabits one of the pay parking lots during the week and sometimes on the weekend. That and the grease are always a temptation for me, not good considering my heart disease. I've never been in the 7th St. Martini Bar & Grill, which isn't on 7th Street by the way. The menu offers pretty standard full lunches and dinners along with the usual bar food, and the look of the place makes me think the prosecutor, the defense attorney and the judge meet there regularly over gin and tonics and steaks to wheel-and-deal what in this country is called justice.

On the other side of the block, Café Mars makes its appeal to the young design center and residue dot com crowds in the area. It's a self-consciously hip bar and eatery that does burgers, fish and chips, etc.—unhealthy food that normally appeals to me. I went in twice to get a bite, but the boisterous, wall-to-wall after work crowd was redolent of yuppie scum. I had that urge to purchase an automatic weapon and commit mayhem, so I left. The true hipster hangout in the neighborhood is Annie's, but it doesn't do food. I would have considered Annie's Cocktail Lounge paradise in my booze and bar days, and wiled away far too many inebriated hours until last call in this punk-as-fuck establishment. Instead, I own a stylish Annie's t-shirt, black of course. Annie's is to Café Mars what an old-school pair of comfortable, made-in-the-USA black high top Converse All Stars are to the pinched and chaffing, sweatshop labor Nike knockoffs Chucks have become.

Next column, thoughts on the em-pire.

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For MRR #254 (7/04)

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... Still no progress on my website at http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. If you can help me get things working again, or if you can recommend some software to automate the process, please contact me at the email address below. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

Sometimes I feel like I live my life from one intense moment to the next; that is, seeking out those intense moments of mania. When things get amped up to over ten, then I feel alive. In the times in-between, sometimes I wonder if I am. I guess that is why New York City was always so rad, 'cause the intensity never ended. But you get tired and burnt out if you live on fifteen all the time. I did. And now, I look just forward to those days when everything goes into overdrive.

There are people who see me only on those days, who think I'm always happy and exuberant, which of course could put the pressure on if I'm feeling down, but I just say, "ah, you only see me on the good days." But I have finally found a decent balance in my life between those quiet periods and the amped ones without the overwhelming or depressed side effects than could come. So I crammed out a new issue of *Slug & Lettuce* and then hopped on a plane to Chicago, en route to Milwaukee to see my best friends Karoline and Robert. We had a non-stop, all-go weekend of thrashing punk rock shows planned, in what Robert dubbed our "Estrogen Blitzkrieg Weekend," which started out in Milwaukee, amped on coffee and then beer and 80s dance night.

We left for Minneapolis at 4 am when Karoline shut her bar down and the party started to wind down. Robert drove the ladies through the night to arrive at the Seward Cafe for special coffee drinks, and I stayed asleep in the van with a most uncharacteristic hangover. But we had a day of punk rock ahead of us, and I pulled it together just in time for the Havoc Thrash Fest, which brought together several hundred people from all over to carry on all day. The day was slightly overwhelming with the lack of sleep, and it was hard for me to get the photographer's energy flowing to full max. I did get it together for From Ashes Rise, who just happens to be a personal favorite. Ya know, one of those bands that make me get all stupid, carry on about how life is worth living and how this is what makes everything worthwhile. They are *that* good and I was stoked, and finally woke up and rocked out.

Wolfbrigade almost canceled their whole tour due to the singer having some kind of throat condition, but they played the Thrash Fest and totally blew me and everyone away. Vitamin X rocked their next-to-last show of a rough tour of not getting along. RAMBO made the drive out as the people's choice and participated in the dancing of the weekend. Combined with Caustic Christ and the Pittsburgh contingent representing, I celebrated my PA pride in good company. The nonstop mania did not end there, as we flew across town to the Profane Existence Trash Fest with Misery. We missed Disrespect, which sucked, but got to see Iskra, which was rad. And Misery. Well I've carried on enough about how excited I was to see Misery after ten years, and it was fucking rad and they ended with an Amebix cover and I was stoked. And from there it was off to another 80s dance party at Chelsea's house, and those Canadians can dance! We kept it on ten until the stereo died and then eventually accepted sleep.

Then it was up in the a.m. for more coffee and good eats at the Triple Rock, where the old punks were tying it on with Bloody Marys, and then we drove onward to Madison for Vitamin X's last show and more From Ashes Rise, which for me was another highlight, where I left my camera in the van and just flailed in uncharacteristic fashion—head banging, fists in the air thrashing and just rockin' out. We all kinda had our own personal party there, feeling a bit out of place with the fest that was going at the university of which we really had no part, but it was here that the Estrogen Blitzkrieg really bonded as part of our group had to split up for the night. FAR came back to Milwaukee to tie one on for the rest of the night, while Vitamin X shuffled off with the end of their tour now upon them.

But round three came as we trekked off to Chicago for one more night of From Ashes Rise and the last show from Wolfbrigade. The show was packed and punk and we walked in right as FAR started to play. Once again it was a no-camera night, and a head-banging, fist-pounding rock out. Old friends who had not been seen in years were there, and while we thought we'd leave right after the show to head back to Milwaukee, we were the last ones out the door.

Goodbyes were said, and we got back just in time for China to do some Pat Benatar karaoke at Onopa. Our night was just about to wind down in the wee hours of the morning when we got a strange call from an Illinois hospital, asking if we had family contact information for a patient in critical condition whose name we didn't recognize. Having just come from IL and having been in three states with hundreds of people who could easily exchanged phone numbers, well, it was sobering for us as we tried to figure out who it might be. And unfortunately, we have figured out who it is and I think we all wish that we didn't know. But it's not to be talked about now. It's just enough of a dose of reality to remember that crazy shit happens every day and we can rage and crash, live, love, and die and hopefully in the middle of all extremes appreciate what we have when we have it. I know I do, and while I want to live my life on fifteen all the time, doing it all now, forsaking sleep and just raging and rocking non-stop, the party does have to end and at least when it does and I end up back home, I can open up my back door let my awesome dogs outside and marvel at the great garden in front of me and just smile at how lucky I am to have such great friends and a great family and a great community of punk rock peeps that can get together, keep good company, come together for the manic times, and still be there when everything slows back down.

Special thanks to Karoline and Robert for being the bestest of the best. John and Patsy, China and Laura for being the weekend posse. Felix and Michelle for pulling off the fest. Team Canada Iskra for being the best clean-up-in-the-morning crew I have ever seen, as well as the kings of dance night. Misery for still playing. Dan and Chelsea for hosting us all in Mpls. Vitamin X for finishing their tour. Wolfbrigade for playing two shows. Doomsday Cauldron for playing the night that I'm in town. From Ashes Rise for just being From Ashes Rise. Hellshock for giving me something more to carry on about. The Estrogen Blitzkrieg crew for the Mayday weekend and again Karoline and Robert for being the best of the best peeps ever.

xoxo

Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce / PO Box 26632 / Richmond, VA 23261-6632

If the election were held now, *Newsweek* tells us, John Kerry would defeat George W. Bush by a seven-point margin. True, a lot can and will happen between now and November. But time is running out for the Republicans. It's virtually impossible to imagine the bloodshed in Iraq easing enough to save Bush's steal-the-world wackos from joining the growing legions of the unemployed. Even if Islamist terrorists attack us again—Al Qaeda wants Bush to win because his wars are their recruitment tool—a Kerry victory has become a genuine possibility. Which begs the question: what would he do differently?

Probably not much.

Kerry, who voted for Bush's wars even though he later declined to fund them, will likely get stuck in the Iraqi quagmire. Sure, Kerry criticizes Bush for refusing to withdraw until democratic elections can be held. Democracy "shouldn't be the measurement of when you leave," he says. "With respect to getting our troops out, the measurement is the stability of Iraq." But with Sunnis and Shiites united in a ferocious war of resistance against US occupation forces (until their current marriage of convenience dissolves in favor of civil war, anyway), a stable Iraq remains exactly as elusive as one conducive to fair elections.

Kerry's probable foreign policy team, led by Republicans in the vein of John McCain and Chuck Hagel, will undoubtedly counsel the new president to stay the course. We must, they'll argue, avoid the humiliation of watching Osama gloat at us on Al Jazeera. Aside from the usual worry about appearing weak, Kerry will overcompensate for traditional voter mistrust of Democrats on defense and the military by trying to out-Republican the Republicans. He may even send more troops to Iraq. He'll certainly beef up our presence in Afghanistan.

Kerry's unrealistic measuring stick for a pullout, coupled with the probability of more gruesome Fallujah-style outrages that demand retaliation, mean that we'll keep shooting and bombing Muslims for years to come.

There are few indications that President Kerry would roll back much if any of Bush's assault on personal liberties. "It is time to end the era of John Ashcroft," says the senator Republicans like to call a Massachusetts liberal, but his platform doesn't match his rhetoric. He'll tinker with, rather than repeal, the privacy-busting USA Patriot Act (which he voted for, by the way). "Much of what is in the Patriot Act are good ideas," he argues. Liberals who imagine a Bastille-style storming of Ashcroft's concentration camps at Guantánamo Bay and elsewhere had better reprogram their fantasies. While Kerry promises to put some of our randomly arrested Muslims on trial, the post-9/11 internment camps will remain in operation.

Anyone who files a Form 1040 knows that Bush's tax cuts are a farce. For most people, increases in state and local taxes have erased the small reductions in the federal rate. A tiny fraction of Americans, the top two percent, received a net tax cut as we ran up a $6 trillion tab for a party 98 percent never got to attend. But Kerry won't ask the rich to pay back windfall tax reductions they've already received. Moreover, he'll leave Bush's remaining rates in place for individuals earning less than $200,000 a year. He'll restore only part of the Bush-repealed estate tax.

Since this drain on the treasury will continue, Kerry can't possibly keep his promise to balance the budget. But he'll still get suckered into cleaning up some of the GOP's mess. "We will have to make real choices—and that includes priorities of my own," concedes Kerry. "When I say a cap on spending, I mean it." That means budget cuts and no new spending on education or healthcare, causes dear to Democrats. The 9/11-inspired Homeland Security bureaucracy, on the other hand, would continue to issue its silly color codes at its present bloated size.

NAFTA, the WTO, welfare reform—on a host of important issues, John Kerry promises to be just as conservative as George W. Bush. Nevertheless, there are subtle differences between the two candidates. A Kerry presidency means the end of office betting pools about which country we're next planning to invade. Kerry may retain stupid Bush-era innovations like HomeSec and the Patriot Act, but he won't propose many new ones. Things won't get any better, but they won't get much worse. And we'll finally have a leader who doesn't refuse to hold press conferences because they expose him as a lunatic and a dolt.

I can live with that.

NEW MAILING ADDRESS: Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York NY 10027. Email is: chet@rall.com. Website: www.rall.com

NEW BOOK: WAKE UP, YOU'RE LIBERAL: HOW WE CAN TAKE AMERICA BACK FROM THE RIGHT (Soft Skull Press, approx. 260 pp., price TBD), is out now, available everywhere. It includes advice to the broad spectrum of the American left from anarchists and socialists to mainline Democrats on everything from personal attitudes to TV campaign ads and choosing candidates, as well as proposes a new kind of Democratic Party based on a platform that I believe would be unbeatable. Based on three years of research and a lifetime of thought, this is my political magnum opus. You can order it directly through Soft Skull (softskull.com) or Amazon, or ask your bookstore to order it. Cover price is $14.95, if you want an autographed copy send $19 (includes Priority Mail within the United States) to Ted Rall, PO Box 1134, New York, NY 10027 and be sure to say how you want me to sign it.

The light is so bright that I feel like I am being interrogated by the Nazis or something. I imagine the conversation to go something like, "So, Jew, we know there are others like you, oth-

ers who are involved in your underground movement. We want their names." Of course I would refuse to talk. "You'll never get anything out of me, Nazi swine. You'll have to kill me first," I'd say. "Kill you? That'd be too good for you. No. We have something better planned." I'd tell them that nothing, nothing they could do to me would make me talk. Make me give up my friends, or the movement. Then the Nazi would speak again. "Hans, take Mr. Tabb here to Florida." I'd scream, "No, not Florida. Evan, he's in the movement. Ryan, him too. Tim, he has a magazine, go after him. Please, just don't take me to Florida!"

But the light wasn't a truth device from the Gestapo. It was an operating room light used in surgery. And I was the patient. Lying on a cold white table with my urologist, Dr. Reckler, standing in front of me. "Well, George, like I told you before, this examination won't really hurt all that much." I tell him good, I really don't enjoy pain too much. Especially when it is my own. He goes on to explain that this is a relatively simple procedure, and should be over within a half-hour. He also tells me that some patients are put under a general for this, but seeing as I am a strong young man, I should have no problem. I tell him that I am a strong young man, and as long as he is not sending me south of Georgia, I'll be just fine. He just looks at me.

"So, George," the doctor explains, "this procedure is called a cystostopy. What I am going to do is basically insert this tube here into your urethra. Then we will have a look around through the microscope lens on the end of the tube, and see how you are doing inside." I tell him that that is no problem. I don't know what the hell he is talking about. "How are you going to get into my urethra?" I ask him. I don't even know what a urethra is. I had thought it was that black woman who sang "Respect" in the Blues Brothers movie. "Oh," explains the doctor, "that is simple, we shall just enter through the tip of your penis." "My what?" I yell. "Your penis, through the hole in it, I'll insert the tube, travel through your urethra, have a look at your testicles, your prostate, and your kidneys." I almost faint. Then I ask him to see the tube. "You don't really want to see it, it doesn't matter. It is just a simple ridged steel tube with a periscope-type device on the end." "Lemme see it," I exclaim. If someone is gonna stick something inside my dick, I wanna know what it looks like.

"Okay," says Dr. Reckler, "Nurse, hand me the scope." The sweet-looking blonde nurse opens a folded sheet on the O.R. table and hands the doctor the scope. "Hold it up, I can't see it," I say to Dr. Reckler. "You sure you wanna see this?" he says. "Yes," I say, getting impatient. The doctor holds up the scope. It does have a periscope end on it. About the diameter of a diaphragm. Then I look at the tube part. It is steel. And has the width of, oh, I'd say a pencil. Or a Sharpie. I calmly say to Dr. Reckler, "Sorry, there is no way that is going inside of me. Have a nice day," and I start to get up off the table. He pushes me back down. "It's not that bad," he says to me. But it was.

*

But let me jump forward a bit. I just got done being in the recording studio for about a week. With Furious George. My band. My old punk rock band. And it was one of those weeks. The studio is great. It is called D-10, and my pal, Raja, is the engineer/owner/all around great guy. Why his name is Raja, I have no clue. He is as Jewish as me. Or my bass player, Evan. When I first met him and asked him his name, I thought he said Roger. Normal name. But when I called him that, he said, no, "it's Raja." I think he must have had hippie parents or something. Anyway, like I said, it was one of those weeks in the studio. Everything that could go wrong did. And by no fault of anyone. There were power-outages, ghost sounds coming from the machines, and just weird stuff in general. Raja kept saying that all this was a sign that the tape, the finished product, would be great. And, in the end, he was right. The Furious George demo was fucking wonderful. All the songs sounded great, and I owe a lot of that to Raja.

But, where was I? Oh yeah. So we are in the studio, and things keep going wrong. No one else really seems stressed about it, though. I mean, Evan, the bass player, he doesn't seem to even notice. All he keeps doing is eating things like cheese-combos and pizza and twinkies. Then complains of stomachaches. I tell him it is his diet. He tells me he is not on a diet. And John, our drummer. What can ya say about drummers? All he does is smoke some weed every once in a while and play with the kitty-cats who live at the studio. Whenever there is a problem, John doesn't even notice. He just asks if I got any papers. Or where the pizza is. So really, I am alone. Well, except for Wendy. But the cats won't leave her alone, and she is allergic to them. So it is just me, my guitar, and Raja. And things keep going wrong. We lose a whole guitar track on "Burger King Is Dead", and somehow can't re-record it. The tape gets major fall-out, and at times, it looks as if we are going to have to start all over again. I break a guitar string during a perfect solo, something I *never* do. Play a perfect solo. And stuff like that.

"George," Evan constantly asks, "are we done yet?" "My stomach doesn't feel too good, and *Welcome Back Kotter* is on," he adds. I tell him to go home and I'll see him tomorrow. He says "thanks," and tells me he'll be back tomorrow, unless he has bad diarrhea. I just nod my head. Then I ask John if he wants to leave too. He's not even there. Turns out he left hours ago. Doh.

And that's how things went. And for normal people, that is okay. They can deal with stress. They can deal with things that happen on a day-to-day basis. Raja was calm the whole time. Wendy, Evan, and John were calm. But me? No. Shit, if the cable goes out on my television for like one minute, I am ready to have a heart attack. If I order a slice of pizza and it is a bit burnt, my blood pressure goes through the top of my head. And, god forbid, if something really goes wrong, well, I just go into shock. And shock is not a bad thing. It kinda numbs ya from everything. Ya just kinda sit there, drooling, and everything is just like a combination of shadows and light and color. I kinda like shock. It is sorta like being really wasted. But I wasn't lucky enough to go into it at the studio when we were recording the Furious George demo. No. I had to go into something worse. Much worse. One of my prostate attacks.

Okay. So what is a prostate?

I tell lots of people I have prostate problems, and have had them since I was like seventeen. Most people just stare at me. I ask them if they know what a prostate is. Most of them just say it has something to do with being lazy, or some kind of mammal related to a dolphin or something. I explain that the prostate is a gland, or organ, found only in males. It is located directly behind the testicles, and right in front of the rectum. Kinda right in the middle there. Anyway, the prostate produces that fluid stuff called semen, which, along with sperm, comes out the tip of the wiener schnitzel when stimulated a certain way. Usually by hand. Anyway, I have one that sometimes gets enlarged. Actually, so does my friend Tesco Vee from the Meatmen. A few years ago, me, and him, and Evan, and my pal Ryan were hanging out at the old Slimelight, seeing Tesco's band. We got to talking about being manly, something Tesco often talks about, and somehow prostates came up. We both discovered we both had enlarged ones, and sort of male bonded. While I described the pain of a prostate attack as sort of the feeling of someone taking a long sharp knife and inserting it in my rectum, then twisting it every few seconds or so, Tesco described it more as a little man "up there" squeezing and manipulating his insides. Somebody like the Wizard of Oz or something. Anyway, this conversation went on for a while, and poor Evan and Ryan felt left out, not knowing what the fuck we were talking about. As Tesco and I bragged to one another about who had more pain, Johnny Ramone came walking up to us. "Hey George," said Johnny, in his extremely Queens-nasal voice. I said hello to Johnny and introduced him to Tesco. I explained to the Ramones' guitarist that Tesco is in a great band called The Meatmen, and they fucking rock. Johnny asked where Tesco was from, and Tesco told him the Midwest. Johnny started to talk about the Midwest and people he knew. I interrupted him by asking if he had prostate problems. He told me that he had no prostate problems, and that Ramones aren't lazy. They do all down strokes. Whatever.

Anyway, so I'm in the recording studio having a major prostate attack. That guy keeps sticking that knife deeper and deeper. And twisting it. I imagine the guy to look like Jason, from *Friday The Thirteenth.* Or Freddy Kruger. With all those knives on his fingers. Ouch. Then I remember what Tesco said about The Wizard of Oz. I swear I can hear voices in my head saying "George, bring me the broom of the Wicked Witch Of The West, and a couple of twinkies and maybe a bag of Fritos." Of course I realize it is only Evan speaking. And the pain continues. Finally I break down and take my medication. Probantathane. Something Dr. Reckler finally gave me. Speaking of Dr. Reckler, where was I?

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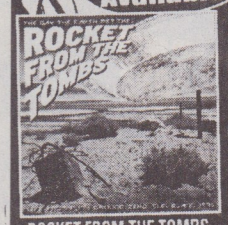

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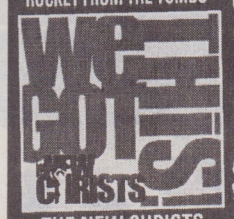

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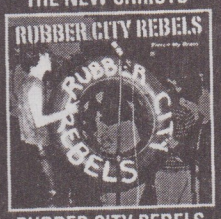

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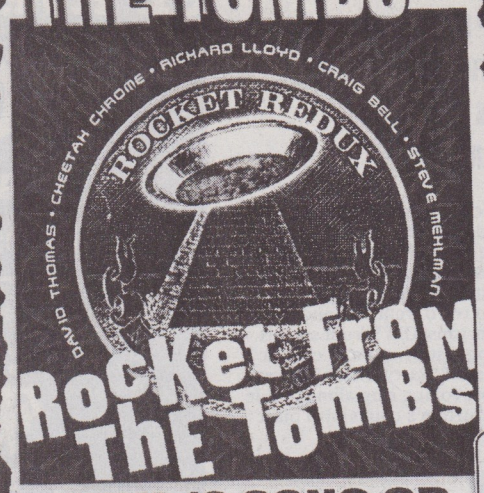

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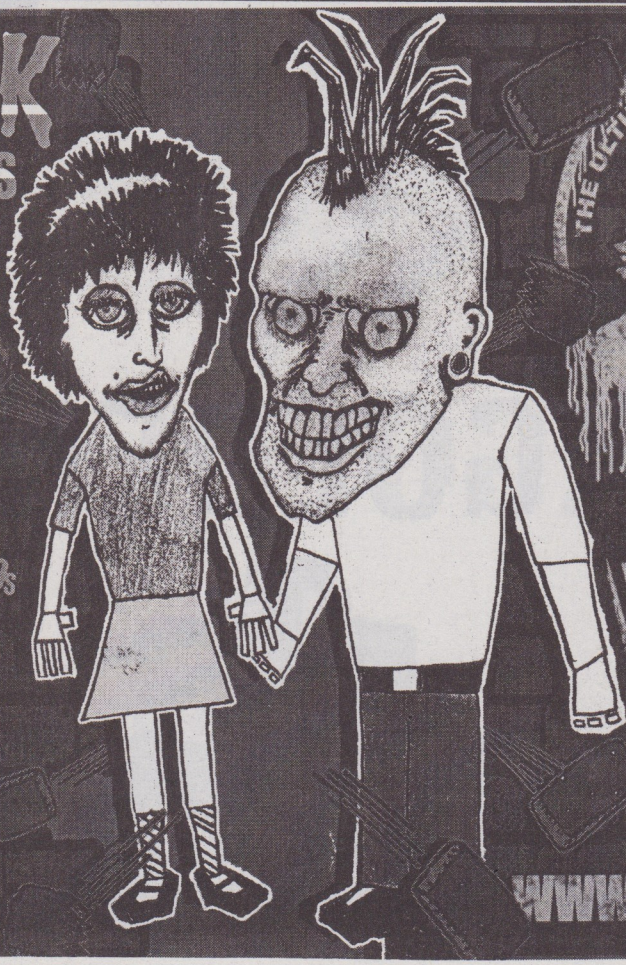

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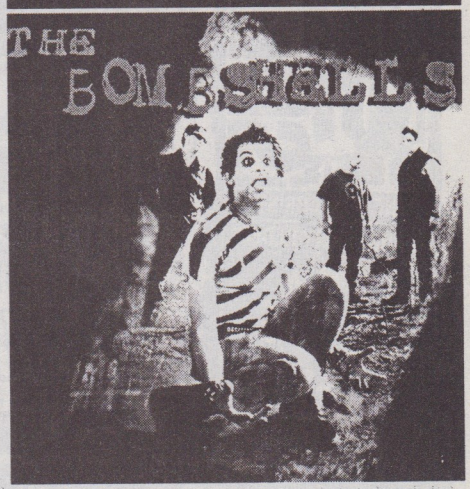

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So, I tell Dr. Reckler that there is no way that tube is going gonna take a trip up my tunnel. He tells me to relax, and I finally say that I will try. Dr. Reckler then explains to me that he is now going to remove my sweatpants, as he take off my sneakers. I figure it is okay. He is a doctor. Ya seen one schlong, ya seen 'em all. And besides, it was just us two guys and one nurse in the room. She has probably seen lots of schlongs. I bet close up, even. And so what if the doctor was gonna touch it and stuff, I mean, he did that all day long. That was his job. I just hoped that I didn't get excited or anything. I mean, what would the nurse think. The doctor touching me, and me getting a woody or something. Two guys, together. I didn't wanna think about it.

So the doctor removes my sweats and, well, my penis is now out for him and the nurse to see. He doesn't seem to really notice it, but I see the nurse looking at it. Then she looks at me. And smiles. I don't think I am gonna like this. Then Dr. Reckler says, "George, you don't mind if I have a few residents come in and watch this procedure, do you?" Before I can object, four girl residents enter the operating room. And they are all cute. And they see me laying on the table. With my pants off. And my dick hanging out. And they all look at it. And suddenly I begin to think of all these girls and me. I try not to. But I do. I think of them all over me, and suddenly I feel something begin to move down there. And the doctor isn't touching it yet. I try to think of other things. Baseball, Nintendo, The Son Of The King Of Punk Rock, Beer, My Grandmother, The Band That Can Not Be Mentioned, etc. But none of it works. All my blood is rushing south. I look into the faces of the residents and the nurse. They all smile at me. Finally, the blonde nurse takes my hand and tells me it is OK. She says that it is normal. I feel like dying.

"Let the procedure begin," says Dr. Reckler, as he takes out the long tube and makes his way toward my now half-erect penis. But before he does anything, he says, "listen, George, first we are going to flood your bladder, then empty it. Just to make sure nothing is up there. This won't hurt." Then he takes a tube, puts it into the tip of my penis, which hurts like hell, and somehow starts to pump fluid into me. I feel like I am pissing in reverse. I wince in pain. The nurse holds my hand tighter and tells me it will be okay. Then, I feel my bladder so full, I feel as if it is going to burst. Dr. Reckler than says, "Okay, George, now I am going to empty it", and he does. Some how he uses this vacuum-cleaner type thing and I feel myself pissing all over the place. Actually I am pissing into a tube, I hope, but somehow I feel as if it is going all over everything. I again squeeze the nurse's hand. I then look up at all the residents. Some are taking notes, and others are just staring at my wingdoodle. Wonderful.

"Now we are going to cover your penis with Iodine," says Dr. Reckler. He takes out a bottle of this yellow fluid and a brush, and literally paints my dick yellow. He covers the whole thing, and I figure this guy is a good painter. Shit, maybe he chose the wrong profession. This guy could be the next Rembrandt or something. When he is done, I look down and can't believe that that penis is attached to me. But the fun was just about to begin. "And now, George, we are gonna take a look inside of you," explains the good doctor, and takes out the long metal tube with the periscope thing on the end. He grabs my penis and starts to insert it in the little hole.

Then my penis did something it has never, ever done before. I mean, my penis has done lots of tricks, most of them very enjoyable, but this trick, well, it never did this. It shrunk up. I don't mean it got a little bit smaller. I don't even mean it got a lot bit smaller. I mean it shrunk up as in "Honey, I Shrunk The Penis" small. It got so small that GG Allin looked like John Holmes compared to me. And not only did it shrink, it retreated. In fear. It looked like a turtle trying to hide in its shell. The tip of my penis, well, my whole penis, tried to hide behind my balls. I couldn't believe it. I looked at it in shock. As did all the residents and even my friend, the nurse, who was holding my hand. My penis was now the size of one of those little green turtles ya buy, that when ya get bored of, ya flush down the toilet. Hell.

"That is totally normal," says Dr. Reckler, more to the residents and nurse than to me. No one says anything. I begin to wonder if it will now stay this size forever, and if I'll ever be able to take a shower in public again. But I lose that thought right away as the tube starts to make its way down my penis. I scream. Dr. Reckler says that I am a tough young man, and this really isn't so bad. I tell him let me stick a fucking baseball bat up your ass, then tell me that. He comments that maybe he should have drugged my mouth. I apologize for being so rude. As the doctor is making his way down my penis, he is peering through the periscope. After he moves every few centimeters, he asks if it hurts. As tears roll from my eyes, I just nod my head. Then he stops.

"Okay George, this is a tricky part, We are going to have to make a sharp left. I sometimes refer to this part of the procedure as taking Dead Man's Curve." The nurse squeezes my hand. I can't see the residents because of all the tears in my eyes. The tube starts to move again and suddenly I feel a pain so sharp that when Freddy Kruger or Jason stick those knives up my ass, that feels like the best massage in the world compared to this. I mean this, this fucking hurts. In my mind, all I could see was Satan giving me oral sex, and sticking his forked tongue up there. I started yelling, "Oh God, Oh God," over and over. It seems religion had struck me again. First from drinking too much, then from the Devil's blowjob.

Finally Dr. Reckler made it past Dead Man's Curve, and told me he was now looking at my prostate. I asked him through moans and groans if it looked like Flipper. "Porpoise, prostate, I get it," he said. I winced. He then told me my prostate was enlarged, and he'd give me some medication for that. But now he was going to have to make his way up toward my bladder and kidneys. The nurse squeezed my hand hard, and as the tube started to move again, more tears came to my eyes. I looked at the residents through Niagara Falls, and saw the pain in their eyes. I guess they felt bad for me. I mean, they didn't have penises, at least I hope not, yet they felt my pain. I sorta fell in love with all of them.

At my bladder the doctor stopped to have a look around. I asked him if he saw any enemy subs, and he sort of giggled, and made some comment again about how maybe he should have putting me under a general. After he left my bladder, he went up to my kidneys and stopped. He had run out of tube. Now the periscope was flush up against my pecker. My penis looked like a nail. "Are you done yet?" I asked the doctor. "Almost," he said. He peered in there a little longer and finally said he saw all he had to see. I let out the breath I was holding for the last thirty seconds.

So, I figured, well, I'm glad he's done. The tears stopped flowing from my eyes, and I actually saw the nurse smile at me. I had time to take a good look at her. She was about twenty-two, and if I didn't already have a girlfriend, I would have definitely asked her out. Even if she had seen my penis the size of my pinkie. I mean, she'd seen it the other way too. But that thought was stopped by Dr. Reckler.

"OK, George, it is now time to take the tube out," said the doctor. "Phew," I said. "I didn't tell you this before, because I didn't want to panic you," said the doctor, "but this is going to hurt a lot more than when I went in." "Why?" I yelled, seized with fear. "Because we may actually tear some of the lining of your urethra, but don't worry, you'll recover. You may urinate blood for a couple of days, and it may burn for a few weeks, but you'll be fine. And if you see some red when you ejaculate, don't worry about it. That is quite normal," explained Dr. Reckler.

As he began to remove the tube I felt extreme pain for about two seconds. Then I saw lots of shadows and light. And many, many colors. I also think I started to drool.

Then, thankfully, I passed out.

Take my life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. The Wrong-Siders: A local band here in Phoenix, who, like other locals, The New Romantics, rock my ass off! The Wrong-Siders' new self-released CD *Live At The Mason Jar* features original tunes like "Hard Luck in Overdrive", "It Ain't Easy", and "Shake It", plus a totally bitchin' cover of The Dead Boys' "Caught With The Meat In Your Mouth". These guys rock.

2. Did I mention the excellent CDs I got from my favorite overseas label, Stardumb? The new Dirtshakes "Return To Boomspeeldeliah!" and 69 Charger's "Trash Deluxe!"? I thought not.

3. *Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich* is my new book, which is finally out after a few false starts. Get it from www.amazon.com. Trust me, it's the fastest. You can also order or get it from any bookstore. You'll like it, I swear. Plus, your friends will be jealous when you tell them you read about it from me, here, first!

4. http://www.georgetabb.com

I was walking out of Amoeba Records the other day listening to AC/DC on my girlfriend's I-Pod. In the middle of "Highway to Hell", I looked down and noticed that I was wearing an SSD t-shirt. It got me thinking about how one great Australian rock band pretty much ruined an entire early 80s Boston hardcore scene. Sure, there were shitty 70s rock outfits[1] that also had their hand in Beantown's undoing, but I would like to think that most of it was the result of one dude with a Chuck Berry strut and a Gibson SG. Of course you could come from an entire different direction and attribute Boston's erosion to the general abhorrence for the DIY ethos (or anything political for that matter). Regardless of whether you think it was a matter of *those who just want to rock* versus "For Those About to Rock", SSD's *Break It Up* sucked some serious ass.

Which then led me to think about when I first heard the LIFETIME song "Souvenir" in which their lead singer Ari croons, "Minor Threat, 7 Seconds, SSD/Straight edge hardcore was introduced to me." I was just getting into hardcore, so I was thinking to myself "fuck...I like 7 SECONDS and I *love* MINOR THREAT, so why not check out this SSD band?" Of course the only thing available to me in Cincinnati, Ohio was the SSD Greatest Hits album entitled *Power*. What a fucking disappointment. 29 tracks in non-chronological order with no lyric sheet. Just when I would be getting into a song like "Headed Straight", it would be followed up by a sub-par rock-a-thon like "What If I" or "Screams of the Night". I learned three things that day, at the ripe age of fifteen: You won't like a band just because it's recommended by a band you like, Boston hardcore sucks[2], and Taang! Records should never, ever be in charge of a band's compendium[3].

Which finally leads me to my point. I now live in a city like San Francisco, which not only has a history loaded with punk rock, but also has some of the largest independent record stores in the country. The first time I ever walked into Amoeba Records on Haight Street, my mind was blown away. Imagine a place that was once a large bowling alley, and then replace the bowling lanes with rows of LPs. But even with a great used hardcore/punk vinyl selection, the fact of the matter is I still walk out of Amoeba most of the time empty handed (like I did that day).

In the four-plus years I have been going to Amoeba, I can count on my hands the number of classic used hardcore 7"s that I have found in the bins or seen on the wall. Compare that to the records stores on the East Coast[4] in which I've seen more records I wanted to buy in one day then in all my years combined at Amoeba Records. Either someone is coming in before me each time and buying up all the classic hardcore records, or they are never even making it out to the floor. I am starting to believe the latter. Whether the employees at Amoeba are holding on to them for eBay, or whether they just want them for their collection, you aren't going to find anything really rare or collectable in the punk/hardcore section (especially if it's straight edge stuff). Because of this, I've stopped going there on a regular basis. I used to *hate* eBay, but I have now come to terms with the fact that it's only place I am ever going find a copy of *Kids Will Have their Say*, much like I have come to terms with the fact that Massachusetts might finally be able to pull off the 70s rock/hardcore blend[5]

The Reviews

Let's move on. First up is the TOUCHDOWN 7" that just came out as a split release on Youngblood and Malfunction Records. Almost 16 years later and these Washington DC ragers are finally getting the credit they deserve. TOUCHDOWN was a short-lived straight edge hardcore band from 1988. Seeing as they never made is past their demo, I wasn't expecting much. I was pleasantly surprised, however, after listening to the A-side. While the lyrics and music are simple, they are still very appropriate for the time and genre. The over the top energy in the vocals is what really makes this band stand out from the other bands coming from this time period. Not essential, but definitely worth getting if for no other reason than as a tangible document that DC straight edge hardcore existed outside the small confines of the exclusive Dischord scene[6].

Next up is a Southeast Asia hardcore/punk mix tape I received from a kid from Singapore named Shaiful. Most of the material on here was a little too screamy/grind/crust for my tastes, but there were a few bands I really liked. On side A (All Singapore), the bands that really caught my attention were SECRET 7, NOSE CANDY, and RECOVER. If you have heard SECRET 7's 11 song/one-sided 7" on 625 Records, then you know what to expect from this ultra-fast thrash unit (secret_seven7@hotmail.com). NOSE CANDY plays snotty punk not unlike early SCREECHING WEASEL. "Worthless Violence" is definitely the standout track on this side of the tape (trashkore@yahoo.com). RECOVER play fast metallic hardcore in the vein of early BANE or STRIFE. The chorus ("break down these walls") was a little to generic for my tastes, but the music was definitely top notch (recover@asia.com).

On the other side of the mix tape we have a potpourri of bands from different countries scattered throughout Southeast Asia. First up is F.S.F. from Malaysia, who sound a hell of a lot like THE FREEZE (especially the track "What Vision"). Great side B opener. (Fahmi, 63 Jalan Lembah, 8/1A, 4000 Shah .Alam, Selangor, MALAYSIA). The next band I wanted to touch on was DEMOCRAZY, which is probably my favorite band on this entire tape. DEMOCRAZY play fast hardcore with an energetic front woman. Think of a more melodic INFECT with great breakdowns. Definitely get into this Indonesia's band's demo (democrazy@cbgb,net). Another band from Indonesia that I wished I could have heard more from was TAKE A STAND, who reminded me a lot of younger REASON TO BELIEVE or GAZPACHO. Their song "What the Best" has a very memorable breakdown (no contact info provided). Last but not least we have FEUD, representing out of the Philippines. This isn't their strongest material, but then again the recording is pretty lo-fi. These songs sound like they belong on the *Flex Your Head* comp (stepxfoward @yahoo.com). Definitely check out this band's discography.

Jeff Lasich has outdone himself this time around with *START TODAY* issue #4. And I am not just saying this because yours truly appears in here. These 63 pages are jam-packed full of top-notch photography, lots of reviews, and a great selection of interviews. The better bands featured in #4 are DAMAGE CONTROL, DESPERATE MEASURES, and MENTAL. He also does interviews with Jordan from Revelation Records, pro-skater Mike Vallely, and the dude who started Positive Peer Pressure back in the late 80s. Props on the little section on *MRR* making fun of CHAIN OF STRENGTH. I haven't seen that in years! This is by far the best zine I have read in quite a while. Get this or pose hard. (Jeff Lasich, 217 N. Oak Ave., Clifton Heights, PA, 19018)

In Other News...

Quite a few straight edge hardcore bands are doing reunion shows/tours this summer in the States. INSTED, UNDERDOG, YOUTH OF TODAY, MOUTHPIECE, etc. Choose your plane tickets wisely: some of these shows are pretty expensive.

Speaking of plane tickets, the dates for this year's Positive Numbers Festival have been set. This year's fest will happen on July 16th, 17th, and 18th in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. So mark your calendars and book your plane tickets and hotels soon. Show tickets can be purchased at www.walkallnight.com /posifest. Bands worth seeing include AGNOSTIC FRONT, DESPERATE MEASURES, THE FIRST STEP, KNIFEFIGHT, RIGHTEOUS JAMS, PAINT IT BLACK, MENTAL, INTERNAL AFFAIRS, and many, many more. Get into it.

Last but not least, I wanted to briefly touch on this internet music phenomenon called Soulseek. Soulseek is an internet sharing program that is easy to download and free. It is very similar to Napster, but about twenty times more effective at finding rare hardcore and punk. I have friends that have the entire Killed By Death catalog, as well any demo that you can think of put out in the last 20 years. Just do a google search for Soulseek. Apparently people have gotten it to work for Macs using OSX, but it is built for the PC Windows format. Get into this is you are tired of hunting down the NEGATIVE APPROACH demo, or really want that live BOLD show from 1986.

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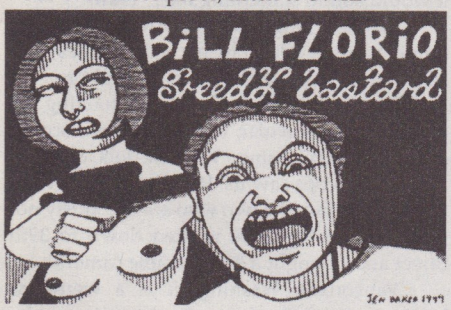
JULY'S TOP TEN:
INSTED Discography
START TODAY Issue #4
TOWN OF HARDCORE #8
FIT FOR ABUSE *Mindless Violence* EP
LIGHTS OUT *Get Out* 7"
HAVE HEART demo
SPITTING TEETH/1-2-GO! CREW split
RIGHT ON demo
LOOK BACK AND LAUGH LP
RAW POWER *Screams from the Gutter* LP

***

That's it for this month kids. Please send rare and colored vinyl to:
Carl Cordova, 746 Baker Street, SF, CA 94115
Ih8thekids@hotmail.com

[1] Led Zeppelin.
[2] My opinion quickly changed when I picked up DYS' *Wolfpack* a year later.
[3] See footnote #2.
[4] Double Decker in Pennsylvania and Extreme Noise in Minneapolis, to name a few.
[5] With the benefit of twenty years of hindsight, RNR finally got it right with the superb *The Infamous and Notorious* LP.
[6] For even more proof, listen to SWIZ.



I seem to talk to people about relationships constantly; I'm like a punk rock Dr Ruth or something. Most people are in a conflict between stable happiness and utter boredom. There are some who try to do both, either by having an open relationship or by going out with someone who is totally abusive, but most of us don't have the stomach or elastic conscience to retain these types of things. Being someone that's been in a good relationship for five or six years, I think I can finally start to understand some ground rules for who you should date, and in the interest of not having to keep telling everyone, I figured I'd put it in here. I narrowed down the basic problems most people face to a few categories, and because more people check my column out when I do weird things with the columns, I'll break them up for you.

VIRGINITY

A lot of you think, eh, losing my virginity was no big deal. It's no big deal *afterward*. A person who is totally afraid of sex is in constant anxiety that it may come up and they won't be able to handle it, and thinks that they have to wait for someone worthwhile to have sex with, or at least have to sex with the first time. This is pretty dangerous territory and it breeds some quite insane individuals if something is not done about it right away. A lot of the after-effects of being a virgin are similar to those of other sexual hang-ups (weird social outbursts, mass collections of records, comics, stolen license plates, and too much over-thinking of everything). Look, if a person can get past the fact that you're a bad lay on the borderline of having a panic attack, and you're not going to catch anything, they are qualified to lose your virginity to. The problem with virgins and dating virgins is that they have these skewed ideas of love and sex. There's a very high chance of them being totally infatuated with whomever they give it up to.

So if you're 13 and have such problems with your own virginity, don't worry, it's totally normal. If you're 35 and you're still having this virgin problem, get laid already—it's not that hard! If you are one of these people stuck being a virgin and are over the border of damn-is-it-legal-to-fuck-someone-this-old-in-this-state and have reached damn-am-I-too-old-to-fuck-someone-this-young-in-this-state, you have to take some action before you spend all your money on records. I don't know about other over-the-hill virgins, but I always had this problem in my mind that I would be labeled a creep. I still have this problem, but it all comes down to your own self-esteem. If you are concerned that people will view you as a creep with everything you do, it's probably true that they don't view you as a creep. I know many creeps—they're not worried about it, and they know a lot of people get off on creeps. More on that later. If you are concerned you are going to fall for the first person you have sex with, this is a valid concern. Pick someone who lives far away or someone who moves around a lot. Aaron Cometbus is probably a good example. Aaron's even been bathing more often I noticed. Then again, if you're gonna fuck a punk rock hobo, make sure you use ample protection and run yourself through a decontamination like the lab scientists in Andromeda Strain. Also, you should be honest and let whomever know you are a virgin. This takes the pressure off of trying to be any good.

SEX

Sex is a problem; the problem is usually that there is a guy involved. A high percentage of the male population is really bad in bed; the same percentage that refuses to give oral sex, or even attempts it. It's true there are bad female lays out there, but a guy who's good at what he's doing can usually cancel that out anyway. Sure, sex is a natural thing, but if you get your sex advice from *Wild Kingdom*, yer doomed to not having a good sexual career. There are plenty of books on this subject and crap like that, but you don't have to read the Bible to be a nice person. Figure out what the person naked in your bed likes, and make sure they get it. If all you can think about is your own orgasm when you're having sex, you're a bad lay. The only reason you have a boyfriend or a girlfriend is that they have horrible self-esteem or get turned on by your abuse. You suck.

AGE

Yeah, it's a stereotype, but like most stereotypes, the human race loves fitting right into them. So let me give you a breakdown of how healthy normal people act at different ages and you can figure out for yourself who to pursue and who to avoid depending on your own preferences.

Females under 18 who aren't virgins seem to go for quantity. There's a lot of boredom involved in high school and teenage girls who aren't hung up will pretty much sleep with anyone. They don't usually get very attached and they are constantly preoccupied with sex. This is probably the closest any female will ever get to thinking like a guy.

Guys under 18 don't get laid. They don't deserve to, really—teenage guys are so shot up with hormones they really sort of act like junkies, constantly masturbating, making complete asses of themselves. Girls their age are fucking 20-30 year olds; they have no interest in them. Your best bet if you're a teenage guy is to try and find that bored 27-year-old girl who just broke up with her longtime boyfriend.

Girls 18 to 25 have burned out on fucking everyone around them and settle for someone. Usually it's a series of relationships lasting between six months and two years. Women in this age category usually aren't much fun.

Boys 18 to 25—see girls under 18.

Women over 25—usually by this time chicks figure out if they are in long-term relationships or are going to stick to dating people for six months to two years for the next ten years. This is pretty much determined by the level of maturity attained and by self-image—sure, meeting nice people helps too. If you've been dating the same girl for five years and she's over 25, you have a very good chance of making it lasting another five unless you really fuck up.

Guys over 25—it's a crapshoot here. Guys have a much harder time figuring things out, and I know people in their 40s who haven't gotten over the 18 to 25 mindset as far as relationships go. Girls really have a disadvantage here because although some guys are worth sticking with for a long time, they tend to already be with someone. Yep, just another kick to the shins there girls.

CONCLUSION

Sex and love are just like anything else. If you have a good attitude towards them, they will work for you. If you're really self-centered, vain, arrogant, you're never going to be happy with whomever you're dating and you're not going to make anyone else happy either. I know people who view dating like some sort of employment. They almost hand out resumes and make conscious efforts to strategize their sex situations. There's a difference between working at building relationships and trying too hard, though. A good percentage of people are very bored being in relationships and they end up picking the worst people possible because they need drama or they simply cheat a lot. I think you're better off finding someone willing to be in an open relationship than cheating. You're going to get caught, and usually you involuntarily want to because you're not completely happy with your predicament.

All I can say is that I am totally happy with my relationship with Margo. It's not something that is easy to keep at a fairy tale level, but if you can maintain a certain level of respect for people in general, you should be able to pull off not being labeled a creep, nogodown, slutty douche bag, and find some happiness in life.

My Last Childless Summer

Michelle and I dreamed of buying a pink Cadillac, loading it up with my saxophone, her guitar, and our skateboards, and driving cross country together, starting the day we graduated high school. Neither of us had read Kerouac yet and the *Thelma & Louise* movie was still years into the future. We dreamed of freedom and unforeseen adventure.

We never got it together, but once in college, I promptly began a steady diet of road trips. I must have been all over the Southeast and up and down the east coast a dozen times during those four years. It was skateboard trip after skateboard trip with both girlfriends and boyfriends, seeking parks, abandoned pools, and backyard ramps anywhere we got word one sat waiting for us. I was off on every break I got, not to mention the countless weekend trips to the beach, Atlanta, New Orleans, and Miami.

As soon as I graduated college, I had to make that initial dream of a cross-country trip come true. I packed a backpack, a small toolbox of jewelry-making supplies, and tucked my skateboard under my arm. I had six months of food stamps saved up. I was gonna make my way across with three other girls and stay gone for at least two months.

That summer trip of '93 lasted six weeks and fed my soulful search for adventure: public skateboard parks in Little Rock and Telluride, Grateful Dead (these were the worst days of my life) parking lots in Las Vegas and Northern California, camping in National Forests and at Lake Mead, snowboarding at Mammoth, splitting from my travel partners and winding up alone in San Francisco, then all the way down to Tijuana and across Arizona and New Mexico before riding Amtrak due East back to Florida, out of money.

I wound up addicted to travel, and playing in bands fed that addiction healthily for about six years, to the tune of about fifteen tours here and there and everywhere all over the country. Naturally, the boy I would run off with and marry—eloping style—is a road rat, too. Eight months after we eloped, Ernesto and I felt the urge to drop all responsibilities, quit our jobs, and take off on a two-month whirlwind. We excused ourselves by calling it our honeymoon.

The first 11 of 59 days went something like this:

DAY ONE: Ernesto's mom drove us from Bozeman to Helena in the middle of a hellacious thunderstorm. Helena was the closest town with an active train yard. I was clutching onto the back seat of the car, the last secure comfort I would feel for two months. I was cold, too. It's not supposed to be cold in June! I was cranky and miserable. Wrong fucking way to start off a dream—wet and cold. Ugh. We sat in Hap's Bar, where a basket of deep fried turkey gizzards only cost $1.50, drinking mugs full of Pabst on tap while waiting for the rain to let up. After an hour, we got a break from the downpour, said goodbye to his mom, and started hoofing it into the train yard. We found a train that seemed to be heading our direction and hid out in our own private boxcar for five hours until the train started pulling out. It was only a three-hour ride to Missoula, where we hopped off.

My friend David had suggested that if I happened to find myself in Missoula, I should seek out J's Tavern. It seemed like a spread-out town, so I wasn't getting my hopes up to find the tavern, given that we were on foot and lugging 30-pound packs on our backs. Luckily, the first guy I asked knew exactly where I wanted to go. And it was only four blocks away!

After paying the door guy my $2 cover, I glanced the stage to see a band setting up. Someone looked familiar to me. I asked the door guy if the band was from California. They were. San Francisco, to be exact. I marched up to the stage and sure enough, it was my friend's new band I hadn't yet seen—the same friend who took my place in my old band two years back! He was wondering what in the hell I was doing there with a gargantuan pack on my back, and where was this new husband of mine he had heard about? I pointed towards Ernesto and they waved hello to each other.

Was this fate? I had never been to this town before and this band and I live on opposite sides of the country. Whatever it was, it was fantastic! We drank more Pabst on draft and I was a one-hit wonder, buzzed off the first mug. Maybe it was all the excitement? No matter. I danced around, drank more and the band let us stay with them at the house they crashed. Good thing for us. We didn't want to sleep in the train yard.

DAY TWO: After a diner breakfast, the band dropped us off in the train yard. They were headed to Denver to play and we were headed west. What luck we had, catching a train out of there within an hour. We rode all day on a piggyback, occasionally sitting out on the platform in the sunshine watching the rivers and deer, waving to the occasional unsuspecting people. They instantly smiled at the sight of us chugging along.

At sunset, we hunkered down with coats and hats and gloves on inside our sleeping bags and rode through the night. I guess it was around midnight when the train stopped for a while in Spokane. I did a lot of wishful thinking that our engine unit wouldn't drop us there and that no "local" train riders would fuck with us. We had been tipped off that Spokane could be a rough yard and to lay low. We did and I relaxed when the train pulled out within an hour's time.

DAY THREE: Daybreak was absolutely beautiful. We crossed the Hood River and rode along side the Columbia and White Salmon Rivers. Light mist skimmed the water's surface and the new day's sun sparkled off everything it touched.

This is my favorite part about riding trains. While it's not uncommon to see highways alongside the rails you're riding, it's also not uncommon to be in the middle of what feels like nowhere—feeling like there are no roads or cars or people or houses for miles and it's just you on the train who gets to glimpse this unspoiled wilderness. It feels like a privilege. In my case, it is.

The train eventually stopped about a mile outside of the Vancouver, Washington train yard. We packed up our sleeping bags, unbundled ourselves for the warm day and jumped off the train. People sitting in their cars, stuck in traffic on their way to work, gaped at us. We joked that if we were able to read their minds, it would sound something like, "Huh?"

It was a long hike into town, where we found a good place to eat sandwiches and clean our grubby selves up in a bathroom.

We stuck to Main Street, not looking for anything in particular, but hoping to discover something happening. We saw lots of cops. And lots of cops saw us. We felt like they were checking us out, the two who are obviously not from around here. We walked down to 39th Street and I bought a $15 reusable camera.

Vancouver, Washington is a weird-ass boring town full of people my age who're stuck in the mid-80s, complete with plastic wide-handled combs in their back pockets, decade-old Motley Crue concert shirts, and long hair feathered back on the sides. The older people in this town never left their generation's style either.

We walked clear across town to the opposite end of the train yard from where we came in and waited the day out at a vacant hobo camp alongside some main tracks. Hours passed before a Seattle-bound train was put together. We got in one of the boxcars and hid out. I read my friend Samantha's zine and ate oatmeal. Another hour passed before we were finally off.

The ride was super loud and rattling. Sometimes we were even bounced off our butts. It was actually kind of fun and I was glad I found an old pair of earplugs in my jacket pocket. The forests we rode through looked more and more lush and thick.

For some reason, I started getting nervous and anxious about stopping in Seattle, as opposed to Olympia. I decided I wanted to try and get off in Olympia, but it got really dark and I couldn't make out signs along the tracks. Ernesto urged me to calm the fuck down, but I remained uncomfortable about not having control over where I would wind up in the middle of the night. I finally figured out that

this train would not be stopping in Olympia. I gave up with a fuck-it attitude and decided to sleep just before we pulled into the Tacoma yard.

In Tacoma, I was so asleep that I didn't care if our engine unit just dropped us there or if it hauled us all the way to Seattle. I was warm in my sleeping bag in the corner of that boxcar and wasn't getting out in an unknown town in the middle of the night.

DAY FOUR: 5 am sun-up, and I woke up not knowing if the train had even moved or where we were. Ernesto got out and asked a yard worker. We'd been dumped and were still in Tacoma. I was so cozy in my corner, I wanted to keep sleeping. Ernesto advised against it. The challenge of riding freight trains doesn't exactly lend itself to the convenience of a good night's sleep. You know, there are those pesky illegal and safety issues to consider.

I grudgingly dragged myself up and we hustled out of the yard. We could see Interstate 5 from where we were, and considered starting to hitchhike towards Olympia. Too quick of a decision, though, for so early in the morning, so we hung out on a bus stop bench until a bus came, and we rode it downtown. The driver told us about the Olympia Express bus for 50 cents and it sounded too good to be true.

In Olympia we called our friends. Within minutes, they were there to pick us up from the bus stop. They took us to eat bagels and then back to their place for showers and laundry.

And it just happened to be the day Mumia Abu Jamal was delivering the commencement speech, in the form of a taped message, for Evergreen State College. I went with our friends, but Ernesto stayed behind. He needed to relax his burned-out activist's brain on this trip, away from throngs of people.

The presence of Mumia's controversial speech fueled the passions of supporters and detractors alike. Thousands were wearing yellow armbands in support of Mumia's speech, while three hundred or so police types were gathered there in protest, wearing blue armbands with the word "cops" printed on them. When the speech was played over the PA speakers, those graduates who opposed having Mumia speak either left the ceremony or stood with their backs facing the stage. This was maybe twenty people out of the hundreds of graduates. The message of his speech was important and powerful, and I'm glad it happened.

Later, I went to the Olympia Brewing Company for the free tour. The free tour turned out to be videotape playing in a lobby full of display cases holding Oly paraphernalia. There was a bar, too, where you could sample Oly light, regular and dark. The snooty girl tending the bar suggested we start with the light and drink our way to the dark, but I was heeding none of that advice, and began with the dark.

Back at our friends' place, I made dinner, and then we four hiked around Priest Point Park in the dark before drinking more beer until we were good and drunk.

DAY FIVE: Ernesto and I hiked along Tumwater Falls in the morning, and then I went with one of our friends to an event at Evergreen State College appropriately dubbed "Super Stupid Saturday." Just a bunch of vendor booths and lame live music. The highlight was the side stage where there were troupes of young girls performing dance routines. There was something grossly wrong about a stage full of elementary school-aged girls caked with make-up and wearing skimpy outfits dancing around to "Greased Lightning," which has lyrics like, "She's a real pussy wagon," and "We'll be getting lots of tit."

Later, five of us took off to the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. We drove through a town called Centralia that had the most amazing mural painted there, the Centralia Union Mural.

In another era, Centralia was a hotbed of radical union organizing. In 1919, the divided town squared off in a bloody confrontation. The American Legion charged the IWW hall. The wobblies fired, killing three Legionnaires. In the end, one wobbly, Wesley Everest, was lynched, and eight more were sentenced to 25-40 years in prison. The murderers of Wesley Everest were never brought to trial. The mural sits huge, colorful, and rich with the symbolism of this history atop the second story of the Centralia Square building.

We continued on to the forest, where the sore sight of clear cutting was endless. The closer we got to where we planned to hike and camp, the more washed out the roads were. Eventually, we were forced to stop and park. We hiked up to a spot surrounded by old growth along the Cispus River. The trees here were so mammoth that one had a cave at its base big enough for me to crawl into and lay down. I read *Sisterhood Is Powerful* until dark.

I found where Ernesto pitched our tent and lay down to subside my hunger. I was out for the night.

DAY SIX: I missed the campfire, dinner, beer, weed, and stories. I didn't wake up until mid-morning and was *so* grumpy. I was mad at having had no dinner, stories, weed, or camaraderie. Later, down at the road where we left the car, I apologized for my grumpiness and Ernesto apologized for not waking me the night before. He's learned to be scared of that.

We drove to the other side of the Wobbly Lake access road and began our hike. We only hiked five miles, but it took nearly eight hours! The five miles were mostly in snow and wearing only clodhopper combat boots; it was tough climbing, but super fun sliding ski style.

There's rare and amazing diversity among the trees here, and whenever we saw some that were tagged for cutting, we removed the tags. Little wild orchids were growing everywhere, sprouting up where the snow had recently receded. I saw a full-spectrum rainbow floating inside of a single passing cloud. Really. I wasn't tripping.

We don't think it's Wobbly Lake that found, but our friend carved "Joe Hill wuz here" into the picnic table anyway. The table was sitting, almost all the way up to its bench boards, in ash from the Mt. St. Helen's volcano blast from what, twenty-some years ago now?

We proceeded with a picnic and mad barefoot dashes across snow patches to the lake itself where the newly melted water was beyond icy. My Florida feet stung. We tried to dry our wet socks and boots, but the ensuing snowball massacre got us even more wet and squishy.

We hiked all the way to the top of the ridge. Fucking vertical torture that was. We walked across its top and then down to a creek and back on the logger road trail to the car. I zonked out on the drive back to Olympia and remained out for the rest of the night once again.

DAY SEVEN: After a big breakfast with our friends, Ernesto and I headed to town on a book hunt. One of our friends met us in the town plaza later and took us to McLean Creek, where we played with newts, and to the Mima Mounds, where we joked plenty about the theories of how they were formed. Something along the lines of Paul Bunyan being buried there ass-up and the mounds actually being the boils on his buns?

For dinner, we drove out to our friend's farm, ate homemade fettuccini, and drank at least a case of beer while sitting around a fire listening to his stories about the day the clear cutters came too close to the farm property line. He wound up in jail that night after assaulting the cutting blades with feather pillows and other threats, but eventually got out of any charges because the cutters had indeed over cut onto his property.

DAY EIGHT: I woke up this morning clutching the corner where the wall and floor meet, just like I clutched the back seat of the car the day we started the journey. Our friends dropped us off in downtown Olympia where we caught a bus to Aberdeen for two dollars. Our day's goal was to make it, however we could, all the way up to the Olympic National Park. I don't know how Greyhound would do any business at all in this state of Washington where the public transportation busses are well networked, connecting at each county we traveled to. Every state should follow their example!

In Aberdeen, all we had to do was pay an extra 50 cents and transfer to a bus that would take us farther up to the next county. That bus ride was pretty whacked. At one stop, a group of about twenty high school freshmen all boarded together. From their conversations, I gathered that they were on a mandatory end-of-the-year camping trip. Pretty bold school, sending them off alone together on a bus.

When a seemingly unshowered man got on the bus a few stops later, the freshmen boys sitting in the seat in back of where the man sat down started giggling and making rude "stinky" gestures. They opened all of the windows around the man. I promptly got up and slammed them all shut again. Scowls were included for all the little privileged suburban boys and they behaved after that. It was pretty funny when at the next stop, a group of Mormon guys out on their missions sat among these boys and forced small talk on them.

We paid another 50 cents and transferred to another bus that took us all the way to Forks. We had a diner lunch in this logger town. In our booth hung framed cartoons that read, "Loggers cut it and replant it. City folks cut it and pave it," and "Loggers—An Endangered Species." Spare me. We witnessed mass destruction of national forest land the entire bus trip up here.

Perhaps I'm prematurely passing judgment, but by the way we were stared at, the people who live here seemed not to dare stray from the norm. I got a feeling that few people who grew up in this town ever left. There were signs all over the place supporting their high school football team. I smelled Ted Bundy syndrome. I wouldn't doubt that there are a few men who live in Forks who still gloat over that winning touchdown they made back in 1964.

We walked back to the bus stop and waited for a shuttle to take us farther towards Olympic. A tour bus full of senior citizens pulled up for a rest stop and they were so sweet to us. They inquired as to what we were up to and they looked amazed when we told them we were out hitchhiking and train hopping on our honeymoon. A few of them shared a couple quick adventure stories from their youthful past and wished us well. When they pulled away, the whole bus waved at us from their cushy window seats.

The shuttle came and we paid 75 cents for a ride to LaPush. We were the only two on the shuttle and the Indian woman driver stopped for us at a store so we could buy a watch of some sort and some fuel for our burner. The only watch they had was a big plastic Star Wars R2D2 style that came encased in a toy light saber, for $10. With no other option, I bought the stupid thing. The store had no fuel, though. When the driver let us off at the LaPush Indian Reservation gas station, we filled our canister there for 38 cents.

We walked back a half mile to the third beach trail entrance and hiked another mile and a half to the Pacific Coast. We made it to the Olympic Coastal Strip. I talked to a girl hiking there and she told me stories of nearly getting trapped against rocks during high tide. I told her my story of buying the R2D2 watch so we could time the tides and hopefully avoid a dangerous situation. There were signs posted all around with warnings such as "Logs Can Kill," and "Last death, 12/13/93."

We hiked through rainforest mud to Taylor Point, where we camped above it for the night. After a split pea and hot chocolate dinner, we hung our food in a tree. I'm scared of bears. Then we discovered how ill equipped we still were, with no batteries for the flashlight. Ugh. We went to bed.

DAY NINE: We slept until 10 am because Ernesto said that low tide wasn't until 3 pm He read the tide chart wrong, because that's exactly when high tide was. We were stuck with the tide already starting to come in at 10 am. Low tide was at 9 am.

We hiked one mile to the point. We attempted to walk around the point and made it 80% of the way but then had to turn back. The tide was coming in closer by the minute and the waves were crashing dangerously close. Stuck on top of large loosely packed rocks, between the Pacific Ocean's waves and a vertical wall of mountainous earth, I had to remind myself to stay calm even though my breathing became shorter and quicker and I started to whimper. My fingers were all cut up from the jagged point rocks and as waves were crashing at my feet and soaking all of me, I exploded into tears, smashing my hiking stick into three pieces with one fell swoop. Ernesto tried to help me, but I'm so goddamn stubborn, I just got mad and pulled myself together, finally making it back off the point.

We backtracked to the overland bypass and hiked to Scott's Creek Emergency Shelter. We didn't have an emergency; it was just a nice spot to rest and eat. High tide got done being high at 4 pm, and we started back out shortly after that with waves still licking our feet. We saw seals, eagles, slugs, and seaweed everywhere. We passed waterfalls and some much older hikers who seemed a lot tougher than us. We passed Toleak Point and camped on the waterfront, off the trail in the forest. Some hikers before us had left a couch of logs. I sat there and read until dark.

DAY TEN: Ernesto awoke to splashing sounds. He climbed out of the tent to investigate and saw a tiny baby elk that had fallen into the creek next to us. He said the poor baby looked like it was drowning. The mama elk stood lurking, hidden in the brush, probably frightened by Ernesto's presence. The baby struggled its way out of the water and scampered back off into the woods safely.

We packed up our packs and hiked out of the forest. We were back on the beach and Ernesto wanted to hike the upcoming point. After my tantrum yesterday, I chose the overland route. We decided to meet up at the halfway point of the total hike we had planned for the day. When I finally got there, I found Ernesto cold, wet, and whining in his sleeping bag under a tree. I was wiped out too, so we took a two-hour nap and waited until the 4:45 pm, low tide, when we could hike again.

We hiked the rest of the way to Oil City. No oil. No city. We were on the Hoh River and across the river could see the Hoh Indian Reservation. After hiking eight miles in eight hours, we were exhausted. And what a treat for dinner...gruel...again. Ugh. I went to sleep hungry and only agreed to drink the tannic tablet-purified water with needy protest.

We pitched our tent in the roundabout lot where hikers leave their cars. Two girls came and played the car drop-off game before heading off to where we started three days ago. We decided to wait until morning before we'd try for a ride out of there.

DAY ELEVEN: I woke up cranky, as usual. I had to wait for the rain to stop so I could get out of the tent to pee. It was 10:30 am and not a car had driven up yet. I began to think we should have had the two girls give us a ride last night. Noon rolled around and we finally got a ride out of there in the back of a truck. Fucking cold and rain.

The ride dropped us off all the way back in Forks where we got cleaned and warmed up in a laundromat, ate lunch in a pizza buffet place with our voracious appetites, and stocked up on some more provisions at the grocery.

We got on a bus that drove us from Forks to Port Angeles for a dollar. The billboards along side of the road read as if they were labeling the forests as roadside attractions, " Harvested 1985. Replanted 1985. Next Cut 2045." To avoid seeing every depressing billboard, I read my friend Ry-Mo-Dee's zine, *Skinny Tires and All*, and gained a sense of some camaraderie from his account of his and three others' thousand-plus-mile bicycle trip from North Florida down to Key West and back.

In Port Angeles, we bought ferry tickets for $6.75. We headed to Victoria, British Columbia, and started wishing we had bicycles like some other backpackers on the ferry did. All the backpackers experienced the same harassment at the customs check and after some smooth talking and convincing on our part, we were free in another country.

And to cut an even longer story short, I found out I was pregnant ten days later.

38 days after that, we finally made our way back home. A month later, I hopped back into a van for another coast-to-coast band tour that lasted the entire fourth month of my pregnancy. When I returned home again, it would be the longest stretch of time I'd stay in one place, awaiting the arrival of my baby.

I'm glad I was happy where I was, because it wasn't until my daughter was one-and-a-half before I'd leave for a few out-of-town shows on the other side of the country. And it was one more year before she'd accompany me on a weeklong tour in the southeast.

More than a year has past since that tour, and my girl and I have just returned from one more weeklong adventure together, this time to Philly and DC. Stay tuned for next month's column for that story...

For now, I'll just say that my addiction to travel has been forced to be a lot more patient since I became a mother. But at a little over four years old, it's apparent that my girl has caught my bug. She loves all forms of transportation—planes, trains, buses, trolleys, taxis, cars, vans, and bikes.

We've only been back a week since our last trip and she's already asking when I'll take her to San Francisco. I asked her, "Why San Francisco?"

She said, "Because it's beautiful there. And I also want to go to California."

I told her that San Francisco is a city in California. Her eyes met mine with a blank stare before she replied, "Well, I just want to go where it's beautiful and where Mary Kate and Ashley (Olsen) live."

Oh great...

punkparents, how about some of your travel stories?

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CrimethInc. Workers' Collective Bullet-in

Welcome, fellow *MRR* readers and cohorts in the punk rock revolution, to yet another instructional column in our do-it-yourself series. We're entering the final stages of preparing the anarchist cookbook in which these will be gathered, so it can be available in time for direct action around the presidential election (see www.dontjustvote.com). In the meantime, enjoy this introductory course on bicycling en masse, and contact us to contribute last-minute recipe submissions of your own (or to demand a free copy of our propaganda tabloid *Harbinger*) at CrimethInc. Bi-Cyclists, PO Box 2133, Greensboro, NC 27402 USA (www.crimethinc.com). We hail the highway with speedometer needles in our eyes.

Bicycle Parades

Perhaps you're familiar with Critical Mass, the Food Not Bombs of bicycle parades. In or out of that context, the bicycle parade format has much to recommend it. Bicycles offer a legal opportunity to establish a presence in the street; in contrast to cars, they're much cheaper, don't automatically reveal their owners' identities, represent a participatory and environmentally friendly technology, and create an atmosphere of togetherness—as riders are not separated from one another or those around them by metal and glass. A group mounted on bicycles can take up a lot more space than the same number of pedestrians, and usually makes for a more impressive spectacle; they can also move much more quickly together or when it's time to disperse. Bicycle parades are flexible: they can be festive or confrontational, or switch back and forth between both. A bicycle parade can bring together locals for a fun community event, or draw attention to a particular issue (local transportation policies, global environmental concerns, the crushing monotony of city life), or interfere directly with something objectionable by serving as a slow-moving barricade—or provide a blank canvas to which each participant can bring her own intentions. Last but not least, riding bicycles is *fun*.

Following the Critical Mass model, some cities host regular bicycle parades on a given day of every month, leaving from a well-known destination. Lacking this infrastructure or desiring the forego it, you can promote a bicycle parade by stapling fliers around the handlebars of bicycles parked around town, stickering or marking on anything bicycles are often locked to (or anything bicyclists often visit—say, a popular grocery dumpster), postering at bicycle shops, etc. If the police in your area have repressive tendencies and you don't want them to show up and ruin the atmosphere by limiting your movements or threatening participants, avoid putting up fliers where they will see them. There's a big difference between police showing up before the event with the intention to control it and a single squad car discovering a parade already in progress, and their behavior will vary accordingly.

Make things exciting. Unusual bicycles—home-welded double-decker bicycles or "choppers" with exaggerated front wheels, for example—are always a hit. Bicycle trailers can carry everything from small children to sound systems. To clearly identify your purpose to the world, string a banner between two bicycles; this might make the most sense in the back of the parade, where it can be read by motorists behind you and discourage them from driving forward into the mass of cyclists. Musical instruments and other noisemakers attract attention and keep things cheery—when cars trapped behind your parade honk their horns, join in with a chorus of bicycle bells and whistles, reframing frustration as affirmation. A parade of costumed bicyclists or, better, bicycle floats is perfect for Halloween—or any other day of the year. Have handouts for pedestrians and drivers stuck in traffic; keep them accessible and positive: one Critical Mass bicyclist in my hometown used to pass out oranges with pro-bicycle messages written on them.

Not only your route but your method of determining it will depend on your goals. Your parade could lead to the site of a party or festival; it could wander according to the collective whims of the participants; it could be secretly plotted in advance by a rotating cabal of strategists. A bicycle parade can pass through a neighborhood, or interact with rush-hour traffic; it can take over a highway, or even storm through a shopping mall. Well-attended, long-standing Critical Mass groups have often determined tactics and policies by "xerocracy": everyone who has an idea hands out fliers promoting her suggestion, and decisions are determined by a kind of de facto consensus.

Regardless of your approach, there are some general rules of thumb that can help to keep a bunch of bicyclists safe in car territory. You'll see a lot of dangerous, stupid driving in the course of the average bicycle parade. First, stay close together, so you present a mass rather than a string of individuals; the ones chiefly responsible for this are the bicyclists in the very front, who have to set a pace slow enough for the slowest of the others. The most impatient, impetuous cyclists tend to end up in front, so don't be shy about passing messages ("slow down! tighten up!") up to them from elsewhere in the mass. Don't let gaps that might tempt motorists open up anywhere. When there are two lanes of traffic, it's actually safer to block both, so you don't have a line of cars whizzing carelessly by you on one side. The most level-headed riders should probably stay at the very back and sides of the mass, as this is where confrontations with moronic drivers can take place; don't engage in verbal sparring, don't act superior, let your self-assurance and obstructive presence be your revenge on insulting motorists. It's often best to ride through red lights en masse, so they don't break up your group or interfere with your mission; while passing through an intersection, the aforesaid level-headed riders should pause at the sides of the mass, their bicycles and bodies blocking cars from driving into the others. Assuming you and your cohorts are proponents of public transportation, you may want to let city busses (not to mention ambulances) pass you, being careful to fill in the space behind them immediately so other cars don't attempt to charge through it. Finally, routes should be determined with the needs of all participants in mind: if they are too long or strenuous, or obscure enough to get people lost, they're no good.

You may want to make plans for breaking up (deliberately or not) and regrouping. Riders with cell phones can keep up with one another to organize this; alternately, you can designate in advance points at which to reconvene.

The police will inevitably demand that you tell them who is in charge; "no one" or "everyone" are tried and true answers, though you can also buy time if need be by saying you don't know but you'll try to find out, or promising to present their orders to the "central committee" to whom you all answer. If you have a regular ride and they start making things hard for you, surprise them with an unannounced ride to show who's boss. Don't let them intimidate you with fines or other legal harassment—if you know sympathetic lawyers, have them help you beat these in court; if you're more the disobedient type, ride in costume or incognito and don't stop to answer questions or receive tickets. You're not blocking traffic, you *are* traffic, right?

Account

Another ridiculous oil war had started, just in time for our monthly bicycle ride. Owing to the lovely spring weather and the indignation of local radicals and—let's call a spade a spade—borderline liberals, we had a high turnout for our small college town: perhaps fifty bicyclists. We gathered at our usual spot in front of the post office; one of us had brought a banner ("no blood or oil"), which was jerry-rigged between two bicycles by means of somebody's shoelace. There were two police waiting at our convergence point, but somehow they lost track of us once we got going on our usual route; Critical Mass had a long history already in this town, and with police ticketing, legal struggles, positive and negative publicity, and the inexorable slide towards predictable routine already years behind us, they'd come to tolerate our fairly tame monthly rides.

This one was destined to be different, however. Some of us locals were determined that there be no business as usual while the war was on, and there were also some traveling kids in attendance, one of whom had a boom box slung over his handlebars blasting 80s metal, who were willing to take things further and had the advantage of not being known by local law enforcement.

As we moved, individual conversations took place about what our route should be. Near the customary halfway point of our ride, we all pulled into a parking lot, and someone called out the question. A couple people sug-

gested we head to the state highway, and after minimal deliberation we were off, one of us tooting a trumpet, others ringing bells.

There was a stoplight at the main access point to this highway, and we took advantage of it to get onto it in a mass, blocking both lanes; had there not been a stoplight, it would have been extremely dangerous to get on the highway with cars speeding at us from behind. As it was, we were on the area's main artery at rush hour, blocking it entirely and moving at a snail's pace. A vast line of cars immediately backed up behind us, some stoically accepting the inconvenient consequences of living in a liberal community while others leaned on their horns and screamed. The police, strangely, were nowhere to be seen yet.

Over the following minutes, things became more and more tense at the back of our group, as a couple particularly belligerent motorists exchanged threats and recriminations with the similarly hotheaded bicyclists bearing the banner. Suddenly, as the next exit appeared in the distance ahead of us, there was a commotion at the back of our party, followed by a screeching of wheels. Two SUVs drove right into the middle of our group. People leaped out of the way in terror as the vehicles swerved unpredictably. The one in front struck one of us from the side, knocking him off his bicycle, and then bore down directly on a volunteer at our local bicycle repair collective. He leaped from his bicycle at the last instant, out of the way of the SUV, which plowed right over it, catching it beneath it and dragging it forward in a stream of sparks. A split second later, the thud of crunching glass rang out; the back windows of the SUV had been broken with bicycle U-locks. The vehicle swerved again, pulling up crazily on the grass median in the middle of the highway, and zoomed off down the exit ramp, followed by the other SUV.

It was all over in a few seconds, but it took several more for us to take stock of what had happened. The injuries of the person who had been struck were minor, but his bicycle was unrideable and the other one had been reduced to a twisted hunk of roadkilled metal. Dragging these, and providing emotional and physical support to the ones who had nearly been run over, we made our way even more slowly to the off-ramp. There, at the bottom of it, we saw the two SUVs stopped, along with a few police cars.

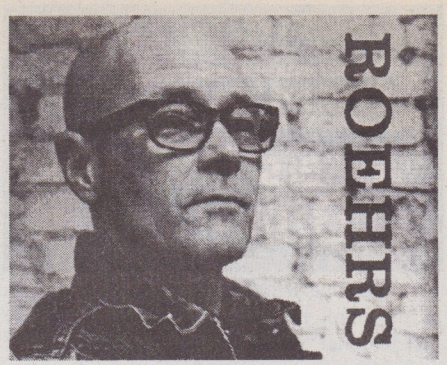
We paused at the side of the highway to figure out what to do, permitting the rest of the traffic to pass us. All the drivers that had waited behind us and seen what had happened now waved, cheered, honked, even made hand gestures signifying "peace" or "victory"—they had witnessed the brutish behavior of the first two drivers, and it had won us their sympathy and support.

We made a few mistakes at this point. We were in a vulnerable position, and needed to decide quickly what to do, but in our confusion and lack of organization, we bogged down trying to make a group decision while a couple of us went to speak to the police. The kids from out of town, feeling at risk and fearing police surveillance now that a crime had arguably been committed, decided after a couple minutes to ride ahead along the side of the highway to the next exit and make their getaway from there; this they succeeded in doing without complications. Some really foolish questions were asked by inexperienced people with no sense of security culture (see *Security Culture*—please!) about who had broken the windows of the SUV, but these questions were swiftly dismissed. It came out that the bicycle that had been destroyed had been a free one from the local bicycle collective (see *Bicycle Collectives*, too!), so the main cost to us was in shock.

Meanwhile, the report from the police was that though the murderous SUV driver had announced that he wanted to press charges, he had come across to even the police officers as such a dangerous lunatic that for the time being they were simply concentrating on keeping him and us separated. We took advantage of this confusion to make our way back into town, and finally stopped to discuss the situation. Some of us wanted to press charges against the drivers, while others doubted that the legal system could ever be used to our advantage; no charges were ever filed from either side, as it turned out.

Many of us were freaked out by the experience of danger—few had been ready for such risk, and in retrospect we should have at least been better prepared psychologically before we took to the highway—but we were also catalyzed by it, shaken out of the routine into which our Critical Mass had fallen. We decided to have another ride the very next week, and that one was as thickly attended as any had been in years. There was a police officer there, who insisted he was there to "protect us," a justification the department had used before for sending police with us who then attempted to herd us, threaten us, and charge us with traffic violations; deliberately playing dumb, we reassured him over and over that, though he was new to the Mass, we would be sure to protect him. He was so demoralized by this that he eventually left! This time, we rode the opposite direction through town, taking over the main street and demanding as much attention as we had on the highway but at less risk. We gave out fliers all along the way about the behavior of the motorists the week before, and what it indicated about the kind of people who drive SUVs and support imperialist wars—and the people who got the fliers, some of whom had heard about it already, were sympathetic and receptive.

Hanging out at the local organic food co-op that evening, we discovered that in the wake of our misadventure a local liberal who had long ago ridden with Critical Mass was trying to get a motion passed that would allocate a police escort to every ride. With some effort, he was talked out of this, on the grounds that it wasn't anyone's business to make decisions that would have permanent implications for Critical Mass in our town. This was the last of the aftermath of our brief takeover of the highway. Things certainly would have played out much differently in a less liberal town, but you always have to tailor your approach to the local environment.



Short-Haired Rock and Roll

Yes! The US ROUGHNECKS CD is finally out! The new full-length from these Sacramento, California skinheads is top-quality street rock! The long awaited *Twenty Bucks and Two Black Eyes* starts off with a full head of steam with "Weekend" and as the US ROUGHNECKS will tell you, "It starts with a beer and ends with a crash". Song number two is "5-29", about "The white collars and the big boss man just giving a fuck about the dollar, and not the working man." Song three is a rocker called "Saturday". Some of the words go like this: "Spend my money on the girl who keeps knocking me / Bust my ass for a weekend laugh / (Only) to find I'm not the one who's laughing last." Song four is an indictment of the local police department. Check out the words to "Serve and Protect": "When you're hangin' out and they pass by you / Pat you down and harass you / They think they're above the law / So quick to think they'll do no wrong / Fucking cops are full of shit / Their sarcasm I'm sick of it / They're the real enemy / Never protected or served me / Fuck the cops / They lock you up but you're innocent / Write you up and talk their shit / They make you a criminal / Lock you up with animals / Fuck the jails they put you in / Spend your taxes again and again / No cop's ever helped me out / For being different they shut me out / Police!!!!!!! / All they do is fuck with you! / They follow you / Harass you and arrest you / Police!!!! / All they do is fuck with me! / Follow me and harass me and fuck with me for bullshit!" Yes!

Song number five is "No Justice" and this fucker kicks ass! Read the words to "No Justice": "People are reacting, screaming for change / They burn their cities down to rubbles and flames / When justice isn't served and morals cease to exist / Citizens will answer, they will get pissed / Sitting in the White House / You fumble for solutions / People don't want charity, they want retribution / We want lower taxes and we want more jobs / End the recession, we're sick of being robbed / Numbers are growing full of hatred / Anger overthrows the nation / Numbers are growing full of hatred / You can't stop what you've created / Causing all the fights is all they can do / When corruption gets so high / Government gives you the screw / Nothing but lies when you're watching the news / And do you think a politician gives two fucks about you? Prisons overfill, a riot

begins / Looting on the streets, is their means to an end? / You once had the upper hand but never again / We got a knife to your back, and we'll stick it in!" Fuck yes!

Next, we move to another fucking great skinhead tune, "Roughneck Noise". Fucking excellent! In this song, Mikey and the ROUGHNECKS give a shout "for the most hated skinhead, for the Sacto Oi! Chorus." This is a great song! Song seven is "Summer of 96", which covers among other things, "fighting against authority." Up next is "Midtown Nights":".... / Don't walk alone / Midtown nights / ...Never had parents to keep me in line / Hanging on the corner from the very start."

Song number nine is "Lost Paradise" which offers this thought: "When you hear the thunder / And there's not a cloud in sight / You better run for cover—the Roughnecks are out tonight!"

Number ten has a message. Read the lyrics to "Outcast": "Police another enemy corrupt officials plaguing society / Sooner or later they'll take control / There will be no place left for us to go / Blacklisting youths for minor crimes / Cheating the rights of yours and mine / They watch everything you do / Want your town full of silence / Leaves us with nothing to do / That's why we turn our minds to violence / They like to put fear inside you / Say what you can and can't do / Never had to deal with heat / Now we have to watch their beat / I know there's no place to go / There's no place for us to roam / We're outkasts."

Song number eleven is "Sacto's Alright", about heaving drinking. Song twelve is one of the best skinhead tunes you are going to hear in 2004. "Short-Haired Rock n' Roll" grabs you by the throat immediately. This song will have the skinheads singing loud and raising their beers in unison! This is top quality skinhead music! Lucky number thirteen is "Skinhead Blues", with a nod to the "Delta Sound". The final song on this skinhead opus is "Dirty River" about "working every day for my hopes and dreams." This is a great CD! Get your copy of *Twenty Bucks and Two Black Eyes* as soon as possible! Contact the US ROUGHNECKS at www.usroughnecks.com.

FUNERAL SHOCK, from Redwood City, California has some brutal punk rock available for you no good punks! Their self-titled seven-inch from last year included a lead off track, "Dead Scenester"—we all love that sentiment. Song two is fucking great! This is powerful punk rock with excellent guitar chugging along behind. Read the words to "Not to Be": "My life is not meant to be / Gonna pull the plug / Gonna be free / You better stay away from me / Or I'll fucking drag you down with me / I am fucking cursed / You better stay away / You're gonna get hurt / I am fucking cursed / You better stay away / You're gonna get hurt cos nothing ever goes right / Not to be / Nothing good is headed my way / You better stay away from me / Nothing good can come from it / You better stay away / You're gonna get decked."

Flip this EP over and you get the slow and menacing "Fugitive By Design". This bleak intro slams into a hardcore melee at the end. Great!

The newest FUNERAL SHOCK product is a split EP with U.S. OF SHIT. FUNERAL SHOCK starts out with "Burnin' Hell"—an old John Lee Hooker blues song revved up by FUNERAL SHOCK. Great! Next you get "Dead", check out these words: "Every time I see your face / I grimace and twitch / You're such a disgrace / Always whining like a bitch / Nothing's ever good enough for you / I'd like you better if you were dead". Good stuff! And how romantic!

On the flip side, the U.S. OF SHIT turns in seven short snippets of hectic screamed punk at a frantic pace. Write to: FUNERAL SHOCK c/o Dan, PO Box 3833, Redwood City, CA 94064, eonsrock@hotmail.com.

The Rose City Skinheads, from Portland, Oregon, threw a triumphant ten-year anniversary celebration last month. The entire crew in The Rose City was most hospitable. Different crews from up and down the west coast were welcome at the shows. The first night, we were showered with a cavalcade of hits at an all-nighter dance chaperoned by a host of guest DJs as illustrious as Philthy Phil Templar, from NYC. The entertainment on the second night was all about the music—fantastic! THE ESCAPED, from Portland, played with Carter at the helm. Next up you had the LANCASTERS, from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Greg, Evan and company turned in a spectacular set of Oi! and street punk gems. You will recognize Greg's roughhewn vocals from his days as lead singer of the SUBWAY THUGS. It was a great set! Pick up the LANCASTER's CD *Alexander & Gore*, on Longshot Records, from Brooklyn, NY at your earlier convenience.

Oakland, California's NUTS AND BOLTS put on an amazing show with lead singer Jagger working the crowd, leaping off the riser and circulating in the pit like a madman. Keep your eye on NUTS AND BOLTS. They have a CD coming out soon which promises to be a storming debut! You got great sets of music from that rock n' roll juggernaut, THE BUTCHERS, with Stu and Carl rocking hard!

THE TOUGHSKINS, from Southern California, played journeyman Oi! and had the crowd going pretty good. Next came the band many people traveled hundred of miles to see: THE TEMPLARS. The Oi! Goliath powered by Phil, Perry, Chet and Carl churned out fucking hit after hit! The kids loved every minute of it! THE TEMPLARS retain their crown as kings of Oi!

THE RIFFS, a local punk band, finished off the evening in fine style. Many thanks go out to The Rose City skins for putting on the fest and for their warm hospitality. Kudos to all the different skinhead crews from all over the United States and Canada for their cooperation and camaraderie that made this one of the most successful west coast TEMPLARS shows in recent memory. Thanks to all the bands involved.

See you at the bar!

Stuff I Lied About Since April's Column In Chronological Order

Writing from a different place
Almost laughing
Using the word metaphysical
Taking up residence in a temple
Being 30 minutes away
Being delivered to peace
Having a teacher
My response being above the belt
Anxiously crossing a threshold
Feeling marginally adventurous
Having an F.O.D. shirt
Lubrano wearing a white jumpsuit
Lubrano smoking a long skinny cigarette
Beaker going to the bathroom
Beaker overhearing a dude in the bathroom
Beaker freaking out and leaving
Staring at a guy who would eventually become Bill Florio
Giving the guy who would eventually become Bill Florio a minute to explain
Getting hit by the guy who would eventually become Bill Florio
Lubrano choking a kid
Weird Kid taking pictures of Lubrano choking a kid
Being at the bottom of a flight of stairs with the guy who would eventually become Bill Florio
Lubrano having a broken a Virginia Slim in his mouth
Beaker materializing
Gushing blood
Catching site of Weird Kid
The guy who would shortly become Bill Florio walking toward me
The guy who would shortly become Bill Florio apologizing to me
Weird Kid introducing the guy who was Bill Florio
Not being in the mood for an olive branch
Thinking BUGOUT SOCIETY stunk
Thinking THE SHEMPS stink
Thinking Artie Philly stinks
The guy who was Bill Florio mumbling
Hatin' the guy who was Bill Florio
Talking next month about going to the hospital, unless you count this as talking about it

Stuff I Told The Truth About Since April's Column In Chronological Order

Greeting MaximumRockNRollers
Being a miserable dude for years
Being bummed on Christian skateboarding
Christian skateboarders being dicks
All the stuff about Long Island famous people and rappers
It being the first week in April
My column being late

Picturing my mom call Mike Thorn a douche bag
Arwen being mighty
Matt being my buddy
Having a shirt with Kermit on it
THE LACTOSE INTOLERANTS having a demo called *Fuck Milk*
THE REPERCUSSIONS being a band
Thinking about F.O.D. a lot
Being an F.O.D. fan back then
Playing in a band that covered F.O.D.
Having steadfast of character
Unwavering dedication to F.O.D.
"Powerload" by F.O.D. being a mint song
ADRENALIN OF DEMOCRACY being a crappy band name
BLUE ÖYSTER CULT forming in the same town as STRIPED BASSTARDS
Getting a cool Rick Hunter action figure and Thundercats stuff

A List Of Results Of Lying In My Column In Rough Chronological Order

My column being late
Mike Thorn being mad
A guy writing *MaximumRockNRoll* supporting my decision to be a Krishna
Remembering how awesome F.O.D. is
Checking out ADRENALIN O.D.
Discovering who used to write the old Anne R. Key column.
Handing in a column that's against the rules
Mike Thorn getting mad
Mike Thorn getting totally tricked
Having another column be late
Mike Thorn e-mailing me (presumably mad) about being late
That's it!
Breaking the tradition of not acknowledging April Fools jokes in subsequent columns.

***

My Name Is Lubrano is officially out of print. Thanks to everyone who ordered one. I'm hoping to get more in print soon.

***

I'm really crumby at responding to regular mail, so the quickest response is usually by email at manowells@hotmail.com. Oi!

***

END NOTES:

1. My brother in metal, Ken from Kalamazoo, makes a mean mix tape!
2. The dudes from THE SPARK down in Maryland sent me their new 7". It's 10 songs of fast hardcore on gray marble wax. You can email the labels that put it out at wallridekid@aol.com or mike@headcold.net.
3. Thanks also to the dudes in UZI SUICIDE who sent some more of their shit over! Dudes.

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Masturbatory Anarchist Fantasies

Mantooth grasped her tightly in his sullied hands and laid his moistened lips onto her cheek. It was then that he knew in his heart of hearts that it could never be. It was when the soft caress of her epidermis brushed his calloused hands, weatherworn like the walls of some great canyon, that he knew what he had to do. He knew his love was doomed into slavery to the great beast-machines. She would toil forever under their watchful, crimson glowing eyes. She would never be free. So he laid his love down, and consumed her. He swallowed her whole like one of Saturn's sons. From her brains he acquired her knowledge. From her heart: her courage. From her eyes: her foresight. From her nose: her incredible sense of smell.

That's just a snippet from my upcoming book entitled "Mantooth's Anarchist Fantasy for Dummies." That's right I'm retiring from the world of internet message boards and writing a DIY handbook on how to construct shitty Anarchist metaphors. It's easier than you think!

Now I am sure many have read some of these stories and have been flabbergasted as to how one could ever achieve such mastery of the English language. What mere mortal possesses the power to so eloquently metaphorize Anarchist ideals? I bet you think such a person contains within his or her head a brain so large that when it thinks it can be likened to a giant door slamming in the depths of hell. Well cease your flabbergastation. I'm here to give you a few hints on how to write your very own fantasies! All you need are rudimentary language skills and an inability to articulate basic human thought.

Hint #1: All Anarchist fantasy is inherently transcendental. Don't know what transcendentalism is? Excellent! Try as hard as you can to not learn about this, or really anything to do with literature or language. Grammar? Fuck it! Spelling? Why confine yourselves to those tired old combinations of consonants and vowels? Tell Pat Sajak to take a fucking hike! The nature of his Wheel of Fortune is the aesthetic of our incoherent fantasies. Make up your own spelling and grammar! Hell, the people pretending to read this tripe won't know the difference. Do you think metaphorize is a real word? Or flabbergastation? Exactly. It's *that* easy! So don't worry about all that shit snooty college professors or Webster's Dictionary will tell you about writing. Focus more on metaphorizing the act of eating garbage or stealing from libraries!

Hint #2: Metaphorize, metaphorize, and metaphorize! I cannot stress this enough folks. The key to all anarchist literature, to *all* literature, is *the metaphor.* Let's take a close look at the word. First we have the word "met," which is a verb (what does the action, such as "smash" or "dumpster"). Then we have "a," which is an article. An article. If we put "anarchy" before or after it, this could become alliteration. And, umm. OK, let's skip that one for now. Next we have "phor" which sounds like "for." So we have "met a for." What does this mean? Hell if I know! The key is vagueness, and this is what *the metaphor* brings to your story. Much like our politics, vague rhetoric is key.

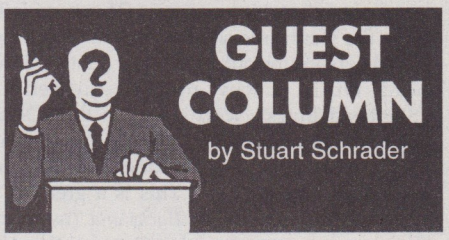
Let's take my short paragraph as an example. See, the main character is like, some dude. He's totally into this girl, but he knows he can't love her because she is really a metaphor for a cog in the beast machine. And he can't love the beast machine because it is a metaphor for peanuts, which he's allergic to. And so, by default, the girl is a metaphor for peanuts. Thus, he must eat his love to save her from a life of toil in the beast machine. But since he is allergic to peanuts, he will die from consuming her. The moral of the story is that peanuts are delicious and if you love someone who is made of peanuts, it's OK to eat them.

Hint #3: References to kings, queens, and giants are gold. Don't hesitate to use them indiscriminately and at random. Refer to hint #2.

The main thing to remember when writing anarchist metaphors is that anyone can do it! Like I said before, don't get hung up on writing well. Don't listen to people who insist on knowing the whole plot of a story, character motivation, basic scene description, or even grammatically plausible sentences. That stuff is for the generation of bohemian codgers. Pay no mind to your friends who begin to bleed profusely from the eyes and ears after reading something you have written. It was probably something they ate out of a dumpster. Just focus on filling the page with verbose and stale masturbatory clichés about nature of freedom and oppression.

Next month: Mantooth exposes evil hardcore bands that have been traveling back in time and stealing shitty 70s rock riffs to use in their own songs!

Sincerely, Gregory William Mantooth



Punkvoter.com may seem unimportant to most punks. It seems laughable to some, but apparently laudable to others. I want to examine this website/organization in some detail because I think it manifests a larger problem that has been plaguing the punk scene for as long as punk has existed: the misuse of the word "punk" through general application to things removed from any connection to punk's music, history, legacy, and uniqueness. It is time we punx agreed on something much more important to our own lives than the election of one rich scumbag over another: to combat the willy-nilly use of "punk" as a marketing label when it's in direct contradiction to what punk actually is.

It may seem like I'm being excessively critical of a fairly benign organization which is an easy target. At first glance, it seems obvious that Punkvoter is miles away from the punk scene that matters to me and my network of

friends. I didn't even know about Punkvoter until I heard that From Ashes Rise were participating in their package tour. Most of the people who constitute the punk scene to which From Ashes Rise used to appeal are probably anarchists, or at least not registered Democrats. Perhaps a better way to put it is that I would hope that the true underground punk scene, the hard-core of hardcore, would be smart enough not to be duped by this website.

There is an inherent tension in hardcore punk, twenty-five years after it began, that is due to its longevity: the danger and volatility that originally defined HC punk are directly in contrast to the needs of a sustainable, long-running social movement (in the broadest sense) in which people want and choose to participate for the movement's sake. It strikes me that if we, as punx, allow politicians and businessmen whose goals are outside the punk scene to infiltrate our movement, we will have failed on both counts: HC punk will be neither dangerous nor sustainable. It will become the limited caricature into which the enemies of punk have always tried to force it.

The phrase "enemies of punk" has a certain paranoid, apocalyptic tone to it. Sure, cops are the enemies of punk, but they're also the enemies of a lot of people. So I mean the phrase more specifically: the enemies of punk are those people who use the punk scene for their own gain, political, economic, or otherwise. They are the insidious poseurs who pretend to be our friends without caring much for anyone but themselves. They are the racists, the homophobes, the misogynists who masquerade as punks and let their true feelings out only when they think no one will notice, or when they're too drunk to know better. They are the people who are resigned to allowing punk to recreate mainstream society on a smaller scale, with no ambition to ameliorate its problems. They are bouncers, contract lawyers, and sometimes bootleggers. They are the people who think of punk as a stepping stone to something better rather than an end in itself.

As I read the Punkvoter website (which I recommend you do as well), I must say it blows my mind that people who consider themselves punx would want anything to do with this cockamamie outfit. Other than their writers' dumb grammatical mistakes (one hopes the teenagers at whom the website is aimed would know to unite around principles, not "principals"!), the website comes across as incredibly simplistic. More importantly, though, nowhere on it do I see anything that reveals an understanding, or even an attempt at understanding, of punk as something unique, musically or politically. If punk is just a catch-all phrase that refers to rebellion and "not-President-Bush," then I suppose Punkvoter.com is punk, but then why even bother to use the word "punk"? Why not just say "young and rebellious"? One reason is that "rebellious" is not even accurate. Are members of the Democratic party rebellious simply because their party is not in the White House? I don't think so. Is it rebellious to go to a package-tour show, buy tickets to it with a credit card, and support a large, sub-major label that markets itself to notoriously apolitical hipsters, à la Jade Tree? So what about all this makes it punk? In my eyes, nothing.

No one I know wants George W. Bush to remain in the White House. Not my mother, not any of my friends, not any of my university professors. In fact, depending on the daily statistic, about 50% of the citizens of the United States do not want Bush to win the election. This desire for change is not a radical notion. It is also not a punk notion. As a friend astutely pointed out, she will vote for the Democratic nominee because she wants George W. Bush out of office, but in no way does what makes her punk affect that decision. Furthermore, I believe that the distinction of pro-voting / anti-voting is the wrong one to make. What is far more important is to design a long-range political plan, which doesn't depend on an election for viability.

Punk politics can be shortsighted, but the politics of Punkvoter are extremely shortsighted. Once Bush is out of office, what comes next? Punkvoter makes no plans for the future after the election, and it seems to think that electing a Democrat will be some sort of panacea. I have no love for John Kerry or for any other candidate on offer. Whoever is President will be beholden to interests far removed from my own. Nevertheless, I think that anyone who believed that there was no difference between Bush and Gore has been forced to reassess his or her views after the last four years of rampant destruction of all kinds of progressive achievements of the United States, especially in the realm of environmental safeguards.

Punkvoter.com supplies with a short history lesson:

Remember, some of punk's greatest inventors back lashed against the norms of their society. Punk rock has clearly broken down the prudish undercurrents of many Puritanical yet supposedly "modern" governments. Punk bands like the Sex Pistols, MC5, The Clash, Subhumans, Minor Threat, Crass, and Propagandhi have all been a voice for the working class and other minorities in times of strife. Punk musicians have never been afraid to speak out on such topics as drug abuse, suicide, and forms of discrimination such as sexism and racism [emphasis in original].

This history is meaningless where it isn't obviously wrong. Backlash isn't even a verb. I don't see how punk rock has broken down prudish undercurrents of governments, clearly or unclearly. I think they mean that punk rock has attempted to subvert some of the norms of society regarding sexuality and morality that derived from Puritanism. So have Madonna and Britney Spears.

I'm also unconvinced that the bands they listed have been a voice for the working class. That's a nice idealization, but most, if not all, of them were resolutely middle-class, no matter how much posturing they might have done. Talking about class struggle on a website attempting to elect John Kerry is like talking about rope in the house of a hanged man.

Finally, punk musicians have never been afraid to speak out on these issues? What does that mean? To decry them or just to speak about them? The Pistols were a lot of things, including fearless, but that doesn't mean they had anything in common with this positive, progressive vision of social justice. Moreover, has George W. Bush ever been afraid to speak out on issues like these? Has any politician? Where's the gigantic taboo against saying sexism or suicide is bad? Anyone, especially any politician, can pay lip service to these sort of grand societal ills. Punk, if it is anything, is about the exact opposite: seeing through the rhetoric and actually *doing* something.

Punkvoter's definition of punk rock (not simply "punk") follows: "Punk rock is about taking an in-your-face attitude in order to rebel against the problems of our society." I would say that much more so than this childish website, George W. Bush has taken an in-your-face and rebellious attitude to world politics. Does his abrogation of treaties, simplistic divisions of us and them, and encouragement of violence instead of diplomacy, make him a punk rocker? By the standards of this website, the answer is yes.

One of the website's mantras about Bush is, "He must be exposed." I'm not sure what this means. I do think that what makes art art (with punk rock as one kind of art) is its ability to transform our experience or express things that cannot be expressed any other way. Exposure of Bush's undemocratic and otherwise awful policies has been done quite well by intelligent authors like Paul Krugman, Thomas Powers, Elizabeth Drew, and Seymour Hersh, among many others. These fine authors are not punx, in case you were wondering. I don't think NOFX, From Ashes Rise, or even Jello Biafra can do what these writers have done, and I would not expect as much from them. In essence, this website is making impossible demands of punk bands. The primary one is that they stop being punk.

The easy answer to Punkvoter is to ignore it. Punk rock provides a means to ignore a lot about society. For that we are grateful. But when it comes to problems within the punk scene, ignoring them in hopes they'll go away on their own is dangerous. One of the greatest aspects of punk rock is its immediacy. Unlike in national politics, punx actually do have the ability to change our social arrangements. So what can be done?

I think that punks are creative enough to come up with their own solutions, so I don't want to tell anyone what to do, but one idea is to set up underground punk shows on the days that the Punkvoter tour is in your town. Another is to befriend the younger punx you see attending these kinds of gigs and turn them on to DIY punk. Make them mix-tapes of real punk bands. And perhaps the simplest thing to do is when you hear someone call something punk that you know is not punk, tell him or her that punk has a specific meaning, attached to DIY, to the underground, and to a vast, international musical history. You wouldn't believe that punkusedcar.com or

punkfalafel.com are actually punk, so why believe these jokers at punkvoter.com, even if they can get some former punx to endorse the site? And to anticipate criticism, there are a lot of punx who are older, who have jobs and families, who have no desire to associate with large-scale, watered-down versions of punk made for the mainstream. Punk should never be about convenience; it exists as an antidote to a society addicted to convenience, sterility, and safety.

Punk rock is Really Red, Newtown Neurotics, The Stalin, BGK, Massacre 68, The Avengers, or, recently, Los Crudos, The Pist, Framtid, Amdi Petersens Armé, Polikarpa Y Sus Viscosas. None of these bands would fall for a ridiculously naïve claim like this: "We must remember that today's politicians are servants to their constituents therefore we must become a true voting force." Punk is about sussing out those who want to take advantage of us, whether they come in punk clothing or not. Punk is about questioning the seemingly benign intentions of those around us, from bouncers to cops to the bands that sign to big labels. Being a punk rocker means being constantly aware that no one has *your* best interests in mind. Don't let anyone say the debate is irrelevant. Don't let your guard down. And listen to *Shock Troops* LP by Cock Sparrer, a band that learned the lesson about the enemies of punk the hard way; take the album to heart, because as much its songs might seem antique, the existence of Jade Tree and Punkvoter's package tour proves that these songs, like "Take 'em All" and "Where Are They Now," are about our lives.

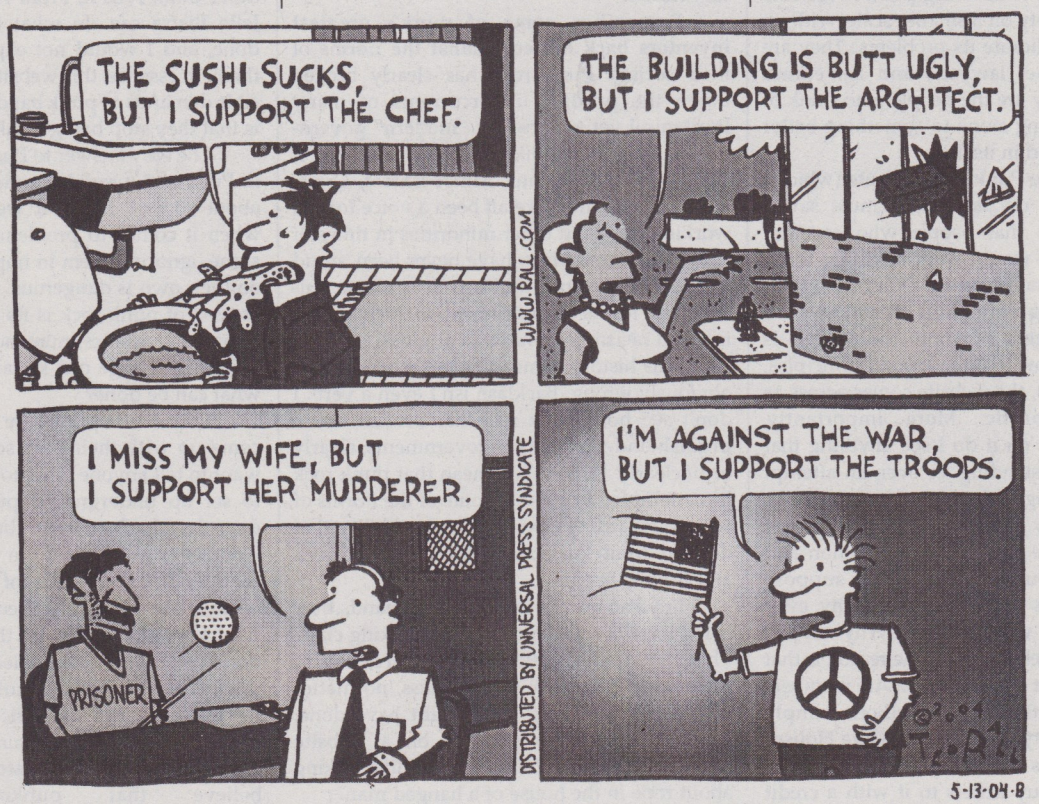
It's sickening. Watching the images flow out of Iraq of the prisoner abuse at the Abu Ghraib prison is enough to make ones stomach churn. The forced humiliation, the report of beatings, the torture—when paired up next to the glowing eager-to-please faces of the troops responsible, it is just absolutely wretched. What is truly sickening about this is that it's not simply a case of a few so-called bad apples spoiling the whole batch, but that it very well may be the standard operating procedure in dealing with prisoners in America's much heralded "War On Terror."

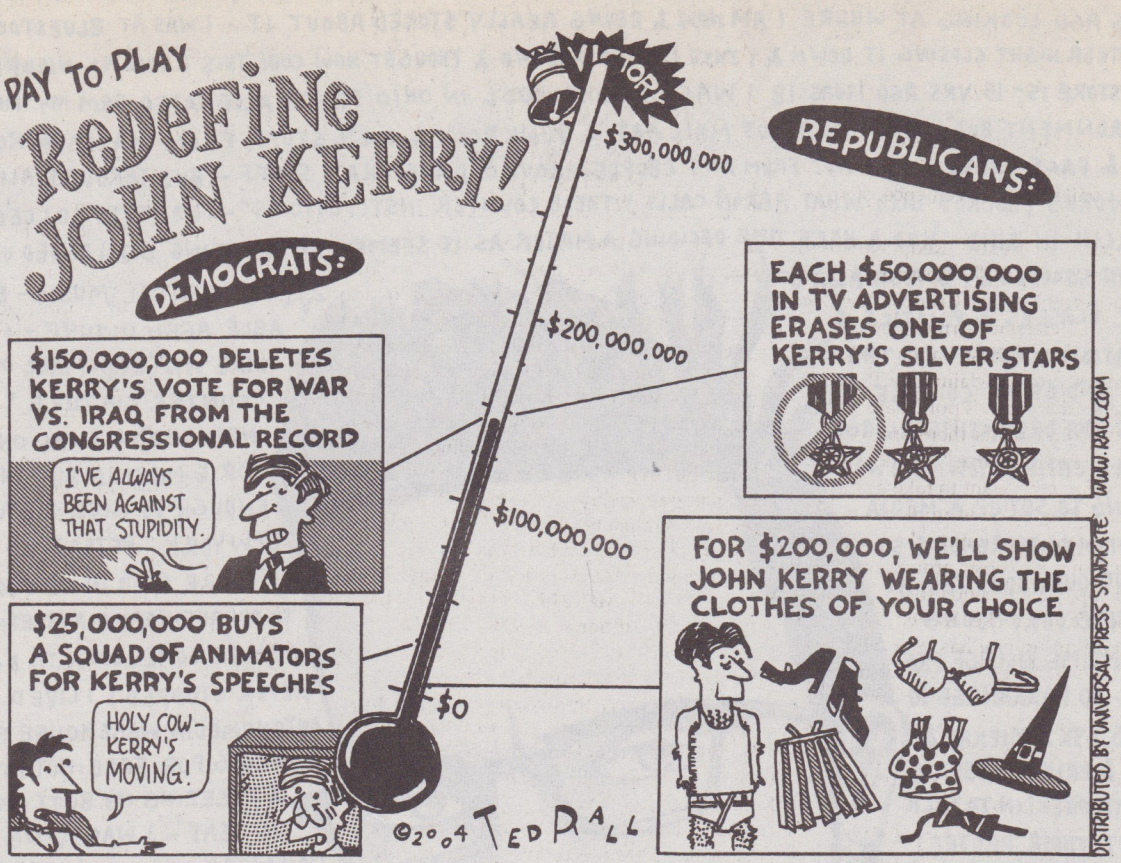
In an article entitled "The Gray Zone: How A Pentagon Secret Program Came To Abu Ghraib," in the May 24th 2004 edition of the *New Yorker*, the author, one Seymour M. Hersh, argues that the horrible, degrading treatment was just that—systematic of a greater "black" special-ops program designed to break prisoners for interrogation. A special-ops program beyond the oversight of Congress or normal military channels, which was created under the guidance of Donald Rumsfeld and his Understudy Secretary for Intelligence, Stephen Cambone. One which expressly encouraged sexual humiliation and physical coercion as a means to the end of breaking Islamic prisoners. Fundamentally, what this means is that the blame lies squarely on the shoulders of the Mr. Rumsfeld, and while Mr. Bush goes on television praising him for the superb job that he is doing the collective human conscious recoils from the shock of such madness. Seriously, how can one not be outraged at the levels of outright deceitfulness and evil these men will go to perpetuate their wars of conquest and greed? All of which is detailed plainly in Mr. Hersh's article, and yet the Bush administration still vainly attempts to deny any active participation or encouragement for such brutality. Meanwhile the images continue to pour out of Iraq, each one displaying a seemingly worse example of sub-human behavior than the one before.

I honestly can't encourage you enough to track down this article, as it details and exemplifies the viciousness and complete disregard for law or humanity that the Bush administration has. And while it should not be too much of a surprise to most of you, it remains, a brutal, horrifying and sickening reminder. Sickening because these men may never face trial, never be punished for authorizing such programs, meanwhile the soldiers, the instruments of their terror will all face stiff penalties, public humiliation and shame. As well they should, as none of them—save a few—seemed to have the guts to stand up and refuse to participate in such degrading, inhuman behavior.

•••

So after months and months of meetings, friendly arguments (discussions we like to call them), long nights, mountains of pizza consumed, we have picked a new coordinator. Her name is Golnar Nikpour, from Brooklyn, New York. I want to wait to let her have her own full blown introduction of herself once she actually gets here, in a few months, so I'll hold off on all her personal details and statistics, but, I must say, that I am quite excited to soon have her on board as my new partner in crime.





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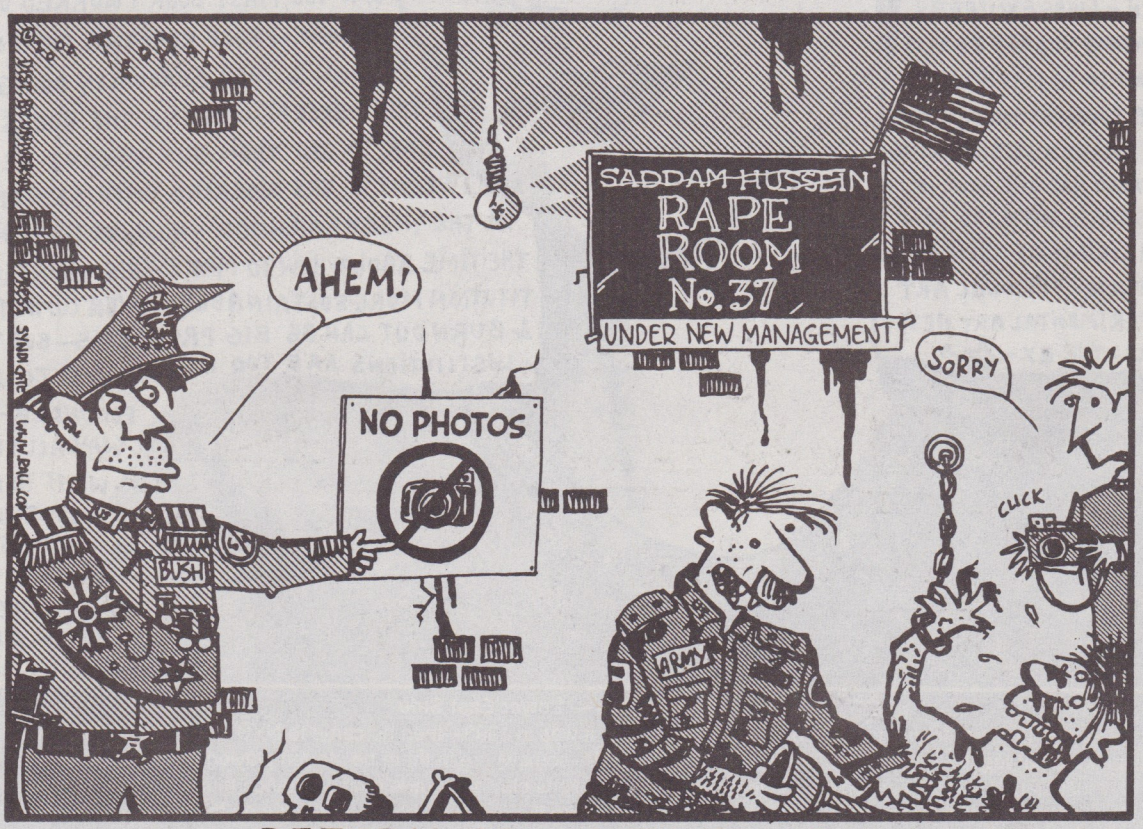

REFORM COMES TO IRAQ

5-6-04-A

Ben Meyers — Lower East Side

I first met Ben when he was interning at Dreamtime Village I think it was in 1993—then he came to NYC & got recruited by Autonomedia—in 1998 he helped me put together my book *CHRON!IC!RIOTS!PA!SM!*—somewhere in there he started playing the trombone in the Hungry March Band—they just started showing up at all the events & demos & actions playing parade music & dance music & party music—they were an instant hit. Ben is also part of the Circus Amok Band which performs with the circus in the city parks during the summer awsomely entertaining—the Hungry March Band will be going on its first European tour this summer.

fly@bway.net

Contact Ben: ben@autonomedia.org

A marriage of conscience...

HERE'S TO UNCIVIL UNIONS

...not one of convenience.

eX-GIRL ON TOUR THIS SPRING!

Endangered Species

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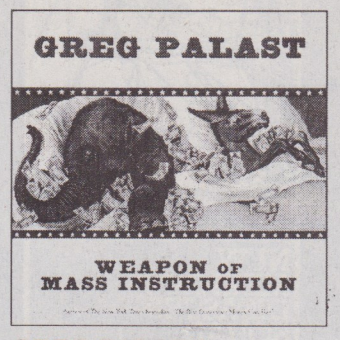

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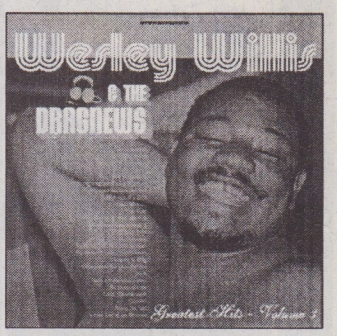

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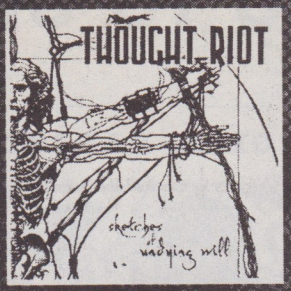

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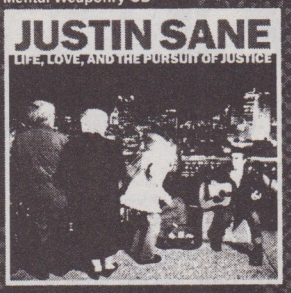

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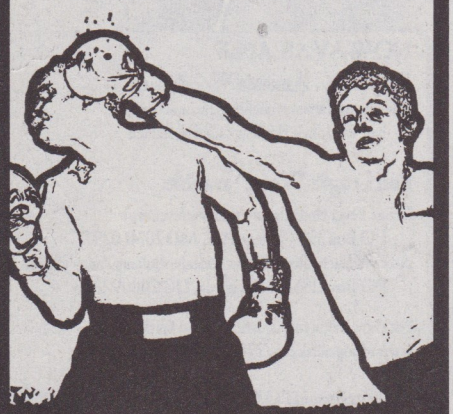

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MRR NEWS

SUDAN: TENS OF THOUSANDS COULD DIE OF HUNGER AND DISEASE IN DARFUR

UN Integrated Regional Information Networks

An estimated 100,000 people are at risk of dying from malnutrition and disease in Sudan's western region of Darfur, as a direct result of the ongoing conflict there, according to the International Crisis Group (ICG) think-tank.

"In the best-case scenario, 'only' 100,000 people are expected to die in Darfur from disease and malnutrition in the coming months; sadly, there is little reason for even this desperate optimism," ICG said in an appeal entitled: "End the slaughter and starvation in western Sudan", launched on Sunday.

The grim reality was that even if the April ceasefire between the government of Sudan and the region's two rebel groups was respected, 100,000 people would perish due to the "targeted destruction of water sites and food stores by government-aligned forces throughout the region", ICG continued.

The numbers already killed by fighting, malnutrition and disease are unknown, but were estimated by the outgoing Humanitarian Coordinator for Sudan to be at least 10,000 by the end of March.

Since the ceasefire signed between the government and the rebel Sudan Liberation Army (SLA) and the Justice and Equality Movement (JEM) on 8 April, there have been numerous reports of violations reported by the UN and other sources, including fighting and attacks on civilians by Arab government-allied militias known as the Janjawid.

There is currently no international monitoring mechanism in place.

Vast swathes of fertile farmland have been burned and depopulated of their non-Arab inhabitants—who are accused of harbouring rebels—by the Janjawid since August 2003, according to Human Rights Watch (HRW). "With rare exceptions, the countryside is now emptied of its original Masalit and Fur inhabitants," said the watchdog in a campaign entitled "Help end ethnic cleansing in Darfur" launched on 7 May.

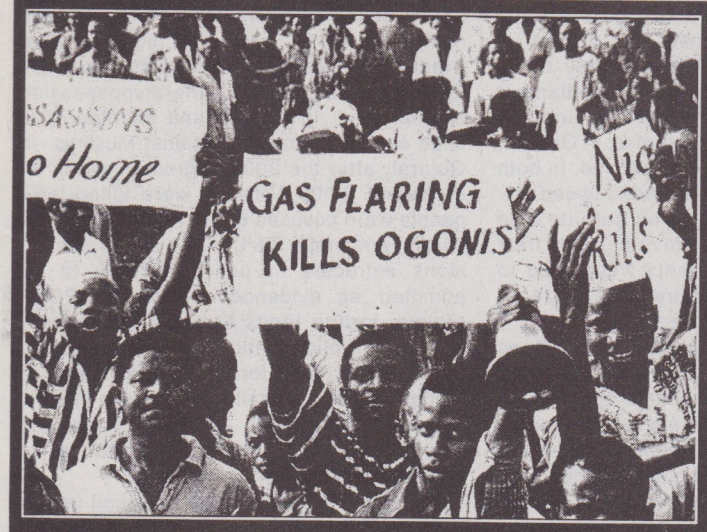
Anything that could sustain life—food, livestock, wells, blankets and clothing—had been looted or destroyed, it added. "Villages have been torched, not randomly, but systematically—often not once, but twice."

Most of the displaced, who number over one million, have been forced into urban areas, where they remain virtual prisoners, as they are vulnerable to attack if they leave the settlements, according to a US Agency for International Development (USAID) emergency fact sheet dated 14 May. Unable to return to their farms to cultivate, they are missing the annual planting season, which ends in late May or early June when the rains begin.

The consequences of no harvest next November, plus the limited capacity of aid agencies to operate in Darfur, could be catastrophic, say humanitarian workers. Roger Winter, the USAID assistant director, predicted this month that once the rainy season begins, 30 percent of the affected population could die over the next nine months.

The UN has increased its estimate of conflict-affected people in Darfur from 1.1 million in April to two million this month.

PROTESTORS FORCE SHELL TO CLOSE PLANT



Protesters from a Niger Delta village have forced Shell to close a major oil-pumping facility and have demanded the firm keep its promise to rebuild a road that links their village to the outside world, residents said recently.

More than 200 protesters from Opherin village besieged Shell's station near Erhiemu recently to protest their poverty despite living in an oil-rich area.

The facility has the capacity to pump 100,000 barrels daily from 24 oil wells. Eyewitnesses said the protest had forced it to shut down.

"We don't have anything to show for our status as the leading oil-producing community in the delta," community leader Peter Onovaye told reporters. The unarmed protesters, including men, women and children, set up camp inside the facility located 25 miles north of Warri, a key operations base for oil companies in the Niger Delta.

Onovaye said the protesters would remain at the facility until Shell gave the community a pledge to rebuild the road, which he described as their only link with the rest of Nigeria and vital for moving agricultural produce out of the village, which is a farming community.

He said the villagers had resorted to protest action after Shell failed to respond favorably to a 90-day ultimatum to repair the road.

MONSANTO IS PULLING OUT OF GM WHEAT

INDYMEDIA

Monsanto, the world's biggest producer of GM crops and the related herbicides, has backed down for economic reasons. There is no market for GM wheat in Europe: foreign buyers started looking for alternative sources in Australia and Eastern Europe, and US and Canadian farmers were not prepared to take the chance of some short term benefits, a lot of future problems, and the loss of a world market overnight. Earlier this year, Monsanto had already closed its grain research facilities in Europe. Two GM wheat field trials of Syngenta were destroyed in Germany.

Over the last year, the big biotech companies have been dropping out of one GM project after the other: Monsanto and Syngenta dropped GM sugar beet, Monsanto has pulled the plug on its GE canola breeding programs in Australia, while Bayer decided not to market GM maize in the UK even though they had got permission, and Spain has withdrawn Bt176 maize from the market: the only GM crop commercially grown in the EU. Whole regions have gone GM-free.

Since the early 1990s, before there was even any GM plant growing in a field, consumers in Europe said that they did not want GM food. Companies like Monsanto, however, went ahead, trying to sell products against the explicit wishes and needs of consumers. Monsanto's main products are the herbicide "Roundup" and crops resistant to it. Consumers have nothing to gain from it and for farmers it's finally becoming obvious that there isn't much to gain in the long run either. As a matter of fact, GM rape seed (canola) has become a threat to the Canadian agricultural economy. Monsanto is suing farmers for patent violation, while the company can't even keep their own seed un-contaminated. The GM herbicide resistance is now found in at least 90 percent of the certified (and supposedly GM free) seeds in Canada—and double and triple herbicide resistant crop plants become a major problem to all farmers.

But Monsanto went ahead...trying to test and introduce GM wheat. In Europe even stricter labeling rules came into force in May '04, and wheat field trials (as well as many others) were destroyed. Europe is the biggest export market for North American wheat, especially for bread. The export market would break down overnight. Already, now, producers in Europe have been seeking alternative wheat supplies from Australia and Eastern Europe.

LET US HOPE THE DARKNESS HAS PASSED:

INDIA'S REAL AND VIRTUAL WORLDS HAVE COLLIDED IN A HUMILIATION OF POWER

by Arundhati Roy

For many of us who feel estranged from mainstream politics, there are rare, ephemeral moments of celebration. Today is one of them. When India went to the polls, we were negotiating the dangerous cross-currents of neo-liberalism and neo-fascism—an assault on the poor and minority communities.

None of the pundits and psychologists predicted the results. The rightwing BJP-led coalition has not just been voted out of power, it has been humiliated. It cannot but be seen as a decisive vote against communalism, and neo-liberalism's economic "reforms". The Congress has become the largest party. The left parties, the only parties to be overtly (but ineffectively) critical of the reforms, have been given an unprecedented mandate. But even as we celebrate, we know that on every major issue besides overt Hindu nationalism (nuclear bombs, big dams and privatization), the Congress and the BJP have no major ideological differences. We know the legacy of the Congress led us to the horror of the BJP. Still, we celebrate because surely a darkness has passed. Or has it?

Recently, a young friend was talking to me about Kashmir. About the morass of political venality, the brutality of the security forces, the inchoate edges of a society saturated in violence, where militants, police, intelligence officers, government servants, businessmen and even journalists encounter each other, and gradually, over time, become each other. About having to live with the endless killing, the mounting "disappearances", the whispering, the fear, the rumors, the insane disconnection between what Kashmiris know is happening and what the rest of us are told is happening in Kashmir. He said: "Kashmir used to be a business. Now it's a mental asylum."

Admittedly, the conflicts in Kashmir and the northeastern states make them separate wings that house the more perilous wards in the asylum. But in the heartland too, the schism between knowledge and information, between fact and conjecture, between the "real" world and the virtual world, has become a place of endless speculation and potential insanity.

Each time there is a so-called terrorist strike, the BJP government has rushed in, eager to assign culpability with little or no investigation. The attack on the parliament building, on December 13 2001, and the burning of the Sabarmati Express, in Godhra, the following year are fine examples. In both cases, the evidence that surfaced raised disturbing questions and so was put into cold storage. Everybody believed what they wanted to, but the incidents were used to whip up communal bigotry in a haze of heightened Hindu nationalism.

Many governments—state as well as center; Congress, BJP, as well as regional parties—have used this climate of manufactured frenzy to mount an assault on human rights on a scale that would shame the world's better known despotic regimes.

In recent years, the number of people killed by the police and security forces runs into tens of thousands. Andhra Pradesh (neo-liberalism's poster state) chalks up an average of about 200 deaths of "extremists" in "encounters" every year. In Kashmir an estimated 80,000 people have been killed since 1989. Thousands have simply "disappeared".

According to the Association of Parents of Disappeared People in Kashmir, more than 2,500 people were killed in 2003. In the last 18 months there have been 54 deaths in custody. The Indian state's proclivity to harass and terrorize has been institutionalized by the draconian Prevention of Terrorism Act (POTA). In Tamil Nadu, the act has been used to stifle criticism of the state government. In Jharkhand, 3,200 people, mostly poor adivasis (indigenous people) accused of being Maoists, have been named in POTA cases. In eastern Uttar Pradesh, the act is used to clamp down on those who protest about the dispossession of their land. In Gujarat and Mumbai, it is used almost exclusively against Muslims. In Gujarat, after the 2002 pogrom in which an estimated 2,000 Muslims were killed, 287 people were accused under POTA: 286 were Muslim and one a Sikh. POTA allows confessions extracted in police custody to be admitted as evidence. Under the POTA regime, torture tends to replace investigation in our police stations: that's everything from people being forced to drink urine, to being stripped, humiliated, given electric shocks, burned with cigarette butts and having iron rods put up their anuses, to being beaten to death.

Under POTA you cannot get bail unless you can prove that you are innocent—of a crime that you have not been formally charged with. It would be naive to imagine that POTA is being "misused". It is being used for precisely the *(cont'd on next page)*

EU CAPITULATES ON BIOTECH CORN

AP

The European Union's head office said it would approve a type of genetically modified corn for human consumption, ending a six-year biotech moratorium that the United States has challenged at the World Trade Organization.

European farmers will still be prohibited from growing the Bt11 insect-resistant corn, however. And companies trying to import such foods face an uphill battle in convincing European shoppers that the products are safe.

Under new EU rules that took effect last month, "any import of canned vegetables will have to show clearly on the label in the list of ingredients that the corn has been harvested from a genetically modified plant," European Commission spokesman Reijo Kemppinen said.

That would likely be the kiss of death for any company that tried to sell it in Europe, where genetically modified foods are widely mistrusted and avoided. Many supermarket chains require suppliers to guarantee their products are biotech-free.

A U.S. official speaking on condition of anonymity in Brussels called the commission's announcement sign of progress but said Washington would press ahead in seeking to have the EU declared in violation of international trade rules.

Opposition remains fierce despite the enactment last year of a new approval process and the labeling requirements, considered to be the most stringent in the world.

Cultivation by farmers would still be forbidden, although an application is pending. The decision will be valid in all 25 EU countries for 10 years, he said.

The EU has been under pressure from the Bush administration and other major agricultural exporters to lift the ban, which they charge is illegal under WTO rules.

(from previous page) reasons it was enacted. This year in the UN, 181 countries voted for increased protection of human rights. Even the US voted in favor. India abstained.

Meanwhile, economists cheering from the pages of corporate newspapers inform us that the GDP growth rate is phenomenal, unprecedented. Shops are overflowing with consumer goods. Government storehouses are overflowing with grain. Outside this circle of light, the past five years have seen the most violent increase in rural-urban income inequalities since independence. Farmers steeped in debt are committing suicide in hundreds; 40% of the rural population in India has the same food grain absorption level as sub-Saharan Africa, and 47% of Indian children under three suffer from malnutrition.

But in urban India, shops, restaurants, railway stations, airports, gymnasiums, hospitals have TV monitors in which India's Shining, Feeling Good. You only have to close your ears to the sickening crunch of the policeman's boot on someone's ribs, you only have to raise your eyes from the squalor, the slums, the ragged broken people on the streets and seek a friendly TV monitor, and you will be in that other beautiful world. The singing, dancing world of Bollywood's permanent pelvic thrusts, of permanently privileged, happy Indians waving the tricolor and Feeling Good. Laws like POTA are like buttons on a TV. You can use it to switch off the poor, the troublesome, the unwanted.

When POTA was passed, the Congress staged a noisy opposition in Parliament. However, repealing POTA never figured in its election campaign. Even before it has formed a government, there have been overt reassurances that "reforms" will continue. Exactly what kind of reforms, we'll have to wait and see. Fortunately the Congress will be hobbled by the fact that it needs the support of left parties to form a government. Hopefully, things will change. A little. It's been a pretty hellish six years.

TAIWAN

by Anandi

Taiwan's vote recount has been concluded, but the battle continues in the courts.

Incumbent President Chen Sui-bian, who narrowly won the disputed election over competitor Lien Chan, is a staunch supporter of Taiwan's right to independence from the Chinese mainland. President Chen has long outraged China, asserting that Taiwan and China are separate countries and that independence for the Taiwanese from China is a "basic human right."

Taiwan has been a colony of China's since 1954, when it was invaded by Chinese troops on a mission of "liberation of the Taiwanese people." China has repeatedly declared that Taiwan can never become independent and that it is viewed as a breakaway province.

Since the advent of free presidential elections in 1996, however, the people of Taiwan have consistently voted for candidates supporting independence from Mainland China. This year's election was a fight between a moderate, China-friendly challenger, and an incumbent (Chen) extremely unpopular with Chinese authorities, who as well as running, was presiding over two pro-independence referendums. In the days before the election, as yet unidentified parties shot him and his running mate. Many Western commentator speculated that they had arranged to have themselves shot "for sympathy", but in Taiwan it was more widely believed that the Chinese were involved. They were only moderately wounded, however, and went on to win the election.

Anti-independence parties went on to take a page from the U.S.'s recent example, and demand a recount! While many believed that this was engineered in order to provide opportunity for vote- and result-tampering, President Chen won again! It is not certain, still, that he will be able to retain his seat, but it is unlikely that he can be displaced now. The recount has been completed, and although almost 40,000 ballots remain in dispute, of those settled about 23,000 of the ballots were cast for Chen, while 16,000 went to Lien Chan.

Chen will be inaugurated as planned, but the High Court must still rule on the disputed votes.

THOUSANDS OF ISRAELIS PROTEST INCURSIONS INTO GAZA.

112 KILLED IN THAI BATTLE

Guardian UK

At least 112 people were killed in Thailand's Muslim-dominated south in what police claimed was an attempt by poorly armed teenage militants to steal their weapons.

According to police accounts, officers were tipped off about the raids and were waiting for the insurgents when they launched simultaneous attacks on more than 15 police stations and village defense posts in the Yala, Pattani and Songkhla provinces. The militants—the majority aged between 15 and 20—were mostly armed with machetes, though some had guns. Television footage showed the bodies of insurgents lying in pools of blood in front of police stations.

The fighting lasted several hours until the firing of tear gas and rocket-propelled grenades at a mosque brought it to an end. A group of 34 armed fighters, who had taken over the Kruesae mosque in the town of Pattani hours after the violence erupted, were flushed out and shot, said local police chief Major General Paithoon Pattanasoporn.

The Thai army said 107 of the dead were militants, while five police officers and soldiers were also killed. It was the bloodiest day of the year in the south of Thailand, where almost daily attacks by gunmen had already left 160 people dead. Separatists in the region want to carve out a Muslim homeland in the predominantly Buddhist country.

Gunfire could be heard as armored personnel carriers drove down deserted village streets and commandos ran through forest. Policemen and soldiers, carrying automatic rifles, ran across streets and ditches in crouched position.

Thaksin Shinawatra, the Thai prime minister, denied the teenage insurgents had links to international terrorism but said they did have powerful backers. "They arrived at the target point with brand new motorcycles. This proves they got financial support from influential figures, including politicians and drug gangsters," he said.

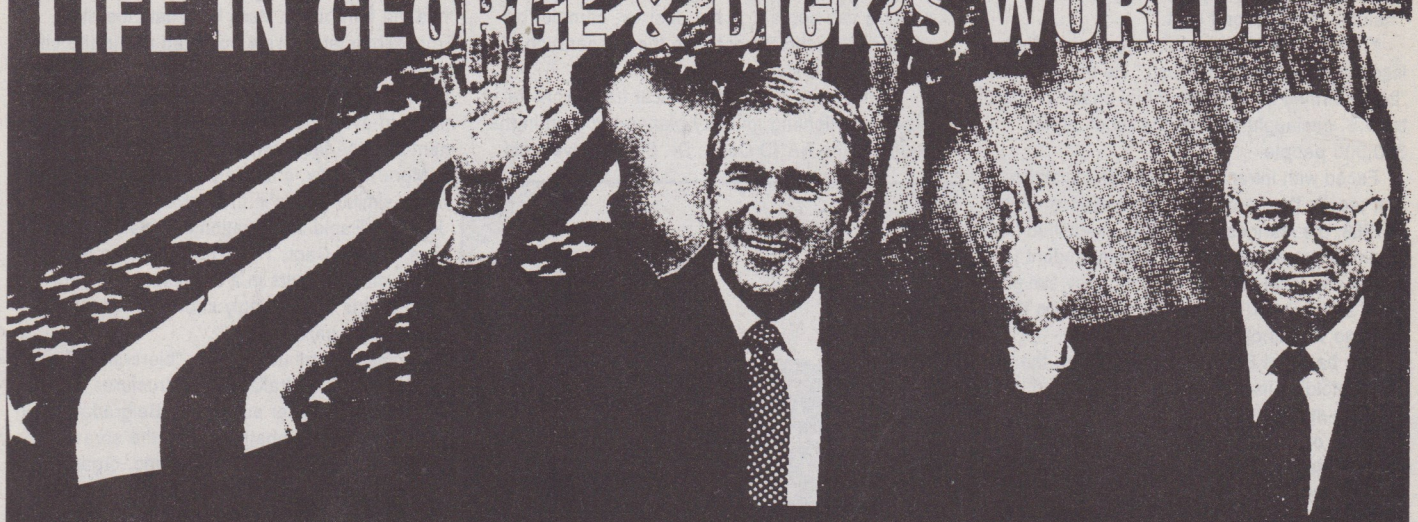
The shooting shocked the residents and local leaders in the south.

Muslims have long complained of discrimination in jobs and education in Pattani, Yala and Narathiwat, Thailand's only Muslim majority provinces. They also say their culture and language are being subjugated by the Buddhist Thais and cite as an example the state schools, which teach in Thai. Muslims in the south speak Yawi, a dialect of Malay, spoken in neighboring Malaysia.

The sense of alienation caused by the central government's policies has fuelled a decades-old separatist struggle, which subsided after an amnesty in the late 1980s before exploding this year into violence again with a raid on an army arsenal in January.

HAD ENOUGH OF AMERICAN DREAMS?

LIFE IN GEORGE & DICK'S WORLD.



THE DRAFT!? OH SHIT!

The Pentagon has quietly begun a public campaign to fill all 10,350 draft board positions and 11,070 appeals board slots nationwide. Though this is an unpopular election year topic, military experts and influential members of Congress are suggesting that if Rumsfeld's prediction of a "long, hard slog" in Iraq and Afghanistan [and a permanent state of war on "terrorism"] proves accurate, the U.S. may have no choice but to draft.

$28 million has been added to the 2004 Selective Service System (SSS) budget to prepare for a military draft that could start as early as June 15, 2005. SSS must report to Bush on March 31, 2005 that the system, which has lain dormant for decades, is ready for activation.

Congress brought twin bills, S. 89 and H.R. 163 forward this year, entitled the Universal National Service Act of 2003, "To provide for the common defense by requiring that all young persons [age 18—26] in the United States, including women, perform a period of military service or a period of civilian service in furtherance of the national defense and homeland security, and for other purposes." These active bills currently sit in the Committee on Armed Services.

Dodging the draft will be more difficult than those from the Vietnam era remember. College and Canada will not be options. In December 2001, Canada and the US signed a "Smart Border Declaration," which could be used to keep would-be draft dodgers in. Signed by Canada's Minister of Foreign Affairs, John Manley, and US Homeland Security Director, Gov. Tom Ridge, the declaration involves a 30-point plan which implements, among other things, a "pre-clearance agreement" of people entering and departing each country. Reforms aimed at making the draft more equitable along gender and class lines also eliminates higher education as a shelter. Underclassmen would only be able to postpone service until the end of their current semester. Seniors would have until the end of the academic year.

"The experts are all saying we're going to have to beef up our presence in Iraq," says U.S. Rep. Charles Rangel, the New York Democrat. "We've failed to convince our allies to send troops, we've extended deployments so morale is sinking, and the president is saying we can't cut and run. So what's left? The draft is a very sensitive subject, but at some point, we're going to need more troops, and at that point the only way to get them will be a return to the draft."

U.S. SOLDIERS SEEK ASYLUM IN CANADA

indymedia

U.S. Army privates Brandon Hughey and Jeremy Hinzman, both opposed to the U.S. war and occupation in Iraq, are seeking sanctuary in Canada. Their struggle for political asylum may be viewed as a test case for future dissent by U.S. military personnel who object to being used as cannon fodder by the Bush regime to further its expansionist goals in the Gulf region.

Hinzman, as well as his young family, and Hughey are represented by Jeffry House, a Canadian lawyer who has begun the process of applying for refugee status and hopes to convince Canadian immigration officials that Jeremy and Brandon "should not have been forced to take part in an illegal war that violates basic norms of human decency."

URBAN WARFARE: IS IRAQ A REHEARSAL FOR US HOODS?

by Mike Davis

The young American Marine is exultant. "It's a sniper's dream,' he tells a Los Angeles Times reporter on the outskirts of Fallujah. "You can go anywhere, and there so many ways to fire at the enemy without him knowing where you are."

"Sometimes a guy will go down, and I'll let him scream a bit to destroy the morale of his buddies. Then I'll use a second shot."

"To take a bad guy out," he explains, "is an incomparable adrenaline rush." He brags of having "24 confirmed kills" in the initial phase of the brutal U.S. onslaught against the rebel city of 300,000 people.

Faced with intransigent popular resistance that recalls the heroic Vietcong defense of Hue in 1968, the Marines have again unleashed indiscriminate terror. According to independent journalists and local medical workers, they slaughtered at least 200 women and children in the first two weeks of fighting.

The battle of Fallujah, together with the conflicts unfolding in Shiia cities and Baghdad slums, are high-stakes tests, not just of U.S. policy in Iraq, but of Washington's ability to dominate what Pentagon planners consider the "key battlespace of the future"—the Third World city.

The Mogadishu debacle of 1993, when neighborhood militias inflicted 60 percent casualties on elite Army Rangers, forced U.S. strategists to rethink what is known in Pentagonese as MOUT: "Militarized Operations on Urbanized Terrain." Ultimately, a National Defense Panel review in December 1997 castigated the Army as unprepared for protracted combat in the near impassable, maze-like streets of the poverty-stricken cities of the Third World.

As a result, the four armed services, coordinated by the Joint Staff Urban Working Group, launched crash programs to master street-fighting under realistic third-world conditions. "The future of warfare," the journal of the Army War College declared, "lies in the streets, sewers, high-rise buildings, and sprawl of houses that form the broken cities of the world."

Israeli advisors were quietly brought in to teach Marines, Rangers and Navy Seals the state-of-the-art tactics—especially the sophisticated coordination of sniper and demolition teams with heavy armor and overwhelming airpower—so ruthlessly used by Israeli Defense Forces in Gaza and the West Bank.

Artificial cityscapes—complete with "smoke and sound systems"—were built to simulate combat conditions in densely populated neighborhoods of cities like Baghdad or Port-au-Prince. The Marine Corps Urban Warfighting Laboratory also staged realistic war games ("Urban Warrior") in Oakland and Chicago, while the Army's Special Operations Command "invaded" Pittsburgh.

Today, many of the Marines inside Fallujah are graduates of these Urban Warrior exercises as well as mock combat at "Yodaville." the Urban Training Facility in Yuma, Arizona, while some of the Army units encircling Najaf and the Baghdad slum neighborhood of Sadr City are alumni of the new $34 million MOUT simulator at Fort Polk, Louisiana.

This tactical "Israelization" of U.S. combat doctrine has been accompanied by what might be called a "Sharonization" of the Pentagon's worldview. Military theorists are now deeply involved in imagining how the evolving capacity of high-tech warfare can contain, if not destroy, chronic "terrorist" insurgencies rooted in the desperation of growing mega-slums.

To help develop a geopolitical framework for urban war-fighting, military planners turned in the 1990s to the RAND Corp.: Dr. Strangelove's old

alma mater. RAND, a nonprofit think tank established by the Air Force in 1948, was notorious for war-gaming nuclear Armageddon in the 1950s and for helping plan the Vietnam War in the 1960s.

These days RAND does cities—big time. Its researchers ponder urban crime statistics, inner-city public health and the privatization of public education. They also run the Army's Arroyo Center, which has published a small library of recent studies on the context and mechanics of urban warfare.

One of the most important RAND projects, initiated in the early 1990s, has been a major study of "how demographic changes will affect future conflict." The bottom line, RAND finds, is that the urbanization of world poverty has produced "the urbanization of insurgency"—the title, in fact, of their report.

"Insurgents are following their followers into the cities," RAND warns, "setting up 'liberated zones' in urban shantytowns. Neither U.S. doctrine, nor training, nor equipment is designed for urban counterinsurgency." As a result, the slum has become the weakest link in the American empire.

The RAND researchers reflect on the example of El Salvador, where the local military, despite massive U.S. support, was unable to stop FMLN guerrillas from opening an urban front. Indeed, "had the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front rebels effectively operated within the cities earlier in the insurgency, it is questionable how much the United States could have done to help maintain even the stalemate between the government and the insurgents."

More recently, a leading Air Force theorist has made similar points in the Aerospace Power Journal. "Rapid urbanization in developing countries," writes Capt. Troy Thomas in the spring 2002 issue, "results in a battlespace environment that is decreasingly knowable since it is increasingly unplanned."

Thomas contrasts modern, "hierarchical" urban cores, whose centralized infrastructures are easily crippled by either air strikes (Belgrade) or terrorist attacks (Manhattan), with the sprawling slum peripheries of the Third World, organized by "informal, decentralized subsystems, where no blueprints exist, and points of leverage in the system are not readily discernable."

Using the "sea of urban squalor" that surrounds Pakistan's Karachi as an example, Thomas portrays the staggering challenge of "asymmetric combat" within "non-nodal, non-hierarchical" urban terrains against "clan-based" militias propelled by "desperation and anger." He cites the sprawling slums of Lagos, Nigeria, and Kinshasa in the Congo as other potential nightmare battlefields.

However, Capt. Thomas—whose article is provocatively entitled "Slumlords: Aerospace Power in Urban Fights"—like RAND, is brazenly confident that the Pentagon's massive new investments in MOUT technology and training will surmount all the fractal complexities of slum warfare.

One of the RAND cookbooks, "Aerospace Operations in Urban Environments," even provides a helpful table to calculate the acceptable threshold of "collateral damage"—aka dead babies—under different operational and political constraints.

The occupation of Iraq has, of course, been portrayed by Bush ideologues as a "laboratory for democracy" in the Middle East. To MOUT geeks, on the other hand, it is a laboratory of a different kind, where Marine snipers and Air Force pilots test out new killing techniques in an emergent world war against the urban poor.

Historian and social critic Mike Davis, a former meat cutter and long distance truck driver, is the author of the acclaimed City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles, *among many other books and essays, and a 1998 MacArthur Foundation Fellow.*

ONE HUNDRED TWELVE WOMEN ASSAULTED IN IRAQ, AFGHANISTAN

by Irene Weiser/Common Dreams

The US serviceman waited outside the latrine and hit the woman on the back of the head as she exited, knocking her unconscious. He tied her hands with cord, blindfolded her, cut her clothes off with a knife, stuffed her underwear in her mouth and proceeded to rape her. When she regained consciousness and began to resist, he threatened to rape her with the knife instead. He hit her in the head again, this time forcefully between the eyes, again causing her to lose consciousness. When she came to she was transported to another facility where she was interrogated for three hours. She received no medical treatment for her head injuries. For the first few days following the rape she was housed with another woman; she was subsequently left in isolation for an extended period. Her requests for religious counsel were denied.

Sound like the latest exposé from Abu Ghraib? Guess again. It's just one of the more than 100 incidents of rape, sexual assault and other forms of sexual misconduct reported in the past eighteen months by U.S. women soldiers currently serving in Iraq and Afghanistan who have been sexually assaulted by fellow U.S. soldiers.

The military's response to these victims has been grossly inadequate. Many victims did not receive even the most basic medical care—emergency contraception, rape evidence kits, testing for sexually transmitted infections, prophylactic treatment or testing for HIV, and rape crisis counseling are not consistently available. Military personnel lack even common-sense sensitivity as to how to respond to rape trauma; one mental health counselor cleared an Army sergeant who had just been raped to go out on missions again, feeling it would be good for her to "keep busy". Prosecution of these crimes is delayed indefinitely, and servicewomen must often continue to serve in the same unit with their assailant.

For fifteen years women service members have been sexually assaulted in ways every bit as dehumanizing and agonizing as the assaults on prisoners in Abu Ghraib. The behavior of the men who commit these crimes is every bit as appalling, and the failures of leadership equally egregious. Maybe after fifteen years of management apathy and reports that go nowhere, the most important action we could take would be to send our women service members digital cameras.

BAY AREA REPORTER DETAINED BY FALLUJAH RESISTANCE; RELEASED UNHARMED

indymedia

Bay Area-based independent journalist and filmmaker, David Martinez was taken prisoner by the resistance fighters in Fallujah, and then was released unharmed.

Martinez, along with several other internationals, was held in a resistance safe house while being questioned. He reports being treated respectfully.

Once the resistance fighters were convinced the internationals were in Fallujah doing humanitarian work, they were released unharmed. Martinez reports that the fighters in Fallujah were mostly young men, all natives of Fallujah that have lost friends and relatives in the occupation. He characterizes the Fallujah resistance a "grassroots response to the invasion of their town."

U.S. DELETES, ALTERS GENDER ISSUE WEB DATA-REPORT

By Deborah Zabarenko /Reuters

The Bush administration has stripped information on a range of women's issues from government Web sites. "Vital information is being deleted, buried, distorted and has otherwise gone missing from government Web sites and publications," Linda Basch, president of the National Council for Research on Women, said. A council report said the missing information fell into four categories: women's health; their economic status; objective scientific data; and information aimed at protecting women and girls and helping them advance.

Its report cited a fact sheet from the Centers of Disease Control that focused on the advantages of using condoms to prevent sexually transmitted disease; it was revised in December 2002 to say evidence on condoms' effectiveness in curbing these diseases was inconclusive.

The National Cancer Institute's Web site was changed in 2002 to say studies linking abortion and breast cancer were inconsistent; after an outcry from scientists, the institute later amended that to say abortion is not associated with increased breast cancer risk.

At the Labor Department's Women's Bureau Web site, the report said 25 key publications on subjects ranging from pay equity to child care to issues relating to black and Latina women and women business owners had been deleted with no explanation.

In the area of scientific objectivity, the report said two advisory committees recommended the Food and Drug Administration approve a contraceptive known as Plan B as a nonprescription drug but were blocked by political pressure from doing so.

Regarding violence against women, the report said the U.S. attorney general, as of March 2004, had failed to conduct and publish a study required under the 2000 Violence Against Women Act to investigate discrimination against domestic violence victims in getting insurance

SICK FOREIGNERS GET SCREWED!

US House of Representatives will soon vote on bill HR 3722, requiring emergency room health workers to fingerprint or photograph undocumented immigrant patients and then call Homeland Security to begin deportation proceedings.

Among its provisions, H.R. 3722, the Undocumented Alien Emergency Medical Assistance Amendments of 2004, would deny hospitals and other health care providers reimbursement for uncompensated emergency care they provide to undocumented immigrants unless they report those immigrants to the Department of Homeland Security (DHS).

Providers would thus have to verify the immigration status of all uninsured patients presenting health care emergencies. Health care providers would be required to transmit to DHS information including their patients' financial data, identity of employer, and biometric information. The Rohrabacher bill also would narrow the scope of emergency health services available to undocumented persons and make inability to pay medical expenses a basis for removal from the U.S. Employers of undocumented workers whose medical expenses are reimbursed by the federal government would be required to repay the government for those costs.

This proposal would jeopardize the health of immigrants and the general public. Immigrants and their families would be deterred from seeking needed health services, including testing and treatment for communicable diseases. Overburdened emergency health care providers would be forced to verify the immigration status of emergency patients, and report those believed to be undocumented to immigration authorities, in conflict with patient privacy rights and the fundamental principle that they refrain from harming their patients.

The bill would impose additional burdens on employers, including small businesses, who already are required to verify the citizenship and immigration status of workers. It also would increase the likelihood of discrimination against persons assumed to "appear foreign" because of their race, accent or other prohibited factors.

HAITI SINCE THE COUP.

Since the February 29th coup d'etat against Haiti's constitutional president, the forces that brought the coup have killed more than one thousand political adversaries and poor Haitians. Paramilitary groups, many of which took control of entire cities in the run-up to the coup, are the source of most of this violence. The U.S. armed forces, which physically removed president Jean-Bertrand Aristide from the country and have since, with French troops, defended the coup government, have done little to protect civilians. Haitian police arrested many government officials close to Aristide and also worked with paramilitaries in raids and battles in pro-Aristide slums. Meanwhile, the government has sought legitimacy and loans from other nations, Haiti's economy has worsened, and most paramilitaries expect the Haitian army to be reactivated and employ them.

Reports from the morgue, combined with reports from the streets of Port-au-Prince and from fields with burned bodies and sporadic reports from the reporters or international witnesses who have visited the other towns and cities of Haiti, indicate well over one thousand people have been killed in the two months since the coup. Most murders and arsons took place in the first week or two, but killings are still occurring and the perpetrators are all still in power. Normally the morgue doesn't dump and bury any more than a 100 bodies in a month. But on March 7th, one week after the coup, 800 bodies were dumped by the morgue. Two weeks later another 200 bodies were dumped by the morgue.

And the director of the morgue admitted that many of the bodies that were coming in had their hands tied behind their back, and had black plastic bags over their heads, and had been shot.

Lavalas party leaders told a fact-finding delegation that US Marines had recently slaughtered, in one night, 78 people in the very poor Bellair neighborhood of Port-au-Prince, Anthony Fenton wrote on Znet. They said occupation troops had brought ambulances with them and carried away in them all but two of the people murdered. All in this group of Lavalas leaders were in hiding, and none had seen their families in days; one had recently been abducted, beaten, and held captive for fifteen days with several other people before being released and told to immediately take his family and leave home, never to return, Fenton wrote.

People living in Bellair, a very pro-Aristide neighborhood, "where glass and debris litters the streets and the stench of sewage hangs in the air," said gunmen raid nightly.

"Right now there is a political climate in Haiti where anyone can get on the radio stations and accuse anyone else of a crime or with being associated with violent Lavalas gangs. It means that without proof they can say this about you and immediately you have to go into hiding, and immediately you have to be concerned with your own welfare; and immediately the death threats begin. That's the political climate that you have in Haiti today. Daily around 4:00 PM, lists of names are read over the elite-controlled radio stations," Fenton reported.

By sundown those whose names are read on these lists (and others) are quick to find a suitable place to hide.

Tom Reeves wrote in Counterpunch of an attack in Belair on the night of March 17. U.S. helicopters came with blinding lights and heavily armed U.S. soldiers fired into crowds, killing between five and twenty persons, eyewitnesses and relatives of victims told members of the observation mission.

Outside of Port-au-Prince, it's worse, though few reporters are there to report it. The mayor of Milo, a suburb of 50,000 outside the city of Cap Haitien was in hiding "in the woods" when he spoke to Pacifica News Service by cell phone.

"The situation is different here from what I hear about in Port-au-Prince, where you have the multinational force of American, Canadian, Chilean soldiers. In Cap Haitian you have the former Haitian military. There are no police any more, so they are the ones who are law. They come into your home. They take you, they beat you up, they kill you. They burn down homes. They do anything they want, because they are the only law in town.

"The journalists are in Port-au-Prince, but here in the north no one is reporting what's going on, that the former Haitian military is killing people. They are killing about 50 people a day in Cap Haitien. It's happening not just in the northern department but also in the central plateau, in the Artibone region."

More than 10,000 demonstrated against the coup in Port-au-Prince, marching on the U.S. Embassy. U.S. military vehicles mounted with machine guns and missile launchers rumbled through the streets.

"Bush terrorist! Bush terrorist!" chanted the crowd, many of them waving Haitian flags and wearing T-shirts bearing photos of Aristide, as they passed a contingent of battle-equipped U.S. Marines guarding the embassy.

Protestors blamed the U.S. and French governments and the Haitian elites for the coup.

The United Nations Security Council had refused to intervene when requested by Haiti's government under Aristide, but the day after he was gone, with U.S. and possibly French troops already deployed, it approved this presence as a Multinational Interim Force, "acting unusually quickly," UPI's United Nations correspondent William M. Reilly wrote. The people of Haiti can know the international community has not forgotten them, said UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan. "I know some of them may think that it's a bit late, but it's always better than never."

The U.S. chose the people and processes to choose Haiti's new leaders, Reuters reported, and they seem to expect to continue making important decisions in Haiti for a long time. Assistant secretary of state for the Western Hemisphere Roger Noriega said the U.S. government would encourage "the Government of Haiti to move forward, at the appropriate time, with restructuring and privatization of some public sector enterprises."

Meanwhile, U.S. troops face hostility that is far from their joyous 1994 welcome.

"The difference is we asked for American help in 1994," said Rodny Jean-Baptiste, a 32-year-old gas station attendant. "Today, the U.S. troops aren't bringing anybody back, and they're not really helping."

Also, Dods wrote, "the interim government installed with U.S. support is seen as an elite in a shady alliance with the ex-soldiers, including convicted human rights violators."

While the UN treats the US- and France-backed government as legitimate, the Caribbean community of nations, CARICOM, refused to recognize the new government. The African Union followed suit, stating it desired "no action be taken to legitimize the rebel forces," the Associated Press reported.

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ABU GHRAIB: THE RULE, NOT THE EXCEPTION

By Miles Schuman
Globe & Mail

The International Committee of the Red Cross has revealed that the gross human-rights abuses of Iraqi detainees at Abu Ghraib prison were not confined to a few soldiers. Indeed, it appears they were well known to U.S. government and military officials while they occurred. As a physician who has worked with many survivors of torture in Canada—and has lived in Guatemala, Haiti and Mexico, working with survivors of state-sponsored violence—the images of the detainees in Abu Ghraib represent a hauntingly familiar pattern of abuse.

The black hood covering the faces of naked prisoners in Abu Ghraib was known as la capuchi in Guatemalan and Salvadoran torture chambers. The metal bed frame to which the naked and hooded detainee was bound in a crucifix position at Abu Ghraib was la cama for a former Chilean patient who survived the U.S.-installed regime of General Augusto Pinochet. In her case, electrodes were attached to her arms, legs and genitalia, just as they were attached to the Iraqi detainee poised on a box, threatened with electrocution if he fell off. The Iraqi man bound naked on the ground with a leash attached to his neck, held by a smiling young American recruit reminds me of the son of peasant organizers who recounted his agonizing torture at the hands of the tonton macoutes, U.S.-backed Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier's right-hand thugs, in Port-au-Prince, in 1984.

The very act of photographing those tortured in Abu Ghraib to humiliate and silence parallels the experience of an American missionary, Sister Diana Ortiz, who was tortured in Guatemala in 1989. Before the U.S. Congressional Human Rights Caucus, she reported: "My hand was burned over 100 times with cigarettes. I was gang raped repeatedly. . . . My last few minutes in detention, I met Alejandro, whom the torturers referred to as their boss. He was tall and fair-skinned and spoke halting Spanish, with a thick American accent. His English was American, flawless, unaccented. When I asked him if he was American, his answer was evasive: 'Why do you want to know?' He reminded me that my torturers had made videotapes and taken photos of the parts of the torture I was most ashamed of. He said if I didn't forgive my torturers, he would have no choice but to release those photos and tapes to the press [Congressional Human Rights Caucus Briefing on Torture, June 25, 1988]."

The same sadistic choreography has taken place at the U.S. military base at Bagram in Afghanistan, where named witnesses informed The New York Times that detainees were stripped and hooded 'with their arms raised and chained to the ceiling, their feet shackled."

This infernal landscape illustrates methods of torture consistent with U.S. military-intelligence teaching manuals. One example from the manuals produced by the U.S. Army's School of the Americas and declassified by the U.S. government, advises that in order to forcibly recruit spies, "The counterintelligence agent could cause the arrest of the employees' parents, imprison the employee, or give him a beating as part of the placement plan." It suggests that many other techniques could be used, limited only by the agent's imagination.

A 1986 report by the El Salvador Human Rights Commission, founded by Archbishop Oscar Romero, and smuggled out of the infamous Mariona Prison in San Salvador, refers to 40 kinds of torture inflicted on political prisoners, and the presence of Americans as supervisors. Graduates of the School of the Americas include military officers and leaders implicated in torture and mass murder in Guatemala, El Salvador, Chile, Argentina and Haiti, among other Latin American countries.

Two CIA manuals obtained by The Baltimore Sun in 1997, have specific relevance to the torture methods used on prisoners at Abu Ghraib. One manual written by the CIA in 1963, titled Kubark Counter-Intelligence Interrogation, states: "Interrogations conducted under compulsion or duress are especially likely to involve illegality. . . Therefore, prior approval at the higher level must be obtained for the interrogation of any source against his will under any of the following circumstances: If bodily harm is inflicted; if medical, chemical or electric methods or materials are used to induce acquiescence."

Such methods could not have been far from the thoughts of those who applied electric wires to the Iraqi detainee pictured at Abu Ghraib. In his case, there was reportedly no potential current to cause shock. But as aptly noted by The Guardian in this connection, the CIA's 1983 Human Resource Exploitation Manual, used in Honduras, advises: "The threat of coercion usually weakens or destroys resistance more effectively than coercion itself. The threat to inflict pain triggers fears more damaging than the immediate sensation of pain."

The types of torture practiced by individuals representing the U.S. government or their surrogates have varied slightly from place to place over time, depending on the particular social, cultural or religious norms that need to be subverted, in order to inflict the greatest pain and humiliation.

This subversion often goes hand in hand with gender-based violence. Examples include the rape of nuns such as Diana Ortiz by, and under the supervision of, male torturers, and the sexual assault of Muslim men by, and under the supervision of, enlisted women.

The ultimate purpose of torture, however, is always the same. It is not the extraction of information, which is notoriously unreliable under such conditions.

It is, rather, the destruction of one's voice and identity, the transformation of a human into an object (thus the hood over the face), like the Orwellian deconstruction of thousands of former lives into "collateral damage," or the "rendering" of individuals to another country for so-called interrogation.

From my experience as a physician, the Abu Ghraib images are not an exception to the rules. They represent the rules, I believe, by which the U.S. government and military exercise power over a non-servile population to optimize the economic and political interests of an elite few in the U.S. and abroad. What is not the norm, what is exceptional, is the graphic revelation to the world of these horrors. In his book A Miracle, A Universe, New Yorker writer Lawrence Weschler crystallizes the torturer's message to the tortured: "Scream. Scream as much as you like. It doesn't matter. No one is listening. No one will ever hear you. No one will ever know." The torturer, like the state sponsoring him, depends on the obscurity of the victim and silence of witnesses to continue his crimes.

We are all witnesses now.

Miles Schuman, a family physician in the Kivalliq region of Nunavut, counseled refugees, and documented torture for the Canadian Center for Victims of Torture and the Clinique Santé Accueil in Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, and in Cambodian refugee camps in Thailand.

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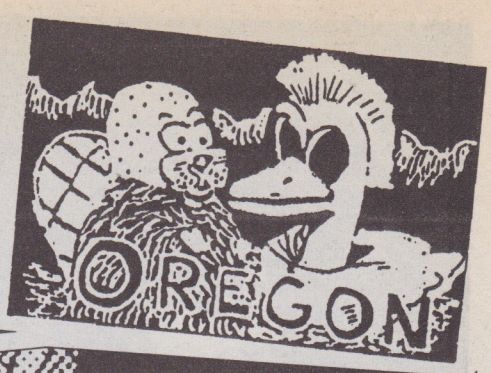


Before we get this started, it is important to point out that the Portland Punk Scene is enormous right now. We have done our best to be inclusive, but there is no way it is humanly possible to mention everyone. If your band or subscene is not represented we encourage you to write your own scene report, and submit it.

Fred "The Barber" Landeen, Scott "Give me a knick name I can deal with" Moore, and Erin "Whoop-Ass" Yankee are your authors of the scene report, and are also the three hosts of Life During Wartime. (We also have a sixteen year old mascot Callie Danger, helping us keep up with what the kids really want to hear) That's our radio show on KBOO, Wednesday night/Thursday morning from 12:30 am to 3am. The show's been around for about eight years. We have bands play live on the show, and this is where all the demos you send *MRR* end up getting played! You can send us records at PO Box 2991, Portland, OR, 97208-2991. Contact us at kboopunks@hotmail.com, or listen to us live on the web at www.kboo.fm.

Bands

AMERICAN WASTE, sporting Portland's toughest (looking) front man, is like an early 80s hardcore band, except they're around today, and never sucked. These dudes can eat more chimmy changes than you. They are recording a demo soon. David and Justin, Drummer and singer for AMERICAN WASTE also have another new band, COLDBRINGER, with John of FROM ASHES RISE, Derrick from HELLSHOCK and Jason formerly of CALL THE POLICE. COLDBRINGER play melodic mid-tempo punk, a la Manifesto Jukebox. They will do a West Coast tour in the early fall (with Books Lie from New York). They are recording a demo within weeks. Competing with Kieth (HELLSHOCK, BACTERIA, WARCRY) for Modern Drummer of the Year Award is David, who also is playing drums in DRUNKEN BOAT. DRUNKEN BOAT are like Bay Area punk pop. They have plans to West Coast tour in the late summer, and are soon to record a demo. All of these bands also share the same address: (5415 NE 39th, Portland, OR 97211)

Everyday is Halloween for ANTIWORLD! Portland's only Death Rock band have just recorded their new album, *Comedy Of Terrors* for the German Gothic label Dark Dimensions. This release will be a double CD, with one CD of new material, and a *Gravest Hits* bonus disc. Look for them to tour Europe soon, playing the spooky Death Rock festival circuit. Their singer Connie, and Bassist Frank also own and run a Punk and Gothic clothing and accessories store called Another State Of Mind. The store just had it's tenth anniversary, and you can find the band's website through the store's. (antiworld@cybcon.com , Store: www.anotherstateofmind.net , 222 W. Burnside, Portland, OR 97209)

Portland tramp core instigators ASSASINATE looked like they were about to bite the dust after the singer moved back to Seattle and axe grinder Hopper was lost somewhere in Euro squat bar disco limbo after he toured with HELLSHOCK. But Hopper returned and they practiced without Adams throat. Adam came down from Seattle and they played show recently and were better than they have ever been. They plan to play some more shows when time will allow as Dave (FROM ASHES RISE) and B. Hopper (HELLSHOCK) are always on tour. Joe also plays bass in DEATHCHARGE. ASSASSINATE have a rippin' four song single on Whispers In Darkness and also have plans to release another single.

BACTERIA play straightforward hardcore influenced by classic US Hardcore bands like Black Flag and Necros. They have been in the midst of recording for an LP for quite a while now. The singer, Randy does a zine called *How Much Art Can You Take*. This zine comes out whenever Randy feels like putting one together. He is working on a split zine with *Destroy What Bores You* fanzine. Usual features are photocopies of crap from old zines, juvenile drawings, and record reviews that don't make any sense. Read it stoned. Write *How Much Art Can You Take* and BACTERIA (6250 NE. 6th, Portland, OR, 97211)

BLOOD RUNS RED is the new raw hardcore band with singer from the now defunct RELIGIOUS WAR and Polluted Temple Records head honcho, Tony on vocals. They have plans to release a single on the Wispers In Darkness label. (PO Box 66876, Portland, OR 97290)

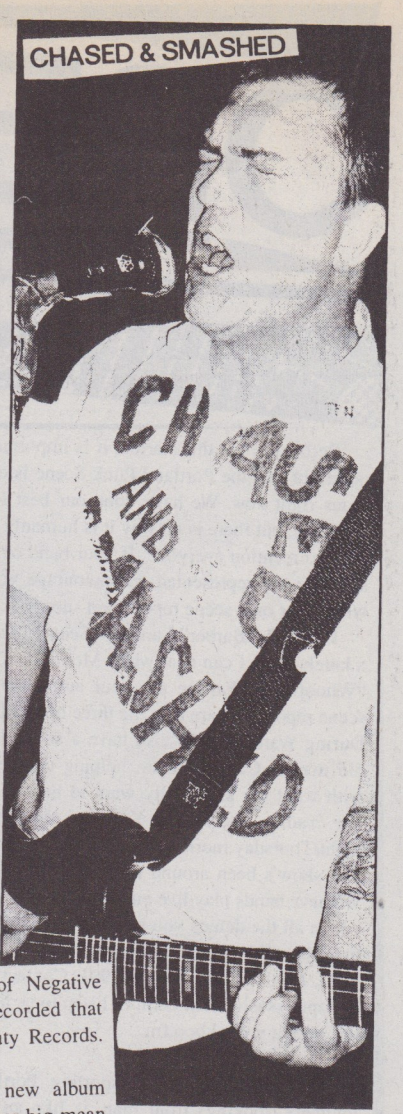
BOMB HEAVEN are Portland UK82. They have been around for a couple of years and have a single on the guitar player Dusty's Doomsday Records. They have an LP recorded and are ready to release it as soon as the inside of the gatefold is done. Send them anthrax letters. (1951 W. Burnside, P O Box 1928, Portland, OR 97209)

Portland City Hardcore Junkers BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS have split up after releasing three singles and recording for a forthcoming LP on the Hardcore Holocaust label. Alaric, Matt, and Greg have formed a new band called DOG SOLDIER with Matt from DEFIANCE. They have a single out on Whispers in Darkness, and have recorded for a Portland compilation LP that will be co-released by Whispers in Darkness and members of DOG SOLDIER. (1951 West Burnside #1706, Portland, OR, 97209)

CHASED AND SMASHED are a fun, punk rock band with three ex-members of the late GOD HATES COMPUTERS (copies of the late GOD HATES COMPUTERS LP and CD are still available!), and the drummer for the PILLAGE PEOPLE. They have a very short (but it's a good short...) 45 rpm LP called *30 Seconds Over Hillsboro* out now on Onion Flavored Records. They will be recording soon for an upcoming 7", and playing some out of town dates, including one in Wilsonville! (PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207 dougiegrime@netscape.net)

DEAD MOON is one of those bands that brings all the punks together, with their stripped down rawest rock in town. They've been around since 1987 and have a bunch of records, but just released their latest, *Dead Ahead*, about two months ago. Also, there is a documentary film out called *Unknown Passage* about the band. Fred and Toody not only have the band, but also run Tombstone Music, an instrument (mostly guitar) shop, and The Tombstone General Store, your standard mini-mart/video rental/beer and smokes store, conveniently located next to Tombstone Music! (16631 SE 82nd Drive Clackamas, Oregon 97015, (503) 657-0929, www.deadmoonusa.com)

DEATHCHARGE are now a half a tooth and a guitar player less of a band than they were a few months ago. Colin has left the band to do the NICE BOYS full time. They have a handful of new songs that are less straight up Discharge style and more like later Antisect. They hope to continue to write songs and eventually record for an LP. Guitarist Chris is also playing in



POISON IDEA and Bass player Joe is also doing ASSASSINATE.

Although their debut record came out when they were in middle school, as of September, all members of THE DISKORDS are now in high school. Their *Blame It On The Kids* LP and CD on Vinyl Warning, and *Pink Palace* 7" on Dirtnap have both been getting great reviews. It seems that the boys have a buzz about them, and have generated some interest from bigger labels, including Bomp! You would think that having four records out and having gone on tour before their freshman year would earn them some respect from their classmates, but it hasn't. They say that they get messed with and called "fag" almost everyday (Ahh, high school. We don't miss it one bit.), so they must be doing something right! Their new songs are speedier and have more of the snottier Angry Samoans sound of the *Pink Palace* EP, than their Ramones/Dead Boys influenced earlier material. As long as no one gets grounded (*again*), they should be going on a full scale U.S. tour this summer with THE SPITS! (www.thediskords.com, thediskords@thediskords.com)

They have been on hiatus since November, but the ELECTRIC EYE have not broken up! Their singer, August has been living in Texas, but will be back soon. Look for them to start playing live shows again at the end of May. The ELECTRIC EYE are a band that continually changes their sound, so pinning them down to one description would be very difficult. They have elements of Garage, Hardcore, Metal, Psychedelic, and AC/DC that they blend into a walloping powerhouse of ROCK! Their *Electric Wisdom* LP on Jonny Cat (CD on Dirtnap) has some of all of these sounds. Consider this: while their singer was out of town, the remaining members formed a Psychedelic band called HOT TUB that plays 20 minute long songs. Yet for their last show while August was here, they played a whole set of Negative Approach covers! They have six new songs recorded that should be released by Austin label Little Deputy Records. (www.theelectriceye.com)

HARUM SCARUM managed to write a new album before guitarist Tony moved to Germany with her big mean dog Mayhem. HARUM SCARUM just finished their last European tour with drummer/singer Sheri on vocals and a fill in drummer, as Sheri fell down and broke her arm days before the tour was to start. The new HARUM SCARUM record, *The Last Light*, was released on Partners in Crime Records. Sheri has been pretty busy with new musical projects in the works and running the Brickwall Record Store and Distribution.

HELLSHOCK just finished stinking up Europe with their noxious brand of PDX Stenchcore. They play awesome metal punk influenced by early UK style crust. Even though they share members with about ten other Portland bands they have been pretty busy recording and touring. They have recently self released a full length LP, a split single with their partners in pollution, Consume (Seattle),and a single on Whispers in Darkness. They plan to release a split 10" with Effigy from Japan. (PO Box 5223 Portland, OR 97208 or duskandtheremains@hotmail.com)

JOHNNY X AND THE GROADIES are crazy strobelight Hardcore, They have a self released 7" *Illin' Technology* and a four-way split album out with Corpse Fucks Corpse, Get Get Go, Gift Of Goats on Omnibus. They are currently recording their own full length, with promises it will be out by the summer. (5742 NE Mallory Ave., Portland, OR 97211)

Too much Feedback…your guitar is broken or some shit….fuck dude my head is bleeding!!!" LEBENDEN TOTEN are anti music raw HC punk. They have a 7" out on

Wicked Witch Records, and will appear on a Portland comp. LP, that should be out soon. LEBENDEN TOTEN. guitar player Frank has stopped the presses on his HP Lovecraft/HC punk zine *R'yleh Rising*. His new zine *Warning* is in its first issue. It features interviews with BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS, Kontatto (Italy), some guy who set up the Discharge *Grave New World* tour, and a Wretched interview that has never been printed. *Warning* is a great looking zine that is put together cut and paste style but is pro printed, 8 1/2 by 11 in size, totals 28 pages, and costs $2.50 postpaid. Frank also does the Whispers in Darkness record label. All of the above can be reached at (PO Box 40113/ Portland, OR/ 97240-0113)

Portland Kings of Punk POISON IDEA have been touring and playing gigs on a regular basis. With Pig Champion back and the addition of Jim Amphead on guitar, the lineup rivals the *Feel the Darkness* era. POISON IDEA are on tour in Europe and will be back in early May. They have recorded for a new album that will be released on Plastic Head Records out of Germany. While Tom Pig played guitar on the album, in his place on the tour will be Andy Kessler, formerly of the amazing Gits. (sadonation@yahoo.com)

PLOW THE FOURTH ONE UNDER is a two-piece like early 90s Midwest Hardcore. They have a demo tape, and an early summer California Tour in the works. (poodrow@hotmail.com)

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE play quirky, dissonant and danceable punk. They have a self titled four song 7" out on Dems My Rekids, which was recorded at Mike Stanioch's The Ship. They do have more recording plans, as well as loose tour plans with HALF ROUNDED BASTARD FILE. (PO Box 11638, Portland, OR 97212, robotsindisguise1@yahoo.com)

SADO-NATION has an anthology coming out on Grand Theft Audio which includes material from 1978 through 2000. They plan some national and international touring, and will start playing with their new line up (including ex-7 Seconds guitarist Dan Pozniak!!) locally in April. (www.sado-nation.com)

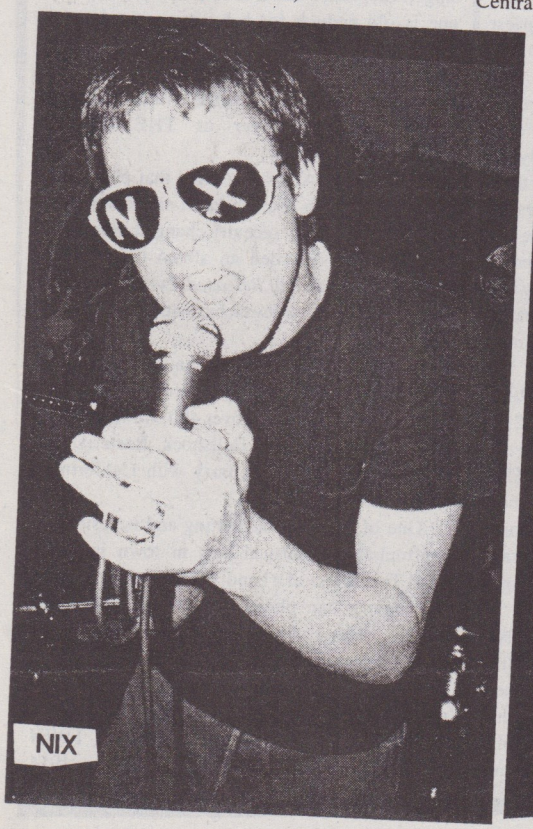
SKELETON COAST play dual-vocal melodic, bombastic emo. They have a seven song CD out on Hold Fast Records. (PO Box 3444, Portland, OR 97208-3444)

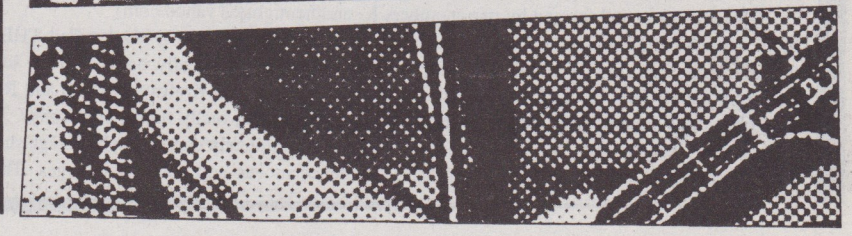
After three LPs and a pile of 7"s, it seems that THE RIFFS are finished as a band. Or at least that is what they said about a month ago, then they played a show with the Templars last week and totally ripped. Who knows what the future may hold? Their vocalist Tony (also ex-DEPRIVED, RESIST, and DEFIANCE!) and guitarist/bassist Saigon Shakes have teamed up with Colorado transplant Phil (ex-CONFESSIONS) and Dean Johnson (ex-MULE, and POISON IDEA) in a Glammy Rock n' Roll outfit called BAD JUJU. Strangely, they seem to have found a fan in one of the guys from a crappy local pop band (DANDY WARHOLS), who set up a label showcase for them! They are currently recording a demo for Capitol (*ed. note-puke! gag....)* All other members of THE RIFFS (Gabe, Colin and Alan.) are playing in a new band with Terry Six (yeah, of THE EXPLODING HEARTS) called THE NICE BOYS. Judging by the new Rickenbacker guitar and Vox amp that Terry just bought, we'd say that Power Pop was a good guess at the new band's sound. They should be recording in mid-April, and looking to put out a 7" soon afterward. If you live here in Portland, and are over 21, you can check out Terry and Gabe's DJ night! Every Wednesday night at The Pump Room (the bar in Grand Central Bowling Alley), starting at 10pm. There are usually bands playing in the bowling alley, so be prepared to pay a cover.

Portland is a place that new people are constantly moving to. Ask around at a Punk show here, most people are not from the area. One band that has wisely relocated here from the Bay Area are the CLOROX GIRLS. They have a 7" on Jonny Cat, and a hot selling LP on Smart Guy Records. The LP is limited to something silly like 400 copies, and has a silk screened cover, so snatch it up if you see it! On record, these guys (no actual girls in the band, sorry!) are really catchy poppy Punk, not unlike Red Cross, or even early Redd Cross, but live the garage energy comes to the forefront. Their shows are always energetic and entertaining, and occasionally they will involve guests helping them perform covers. Recent examples include a very destructive turn as The Germs, and an April 1st set as Minor Threat (in a bar, with two members of THE OBSERVERS filling out the line up!). CLOROX GIRLS practically live in a van, so expect them to tour your area before too long. To top it all off, their singer Justin is a dead ringer for Randy Rampage (circa *Hardcore '81*)!! (www.cloroxgirls.com)

Noise rockers THE HUNCHES have a new LP recorded. Like their debut, it will be released by In The Red Records. Live shows by this band are wild, chaotic affairs with lots of spilled beer, and broken glass. (www.thehunches.com)

STRAIT JACKET has been around for almost 5 years now. After releasing two CDR demos they self-released a single, *The Loudest Voice*, on their own Dead Rock Records. The sold out single is going to be re-released as a co-release with Pelado. They have recorded for a single that will be coming out on Johnny Cat, as well as a song for the upcoming *Portland Scene Report* comp. on TKO, and a song for the docu-





mentary *O.T.*, which is a movie about skateboarders over 30. They have been compared to everything from Stiff Little Fingers to Screeching Weasel to the Dils, which are all reasonable comparisons. You can definitely count on 2 things when you go to see STRAIT JACKET; Jeff will be playing "Rock Lobster" on the bass and you will have one of their songs stuck in your head for a couple of days. (www.straitjacket.net, brian@straitjacket.net, PO Box 42301, Portland, OR 97242)

TRAGEDY has left on a three week tour of the U.K., Ireland and Iceland with Selfish from Finland. They have been inactive over the last year as a band but the members have been busy working on their own Projects. Todd from Tragedy has been fronting WARCRY. WARCRY, who have been around for about a year now, was formed by Brad (FROM ASHES RISE), Terri (BACTERIA) and Keith (BACTERIA, HELLSHOCK). Being made up of so many other busy bands doesn't really leave them with much time to play gigs and record. But they have been squeezing them in when they get a chance. WARCRY play Discharge style HC and the newer songs seem to have more of a Swedish feel to them. They have a single out on Partners in Crime and recently recorded for an LP to come out on **Feral Ward Records.** Tragedy bass master genital, Billy, has been busy touring with his other band FROM ASHES RISE. Speaking of FROM ASHES RISE, they are on a North American Tour right now with Strike Anywhere and plan to do a few months of consecutive tours, which will include Europe and Japan. Billy is also co-owner of Brickwall Records and Distribution (see "Record Stores" section) and CEO of Partners in Crime records. Yani, TRAGEDY guitar player, has been working on putting out a steady stream of releases on Feral Ward Records. (TRAGEDY, 2336 North Killingsworth, Portland, OR 97217: WARCRY, 7809 North Brandon, Portland, OR 97217: FROM ASHES RISE, f_a_r_@hotmail.com; Partners In Crime, 7809 North Brandon, Portland, OR, 97217: Feral Ward Records, www.feralward.com)

THE TRIGGERS are totally tough, punch-in-the-face Punk, with snarling female vocals. Their Dirtnap LP, *Shoot Your Mouth Off* is one of the all time classic Portland Punk records ever, if you don't have it, get it! They have just come back from a short tour that included playing SXSW, as well as some anti-SXSW show. They have a new, self recorded 7" coming out late spring on Dirtnap, and a split 7" with THE SPITS coming out on Larry Rickets' Puke Records. Guitarist Jonny also runs Jonny Cat Records, which aside from all of the Portland releases mentioned in this scene report has just put out the debut LP by Deadly Weapons. (crapexplosion@yahoo.com , PO Box 82428, Portland, OR 97282)

NIX are a new band formed by two members of the defunct BEDPANS, with Robby Rocket (of the still around FLIP-TOPS and MINDS), and Ben from the IGUANAS. THE BEDPANS were fun, obnoxious Pagans-style garage punk, and NIX sound like that too, but faster and more aggressive. Pagans meets Keith Morris era Black Flag? Something like that! They are working on some home recordings right now, but no word on any pending releases. (pabrnsd@yahoo.com)

Bristle-punk stalwarts DEFIANCE are still going strong after all these years. They recently released a compilation of their 7"s, *Decade Of Defiance*, on Punk Core records. They are recording their fourth LP for Punk Core, and have added Saigon Shakes (ex-RIFFS) on bass. Their shows here are huge, with spiky headed kids lining up around the block! They will be doing a west coast tour with DRONGOS FOR EUROPE in June, followed by an east coast and Canadian jaunt in late summer. (www.defiance-punks.com, pdxpunks@aol.com)

THE FIRST TIME has broken up, but not before releasing a cool 7" EP on Jonny Cat. There is a limited edition of these with a "bloodstained" cloth cover floating around. The record is lo-fi raw punk, with a Germs cover thrown in. Their guitarist Muslim (also ex-OBSERVERS and RIFFS) has a new band called THE INNOCENTS.

Rip Off records heroes THE FLIP-TOPS are done with their hiatus! Now that they have a new drummer and bass player they have been playing out again. These guys play surprisingly fast garage punk, with a poppy side to it. They have written a lot of songs lately, and hope to record soon. (thinker@theminds.us)

Speaking of THE FLIP-TOPS, they share a singer and guitar player with THE MINDS. You can reverse THE FLIP-TOPS' formula, and describe THE MINDS sound as melodic power-pop with a garage punk side to it. THE MINDS had their LP released by Alien Snatch, and their CD by Dirtnap this last fall, and then took a Spring Break jaunt down the west coast. They are recording soon for a new 7" and a power-pop compilation. Be careful around their singer Joel, as he holds the distinction of being "The Angriest Man In Portland"!! (www.theminds.us , info@theminds.us)

New Wavers THE EPOXIES have certainly been busy lately. They have just signed a deal with Fat Wreck Chords, who will not only be doing their second album, but re-issuing their debut in Europe. One of their songs appears on the Fat Wreck Anti-Bush comp that should be out now. THE EPOXIES will be touring Europe in May with NOFX and Swinging Utters. They say that their second album is taking so long because they are "trying to write through the sophomore slump." No posable action figures are in the works, yet. (www.theepoxies.com, epoxies@the-poxies.com, PO Box 13033, Portland, OR 97213-0033)

Local Rock n' Rollers THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY have just recorded a 7"s worth of new material, and are shopping it around to some labels. They have a good self-released CD available too. (www.highandthemighty.com, highandthemighty@yahoo.com)

How punk could a band called THE PUNK GROUP be? Musically, not very. They sound like a cross between Kraftwerk, Devo and Ramones, and they sing really funny, silly songs. This duo has a completely choreographed stage show, with dance moves and costume changes. They have just released their second CD, *Tour De Force*, which features a cold hearted laugh at the victims of the Great White fire. (www.thepunkgroup.com, brian@thepunkgroup.com)

NO HEROES play obnoxious early 80s Hardcore, with a strong Meatmen influence. They have a couple of 7's, and self released CDs out, and have just released a split 7" with THE CULPRITS on their own Blind Spot Records. They have a song called "I Wipe My Ass With Maximum Rock 'N' Roll." Yuck! Who would want all of that ink getting smeared on their ass? (www.noheroestheband.com, noheroes@noheroestheband.com)

Speaking of THE CULPRITS, they also play early 80s styled hardcore. They have the aforementioned split 7", but their side is released by their own Stealth Ordeal records! This is the newest band from Rick Donaldson (ex-HARDSHIP). Like THE PUNK GROUP, they *also* have a song making fun of the Great White fire victims! (www.geocities.com/theculpritsweb, theculprits@netzero.com)

Scott's favorite band name ever is THE BUTTFRENCHERS. Lucky For Scott, they are a local garage rock band with piercing vocals! This group of Salem refugees have just released their *Cigarette* 7" EP on R Styles Records. (www.the-buttfrenchers.com, thebuttfrenchers@hotmail.com)

Hardcore and hard rock mainstays LOPEZ have just celebrated their ten year anniversary. Blow out the candles, but try not to pass out in the cake, boys! With a sound somewhere between Raw Power and AC/DC, these East Wenatchee immigrants will be recording their new album for Dead Teenager records (look for it in September). (www.homestead.com/lopezsux, lopezthebed-wetter@yahoo.com)

THE UNITS took a long break while their singer, Stephanie had a baby. Now that the little one is old enough for babysitting, the band is active again. THE UNITS play rough bluesy punk, with emotive but tough female vocals. This band also features an ex-BEDPANS member, and the same bass player as THE MINDS. (cortex@theminds.us)

THE HAZMATS are a band that plays mid-paced punk, with four-packs-of-smokes-per-day female vocals. They recently changed drummers, and have just recorded an album length demo entitled *Treated and Released*, which they are shopping around. (www.thehazmats.net, info@the-hazmats.net)

REMAINS OF THE DAY have called it quits after five years, a slew of records, several U.S. and European tours, and over 400 shows. Keith is busy playing drums in Hellshock, Bacteria, and Warcry. And Derrick is busy with Coldbringer and Hellshock.

One of the most interesting and occasionally confrontational musical acts in town is RIOT COP. This is less of a band, than the musical wing of singer/guitar player Alex's art war. Until recently, Alex had a gallery space at 1914 East Burnside, which was always displaying tons of very subversive political art right in their front windows. The band played a 9/11 anniversary show (another band on the bill was TWIN TOWER DESTRUCTION HOUR) at the 1914

space. When the cops came to shut the show down, everyone barricaded themselves *inside*, and kept playing! Eventually the cops just left. As a band, RIOT COP have done some cool stuff too. Alex has some crazy cutting lathe, so the band has recorded several *one of a kind* live records by playing right into the machine! Often these are cut onto metal, he has tried aluminum, brass and recently lead. They have a self-released cassette available. (Alex Lily, 3733 SE 35th Place, Portland, OR 97202)

After the beloved SPEDS broke up, their singer Doug and bassist Colin formed THE OBSERVERS. Since their tour last summer, the band has solidified their line up and sound with Mikey Mind (guess what other band *he's* in!) on drums, and Johnny Kashani on guitar. These guys seem to defy easy genre pegging, so bear with me here. Their sound is a little bit Dead Kennedys (less distortion than average on the guitar, and noisy bits), a bit Warsaw (it's moody and dark, but still punk), and a bit of catchy, melodic (without being poppy) sing along punk. Whew! Their *Lead Pill* 7" EP has just been released by Austin label Super Secret Records. Their full length *So What Comes Now* has been recorded, and is the mixing stage. The album will be released by Vinyl Warning in the summer, before they do a full scale North American tour. (www.theobservers.org, info@theobservers.org)

Colin of THE OBSERVERS is also in a million other bands, here are a couple of them. PLAN R is a great early 80s sounding HC band that Colin compares to Black Flag and Negative Approach, but really they are way to fun and silly to compare to those bands. The band features Goliathon (of ANTIWORLD, and ex-NECROPHILIACS) and Willy Brainard (ex-OBLITERATED, and his brother is in DEFIANCE, which he likes to point out.). PLAN R have funny sing along numbers like "Smash The State (Of Oregon)" and the hilarious "Revolt, Revolt", which pokes fun at American punks who speak with British accents. (planrpdx@hotmail.com) Originally from Corvallis (rhymes with Über Alles) THE MANHOLES have found a home in Portland. Their singer, Ryan, is the most self-destructive front man in the northwest! Ryan is known for making fun of the opening bands to the point of them hurting him, breaking his hand by punching out windows, and being beaten up by club's bouncers before the band gets to play. They have recorded a full length that includes a twelve minute version of "Wild Thing", which will be self released. (themanholes@hotmail.com) The last band of Colin's that we'll mention this time is THE MEATY BISHOPS. A punk cover band that strives to alienate the audience! The BISHOPS feature another of THE OBSERVERS, and a fluent Arabic speaker.

THE ESCAPED describe themselves as "Portland's Anti-Racist Hardcore Street punk", and therefore save me a bit of work! This is a dual vocalist HC band, that are about half skinheads and half bristly punks. One member was in the legendary SPUTNIK! They have a CDEP on Rodent Popsicle, and have recorded their new album, *Rose City Hard Core* for Blackout! Records. They will be doing a tour of western Canada (Cranbrook? Really?!) with WEDNESDAY NIGHT HEROES, and will be touring the U.S. in July. (www.theescaped.com, escapedgeneration@hotmail.com)

Let's see, they have three songs about Pabst Blue Ribbon, one about Hams, and another about Oly. It should be safe to say that THE BELLIGERENTS like to drink! This drunk-core band has a self released CD, and a new full length recorded that will be released as a split double CD with STATCH AND THE RAPES. STATCH are a snotty Punk band that strives to offend absolutely everyone, and usually succeeds. They are currently looking for a new drummer. (BELLIGERENTS: belligerents@hotmail.com, STATCH: www.cybcon.com/~beautynthebeast)

MY GOLDFISH NED aren't little guppies anymore, they've been around for five years now. NED play melodic Punk mixed with that modern Skate sound. They have a new self- released CD called *Take The World Hostage*. (www.independentrevolution.com/bands/mygolfishned.htm)

Record Stores:

2nd Avenue is the oldest record store that sells punk in Portland. The vinyl selection is huge, and they also sell t-shirts of bigger bands. Lots of their Punk selection is mixed into the Rock bins, so keep that in mind. Annoyingly, they keep all of the CDs behind the counter, so it's hard to browse through them. (400 SW 2nd Ave, 503-222-3783)

Below Zero is a fun place to shop. They have new and used punk records, as well as *used* punk t-shirts, movies, books, and all manner of junk. It's a bit like a flea market, Scott even bought a package of socks there once! The store hosts occasional all ages shows too, which has been an integral part of DIY punk over this past year, but unfortunately Below Zero will be moving to a smaller location that will not be able to host shows at the end of June. (3532 NE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.)

Brickwall is owned and run by punks (members of TRAGEDY, and HARUM SCARUM), and fittingly, all of their stock is punk, with a focus on international hardcore. They have decent prices on used stuff, but collectors will pay for the good stuff! (704 NE Dekum, 503-240-1758, www.brickwallrecords.com)

Discourage Rock n' Roll sells new and used punk and hardcore records, with the cities most stunning selection of collectibles. This is a collectors paradise, or hell, depending on your financial status. If you go to their website, you can get on an e-mail list for updates of their stock. (1737 SE Morrison, 503-528-1093, www.discouragerecords.com)

Green Noise relocated from Eugene a few years back, and then merged with Jen Stefanick's (ex-ELECTRIC EYE) Viva La Revolution almost two years ago. They have a solid selection of new and used punk, with a focus on garage and rock-nroll influenced material. The shop also sells zines and comics, and hosts occasional in-stores. Both owners are very supportive of the local scene, and actually come to lots of shows. (2615 SE Clinton, 503-736-0909, www.greennoiserecords.com)

Mississippi Records is almost entirely used records. They have a relatively small punk section, but there are usually some affordable gems mixed in. Good prices, a pleasant environment, record players for sale and repaired, two listening stations, although one is usually broken, and it's run by a swell guy! (4009 N Mississippi, 503-282-2990)

Other Record Stores that sell Punk:

Ozone UK (so-so selection, but they have a nice memorial shrine to THE EXPLODING

HEARTS in their front window), Ozone 3, Jackpot (tends to be more expensive than anyone else in town), Music Millennium (east side store has a big vinyl selection upstairs), and Q Is For Choir (mostly used, small punk section. Collectively run shop on SE Clinton

Venues:

21 & over:

There are plenty of 21 and over venues hosting punk shows in Portland. Currently the Law barring underage performers from playing at venues that serve liquor is temporarily under evaluation. The Twilight Café has been hosting a slew *free* punk shows. It is a cool space for shows with a small stage that is barely taller than the audience. Although the shows are free, the folks at the Twilight do a pretty good job of being able to pay the band, both in dollars and Pabst. Send demos to Twilight Café and Bar, 1420 SE Powell Blvd., Portland, OR, 97202 Attn: Dave Beulahland, a nice pub with a good jukebox, occasionally hosts shows. They are punk, skinhead and Wobbly friendly. (118 N.E. 28th Ave.Portland, OR 97232 ph #503-235-2794) Porky's Pub has recently started hosting punk shows at its North Portland Pub. They have their own PA, cool bartenders and vegan jello shots. This place has a cool atmosphere and is a decent place to see shows and the bands seem to enjoy playing here. Plus it is called Porky's."(835 N Lombard St. 503) 283-9734) International Club Mummy is having punk shows at their venue every Thursday night. There are rumors that they will be redecorating soon. Changing the attire from the current black-light and strobe Goth décor into an Egyptian theme. Complete with pyramids and mummies. Sadly enough the fire dancer that comes out and performs between bands may be out of a job. Everyone knows that fire and someone all wrapped up in toilet paper don't mix. (332 NE San Rafael) Located in the same building as International Club Mummy is Dunes. Dunes is a hipster tavern and wine bar that occasionally hosts punk shows. (1907 NE MLK Dr, 503-49-DUNES) Tonic has been known to occasionally have a punk show or two. They are located at (3100 NE Sandy Blvd., 503-238-0543)

All Ages:

Unfortunately there are not many steady spaces for all ages shows in Portland. You would think that in a town with so many punks we would be able to pull it together, but that is not the case. Instead all ages shows are held in basements, record stores and anyplace that will let punks have the run of the place for the night. The only people who seem to not have any problem acquiring all ages spaces in Portland are the creepy Christians who will let any band play at their venues (Meow Meow, Solid State), but do so toting a Christian agenda. The staff of Life During Wartime does not in anyway condone Christianity in punk rock. We are very wary of these clubs/churches that try to show young kids that "hey look, we are hip to this punk stuff, and we love Jesus." But everybody ends up going to shows at these places and bands that definitely are not Christian play at these venues. Rather than just omit these venues from the scene report, we thought that it would be helpful to bands who are not from Portland to know about these places and let them know what they are getting into. Meow Meow, the original creepy Christian all ages space that has all ages punk shows, as well as church services, has relocated to a much bigger venue. The new space has a four foot stage which is well protected by big bouncers. They recently made the Diskords sell tickets for a show that they were playing there. Basically pay to play, or pray. (www.themeowmeow.com,320 SE 2nd, 503-282-2813) Following suit of Meow Moew, is Solid State. Solid State have acquired a really cool new spot. Too bad about the sneaky Christian intentions. Still the best place in town to get a stigmata reach-around. Davy Jones Locker is a new all ages space run by a nice kid named Jed who was lucky enough to score this spot in deep Southeast Portland. It is a cool little spot, and there is a few video games, including a tabletop Frogger game. (SE 59th & Foster, dirtroller@hotmail.com) Nocturnal is pretty much an all ages indie rock club. But occasionally there will be a punk show. They seem to be booked very far in advanced. And they also couldn't understand why people were drinking so much when POISON IDEA played there. (1800 East Burnside) Liberty Hall is an activist community center that does benefit shows. (www.liberty-hall.org, 331 N. Ivy St., 503-249-8888) Grand Central Bowl is a bowling ally that has shows were the bands play on the lanes while people are "cosmic" bowling on either side. Usually there are punk shows on Wednesday night, which is at the same time as the NICE BOYS DJ night in the lounge (see RIFFS section). (808 SE Morrison, 503-232-5166)

Other:

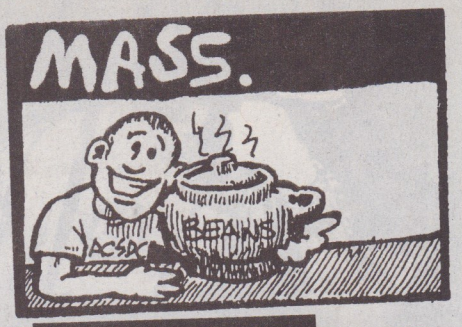
The Portland Radio Authority, Portland's pirate radio station, has just raised enough money to buy new equipment to boost their power up to 100 watts. The frequency is 96.7 fm and it will also be streaming online soon at www.praradio.com (PRA, 117 SW Taylor St., Suite 300, Portland, OR 97204)

Blackthorn is a DIY newsprint publication that has an erratic publishing schedule, but is on the road to publishing issue #4. They are always interested in well-researched articles, interviews, and art. (PO Box 11046, Portland, OR 97211, blackthorncollective@yahoo.com)

Reading Frenzy is about to celebrate their tenth anniversary! Amazing for any business, but especially for a small independently run and alternative bookshop, that specializes in zines, and also carries art, and cool what-not's. Chloe has her sweat and heart everywhere in this shop, so support it! They take any locally published zines, and out of town publishers should send a sample copy or catalog. Make sure you include contact information, cover price, and your distributors. (921 Southwest Oak Street, Portland, OR 97205, general@readingfrenzy.com)

BOMB HEAVEN
PROTEST AND SURVIVE
AMERICAN WASTE
THE RIFFS
LEBENDEN TOTEN
ANTI WORLD
CITY OF PORTLAND
MAKING PUNK PUNK AGAIN
ASSASSINATE
CLOROX GIRLS
HUNCHES
ELECTRIC EYE
THE MINDS
Easy Ride
EPOXIES
OBSERVERS
TRIGGERS
FLIP-TOPS

MASSACHUSETTS



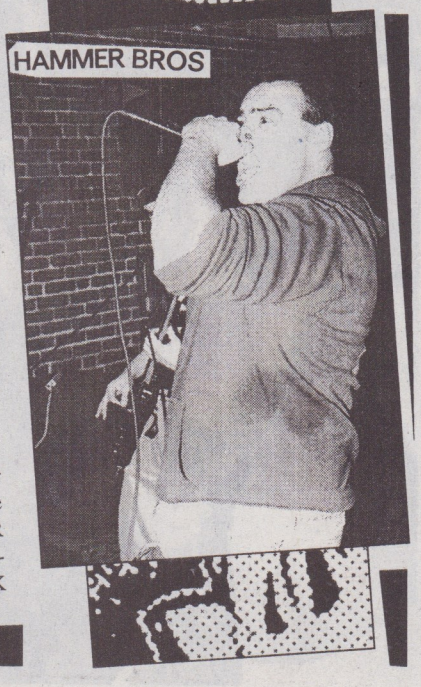
Boston Scene Report

Hey everybody! Sorry there hasn't been a scene report for a couple of months, but I've been busy doing so much great stuff that I have almost no free time. The spring has been tricky. Planning a show can be a crapshoot, since the weather is so on-again off-again. The other day I went to a show at THE CENTRAL SQUARE ELKS LODGE and it was raining out w/ high humidity. Horrible weather, but great bands. New Hampshire's newest rock-a-billy skinhead ruffians DEMENTIA 13 opened the show. Their demo is absolutely fantastic and it is probably the best demo I've heard so far this year. I know they are in talks with a local label for a release in the fall. Two Shumsky bands played, SO BE IT (upcoming 7"?), killer traditional hardcore w/ the patent pending Shumsky Slow Mosh, and DeadAlive Records' THINK I CARE. Both awesome bands and both crème de la crème of Boston HxC. PERFECT VICTIM RECORDS (previously STAB N KILL RECORDS) recording artists BLUE MONDAY and WITH HONOR also played. On the topic of PERFECT VICTIM. Records, they have been bulking up their releases as of late, just having put out the *Look Out Below* Northeast Comp., the RATTLE BATTLE CD Single and apparently signing some bigger names. Look for some killer stuff from them this summer. PERFECT VICTIM head honcho Mike M. has also started a band called STRESS CRACKS, a non-traditional approach to hardcore/punk with a genuine sound.

Lots of bands have been gearing up for summer releases. THE STRUGGLE, after a successful 7" on my own FNS RECORDS have spent the last week recording their upcoming full length to be released on WELFARE RECORDS (THE EPIDEMIC, THE CONTRARY, THE KNOX…). This will be one for the ages. Close friends THE VILLAINS made a demo so good that I decided to press it into a 2 song 45, out by the end of this month. FNS RECORDS is sending both of these killer hardcore punk bands on tour during the month of June. Come out and see them, when they play near you!!!! And stop off and talk to the tall gangly dude with the neck tattoos...and complain about his shitty scene reports. FNS RECORDS is also releasing the debut from 20-to-1, a young hardcore band from the North Shore. Another North shore Punk/Oi band, THE BLUE BLOODS, will be loosing a founding member TJ Welsh (who once played in a band with Al and Francis from SSD) who is unable to keep up with the bands hectic schedule. But, not before they return to THE OUTPOST (SLAPSHOT, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, THE UNSEEN, ZIPPO RAID…) to record their second album for Belgium's I SCREAM RECORDS. I got a peak at some of the new songs...and they'll blow you out of the water. THE EPIDEMIC are in the works for a new full length and a possible split with BONES BRIGADE (who also just had a new record put out on a foreign label) for the early fall. FOR THE WORSE (x- A POOR EXCUSE) has a new release coming out on the ever busy BRIDGE 9 Label, who have been pumping out releases from SOME KIND OF HATE, OUTBREAK, SLAPSHOT, RAMALLAH, STAND and FIGHT, MENTAL and more. The DEAD OUTLAWS, who self released their debut 7" *Wanted Dead* just recorded their new full length for AMMONIA RECORDS (DEFCON 4, SHOT DEAD), and will be putting out another 7" on FNS in the early fall. These guys are great and remind me of the Exploited before they got "too metal." THE PROFITS, Boston politi-punk masters have just released their latest 7" *USAtrocity*. This is the second release on their own PROPAGANDA MACHINE RECORDS. Today I got my brand spanking new DRUG TEST 7" in mail from Bob Mac's WALK ALL NIGHT label. Yeah, they're from NH...sue me. Long time hardcore band THE DEAD PEDESTRIANS have recorded a full lengths worth of material to be released sometime this summer on a unknown label (this means that the label isn't new… I just don't know which label it will be released on). One new track is on the *Boston* comp, RODENT POPSICLE's two disk punk/hardcore comp that has tracks from 50 local Boston bands… THIS IS A MUST HAVE FOR FANS OF BOSTON PUNK!!!!! You can mail order it from them directly and for...I think $6.99 plus shipping? They also have new releases from THE MIDNIGHT CREEPS, a TOXIC NARCOTIC picture disk, and ALL OR NOTHING HARDCORE (CA). RODENT POPSICLE RECORDS head honcho's TOXIC NARCOTIC have an upcoming split LP with MISERY due out on GO-CART RECORDS any day now…awesome. RED INVASION, Boston's answer to The Dead Boys 2004, are recording for their debut full length, which is due out on PELADO RECORDS. Spikey haired drunk punks MARTIAL LAW have recorded a new eight song self released CD. THE REFUSNIKS (with members of MELEE, RNR, GLORY FADES, EARTH DIED SCREAMING) are releasing their debut LP on ONE LEAF RECORDS, the label started by guitarist Eric Yu. JEEPERS H CRACKERS are also expecting a new Full length coming out…uh, sometime? HIT THE DECK just released a killer demo and their guitar player Jim is also the singer of one of the best hardcore bands in Mass. right now. THE HAMMER BROS. Salem's MISSIONSHIFTER is releasing a new 7" on their own label OUTLOOK

DEFCON4

FOR THE WORSE


HAMMER BROS

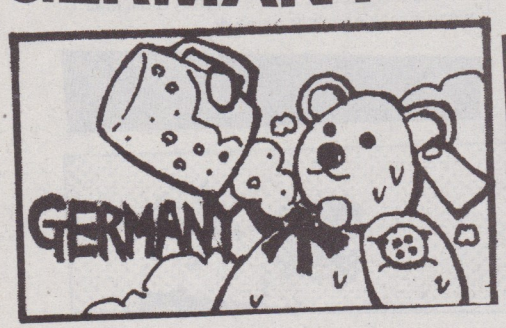
RECORDS, which has released CD's from CHANTICLEER, CLOSER THAN KIN and a bunch more. THINK FAST RECORDS (FL) has just released the newest YOUTH ATTACK 7" *Break the Ice*. These guys are an awesome young (really young) straight edge hardcore band, check em out. SEND MORE COPS, have just recorded a demo. CUT THE SHIT, Boston's straight-edge-skate-thrash-goofy core masters have just put out a gate-fold 10" on Albany's GLOOM RECORDS, ultra limited. GET ONE!!!. Long time Boston staple KERMIT'S FINGER (I hope the Honeymoon went well Ross!!!! nudge nudge wink wink) have decide to put out another great album…that no one will listen to or buy. They are so good...and no one cares. The long defunct BRUISERS have a new CD out compiling their long lost singles; they are available at TAANG RECORDS!!!! The ever handsome Jason Benett and SUSPECT DEVICE have replaced long time guitarist Matt Welsh and are returning to THE OUTPOST in June to record their newest full length along with TOMMY AND THE TERRORS, who have gotten a lot of national attention as of late. THORP RECORDS will be releasing the new BLOOD FOR BLOOD record for all you tough guy hardcore types… out soon. The locally relocated MOO COW RECORDS have a couple new releases from THUMBS UP!, TALK HARD and a limited 7" of HALF LIFE covers...Jim is a great guy and runs a great label check them out. PAINKILLER RECORDS is also putting out a couple hot slabs of wax from MINDERASER, CLOSE CALL and THE PROWL. On a side note, I have to commend all of these labels for putting out vinyl, which is a bigger risk than CD's and a lot more appreciated.

The venue situation seems to be pulling out of a rut. The ALL ASIA CAFE is still the easiest place in town to book shows for locals and touring bands, although the owners are more and more annoyed by the drunk, young punks that hangout there. I guess they are now only booking shows on Saturdays… hmmm. The CENTRAL SQUARE ELKS LODGE is till having lots of shows, although they are having problems with the city of Cambridge and are limiting their number of shows per month. I'm wicked excited to announce the re-opening of REGENERATION!!!! Sue and Ross opened an all ages venue a couple of years ago that was quickly closed due to lack of proper handicap access. They have re-opened the REGENERATION moniker as a record/tattoo shop in Allston in the former Flyrabbit location. I am so happy for them and glad they are now able to run a legit successful business that I would hope is worth the stacks and stacks of paper work they had to endure. GOOD LUCK GUYS! You can get updates at www.regeneration-boston.com. There are still plenty of house shows like the HOUSE OF SUFFERING, THE DISASTER HOUSE and a couple others. THE CHOPPIN BLOCK PUB has been hosting shows more frequently...since Robin of DEFCON 4/AMMONIA RECORDS has started booking there. Their previous booker has skipped town and is not a very welcome figure. FNS has secured a great venue to be used for larger, more popular all ages shows in the POLISH AMERICAN CLUB in Dorchester, a nice place with everything needed for a big show.

On May 29th, 30th and 31st The first annual BOSTON IN-FEST was held to high acclaim and success. (Actually I am writing this on May 14th…so I am guessing...I guy can hope.) This is the first *ever* all local punk/hardcore festival spanning three days, 40 hours of music and about 50 of the best punk and hardcore bands in the Boston area. Headliners included TOXIC NARCOTIC, OUT COLD, THE BLUE BLOODS, TOMMY AND THE TERRORS, THE PROWL, YOUR FIRED, MENTAL, RNR, RIGHTEOUS JAMS, THUMBS UP!, and a once in a lifetime PROCLAMATION REUNION!!! If you missed it… tough luck… maybe next year.

The summer is starting off on a good foot and seems to be gearing up for a year to remember. Come to Boston and spend a couple days checking out the best scene in the US. Check out these bands and make some friends. My scene reports will continue until *MRR* gets sick of printing them. And on a side note, I love that more people are sending in scene reports. They are, and have always been, an important part of *MRR*. Thanks...

GERMANY → GERMANY → GERMANY →



The north-east of Germany is a thin settled region with a high jobless-rate. The youth moves to bigger cities like Hamburg or Berlin. In particular at the villages the kidz leave. For the few alternative/punky ones it's often a question of existence to get away from the daily nazi-terror. Like nearly everywhere in Germany racism dominate peoples minds. Nazi-scum is part of the mainstream-culture.

But there are also a lot of engaged antifascist people, groups and intitiatives. Although the subcultural DIY HC/punk/rock/reaggae/electro/whatever scene as well as the radical left-wing politics-scene stagnate in comparison to the early 90s. There still are lots of active persons who organize a good infrastructure of locations, labels, zines, websites, etc. But before telling you more about the present situation let's have a look on how it all began...

The north-east was part of the pseudo anti-fascist state G.D.R. Under the communist dictatorship you had no right to create your life by your own. freedom was only an abstract idea you could dream about. You had no chance to get out of the country, except from travelling to other Soviet-ruled eastern European countries. The secret police had an almighty network of informers which gave the state the power to have total control about the people. For a long time they were able to oppress all sparks of opposition and subcultural movements. But in the late 70s early 80s, punk got through the iron wall...

The south of the republic and the capital-city East-Berlin were centres of the punk-

protest. At the same time also Nazi-Skins increased, especially in East-Berlin. There were also a lot of Punks who became Nazis after a while. Instead of the Neo-Nazis the Punks had to suffer from police-repression much harder. The state tolerated Nazi-attacks on Punks because they wanted to get rid of the progressive-left-wing-problem as fast as possible. But the time of the G.D.R. was over, although no one could imagine to get rid of the dictatorship just a few years later. Very important for all kinds of progressive/emanzipative underground-activities were the churches. They were also important shelter for everyone who was "guilty" by thought crimes, also for punks. Although the East German punk-movement wasn't Christian most of the blues (which also wasn't tolerated) & punk concerts took place in churches. And although religion wasn't supported in any ways by the government, most of the concerts weren't stormed, but the police used these events to get information about bands and their members by incognito civil-police who often put Punks in jail a few days later because of these information.

And also in the north-east of the G.D.R. there were punks as well as neo-nazis. I know about a punk-scene in Rostock with bands and a tape-label. The most famous band, which still exists, is DRITTE WAHL. Alge, who is still active with his label and mailorder AMÖBENKLANG, released about (20-30?) tapes on TRASH TAPE RECORDS. I also know from a relativly strong scene in Friedland with minimum two bands called THE BAUERN AT THE BEACH and DYNAMIT (???). Neubrandenburg also had a punk-scene already before 1989. Like in Neustrelitz, where also some "subversives" came from, I am sure that also in other towns Punks existed. I just started together with my friend Zorro (*Barnabas* —a zine ine from Hamburg) to research this time and hope to get further information about Punk in the north-east before '89 soon.

After months of demonstrations in the second half of 1989, the regime gave in. The border got opened, the wall broke down. One year later the G.D.R. became part of the F.R.G. As i mentioned, neo-nazis became a problem in the late 80s, but it was just a small taste on the horror that followed in the early 90s. Violence and cruelty reached a level one can hardly imagine without belonging to one of the many enemies in their fucking ideology. There were brutal attacks on everyone who had no "right of existence" in Nazi-ideology. The worst attack took place in August of 1992 in Rostock when hundreds of neo-nazis together with thousands of "normal" people started a pogrom against a house were refugees and former guest-workers from Vietnam lived. For half a week the mob tried to storm and attacked the house with stones and molotov-cocktails. The police didn't do anything to stop the horror. It seem so that the cops had order to let the people do. They only took all of the few Antifascists that came to protest into jail. Only because of incredible luck no one in the house got killed or badly injured.

Today there are antifascist action groups in the bigger cities like Rostock, Schwerin, Neubrandenburg and Greifswald. And also in small towns and villages you can find engaged people with anti-racist/-fascist opinions. But the alternative lifestyle of the youth in some cities doesn't mean anything, because it mostly only is lifestyle, without political attitude. Mecklenburg/Vorpommern and Brandenburg (the north-east departures) still are regions with some of the most active neo-nazi scenes in Germany. That's why the organisations Lobbie and Opferperspektive have a lot to do with giving advices to the many victims of right-wing violence. They also produce pressure on politicians in public debates. I respect them a lot. They do great work.

Let's talk about locations, bands, labels, zines, etc. now.

Social Centeres: Although there were closed some social centres after more or less protests by authorities—the political hc/punk scene in Neubrandenburg lost their fantastic AJZ last autumn after long protests; nearly without any protest the small scene in Neustrelitz lost the MANANA. Nevertheless you still can find nice locations/ social centres like the K.U.T. (Gadebusch), KLEX, IKUWO (both Greifswald), Tabulos (Neubrandenburg), JAZ, MS STUBNITZ, MEDIAN (all Rostock), TIKOZIGALPA (Wismar), KOMPLEX (Schwerin), MITTENDRIN (Neuruppin).

Music: AXT (Neubrandenburg) is a great fast-old-school hc/punk band that released a tape on MALIGNAT HORST TAPES and a split-7" with F.U.B.A.R. (Holland) on TOWER VIOLENCE REC. (Rostock), MALIGNAT HORST TAPES (Neubrandenburg) and some other labels last year. They are working on another split-7" probably with a band from Mexico, coming out on SUICIETY REC. (Neubrandenburg) and THRASH BASTARD (Berlin). FATALE VOLLGEN (Neubrandenburg) play street-punk at its best. They don't give many shows but they released a cool 7" on BRAIN DEAD RÄKKORZZ , a label from Neustrelitz that released five seveninches of bands from the north-east and a benefit CD-compilation for army-refugees. FATALE VOLLGEN also made a tape some years ago and they released a new tape just now. In Rostock there are a couple of very active hc/grind/power-violence bands that release average four times a year a new split-7"/LP or whatever. Lots of respect for WOJCZECH, ENTRAILS MASSACRES, WHO'S MY SAVIOR. Guys of these bands also make good labels—TOWER VIOLENCE, SENSITIVE WORMRILE. And there are also some nice electronic projects. G:LAS, ÄQUATORKÄLTE (both from Rostock) and KOMBINAT100/FORTSCHRITT3000 (Neustrelitz) have to be mentioned.

Festivals/Camps: Once a year lots of nice groups and individuals organice a huge anti-fascist goa/electro/whatever festival, called FUSION, on the area of a former military airport of the soviet army. This year thère will also play great bands like AGAINST ME! and NO MEANS NO. On the same place, it's called KULTURKOSMOS, every year in the end of summer there is also a radical, anti-fascist one week camp with lots a workshops, lectures and concerts. The AJUCA ("Anti-fascist youth camp") is organized by many groups/people from the north-east. Once a year there is also a huge summer-punk-festival near Rostock—FORCE ATTACK.

Zines: During the last fourteen years there were more than twenty self-published zines, some with only one single issue but also zines with more than ten numbers. Sadly there are not so many left. Every two years the fantastic political hc/punk zine *Entkettet* (Neubrandenburg) puts a new issue out. This February they released #6. The *Likedeeler* (Greifswald), which comes out more regulary, deals with politics as well as cultural themes, poems, etc. (12 issues). A similar concept has the *Cult* (Angermünde)—also more than ten numbers out. *Massenmörder Züchten Blumen* (which means "mass-murderers plant/grow flowers") is the newest one. We try to mix radical politics with hc/punk (but also hiphop/ska/...) and personal stuff like short-stories, comix, etc. - #2 is out now. There are also two Oi!-zines from Schwerin (*Sn-Punx*; two issues) and Neubrandenburg (*Stupid Over You*; #14 coming soon). *Try To Wake Up With A Smile On Your Face!*is the only one written in English. There are also some more bands that I forgot or just don't know yet. And there are also bands playing boring Oi! like TONNENSTURZ (Rügen), O.B., THE GOLDEN BOYS (both Neubrandenburg) that are anti-fascist but deal a lot with post-puberty sexist themes.

And I don't want to forget to mention the two fantastic web-sites that list political news from the north-east—www.LINKS-LANG.de (Mecklenburg/Vorpommern) and www.INFORIOT.de (Brandenburg). They do absolute great work.

I hope that I could give you an overview about the scene in my home region. If you are interested in further information, please get in touch. Communication is the key!

Love, Gerki. smallbutangry@suiciety.de

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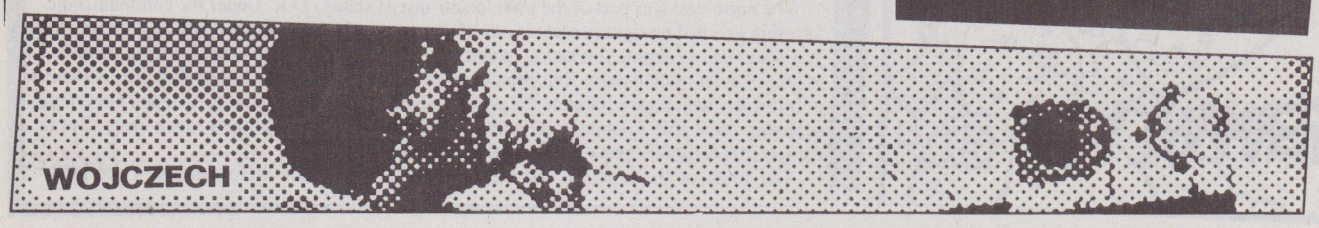

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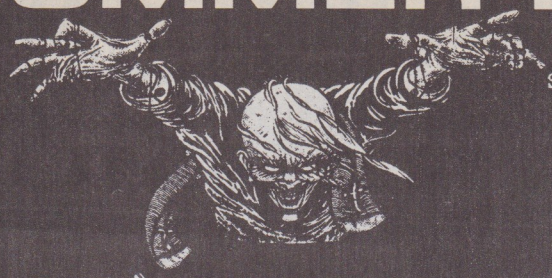

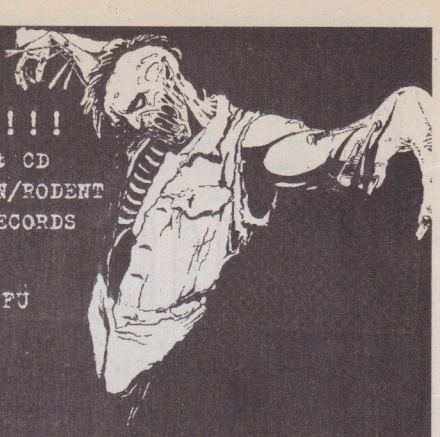

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22nd - St. Louis	1st - Cincinnati	13th - Ft. Worth
23rd - Cedar Rapids	2nd - Columbus	14th - Austin
24th - Des Moines	3rd - Pittsburgh	15th - Oklahoma City
25th - Minneapolis	4th - w/Caustic Christ - TBA	16th - Albuquerque
26th - Minneapolis	5th - w/Caustic Christ - TBA	17th - Phoenix
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I EXCUSE

Interview by Lance Hahn.

MRR: Tell me something about punk rock in Kyoto. What old school punk bands came from Kyoto? How long has there been punk rock there?

Tomo: I don't know about old Kyoto punk so much, because I come from another place. But I do know that there were old punk bands like SS and Continental Kids, although I was a toddler at that time, maybe.

Gon: Any time there have been many good bands in Kyoto, they've played hardcore. Currently, there are such bands as OUTNAUTS, CONSTRICTED, ONERIVER, and so on. We sometimes play with them and the shows are always very fun.

Speaking of old Kyoto bands, I'm influenced by an old Kyoto punk band called BLOW ONE'S COOL. If you find their stuff, I recommend you listen to it.

MRR: How did you first hear about punk rock?

Tomo: I grew up in the countryside, and when I was in high school, I often borrowed records from a friend of mine who liked indie foreign—that meant US or UK there—music. Some of bans like Leatherface, Dead Kennedys, the Clash, Bad Religion, and so on shocked me. It my first time hearing punk rock. I think there were only two people besides me who listened to that kind of stuff in my town.

Now, that guy who first played it for me never listens to punk anymore. There are just big fuckin' shopping centers and pachinko halls where I'm from, the same as any other countryside in Japan. But, I think it happens not only in Japan—don't know about pachinko, though.

Anyway, then I started a band. But I didn't know English at all and there was no information about underground punk around me at that time. So, I really didn't get the point. Even though most of the CDs from major labels or distributions that I liked had some translated lyrics into Japanese and information on the explanations, that was not enough. After I came to Kyoto, I've been getting more in touch with DIY punk ethic, and that's the second impact punk has had on me me.

MRR: Have any of you been in previous bands?

Tomo: We have played in some other bands that nobody knows.

MRR: How did you all meet?

Tomo: We all went to the same college in Kyoto, and we met there. Champ got his guitar stolen by someone, Gon had a long hair, Masa was singing more than now.

Well, Japan's colleges are quite hopeless. For example, at the college we went to, they invited McDonalds to speak for the student's. It's just a consumer's paradise.

MRR: What's the meaning behind the name "I Excuse"?

Tomo: "I just can't be in there"—the cycle of the permanent capitalism—"anymore."

"Here's my excuse in your face," or something like that. I just thought of that now.

MRR: How would you describe your band to someone who has never heard you?

Tomo: People often say our music sounds like Leatherface, Jawbreaker, or Husker Du or something like that.

MRR: On your first record you cover an Articles of Faith song. Do you think that song represents something in I Excuse?

Gon: Yeah, I'm influenced by A.O.F., and that song is one of my favorite songs. The lyrics of that song are also great. I think that song fits our attitude.

MRR: How did you hook up with Snuffy Smiles? How did you hook up with Newest Industry?

Tomo: When Skimmer and Travis Cut came over to Japan in 2000, we played with them at their Kyoto show. I think it was our second or third show. Then, a guy who was half-naked—it was summer—with a dark tan talked to us after we played, and it was Yoichi from Snuffy Smile. He liked us, and we already knew of Snuffy Smile. We've been getting along great with each other since then. We got acquainted with Dave, from Newest Industry, through Yoichi. He liked our stuff and offered to release a European version of the Snuffy Smile CD on Newest Industry.

MRR: What is "Sex and Demonstration" about?

Masa: It's about me. I'm kind of wishy-washy guy, but I sometimes feel strongly. I've been repeating those lyrics to myself. That song is for kicking my own ass.

MRR: Did you tour much after the release of that record?

Tomo: Not really, but we did a European tour last year and that was our longest one. It was awesome. Then in this April, Manifesto Jukebox will over to Japan again and we're gonna tour with them.

MRR: How would you compare playing in Europe with playing in Japan?

Tomo: In Europe, the mood is more relaxed than at shows in Japan. It's hard to find a place where we can get rent for a low price or free for shows in Japan, especially in the cities. So, we always have to pay lots of money to do shows and have them end quite early, to save money. We actually went to some squats for the first time; they were really great. You never find such places in Japan, you know.

MRR: How does the latest record compare to the first?

Tomo: Well, there's nothing particularly different, so much.

MRR: Why did you call it *Is Dead?* Why did you choose that cover art?

Tomo: Yoichi made the cover, and he chose it from an old Chinese writer's print collection. We've used some of them for other stuff, like the design of SnuffySmile's T-shirts and flyers.

About the title: currently we are choked in every aspect, but I don't wanna die, and living without a struggle certainly makes it worse at any range.

Or just simply, our excuse is just dead things that fill in for the part of the system.

MRR: The lyrics on this record seem to cover a broader subject area than before. Did you do that on purpose?

Gon: All out lyrics are based on a question, or my discontent and resignation against my daily life. I'm not aware of covering a broader subject area. I always take a notebook to write down my words. And those words become lyrics.

MRR: Do you feel like the record has a slightly more cynical attitude than the first one?

Gon: I don't think that so much. I often hear that the sounds change harder than on the first one. I think it's the same attitude on both the first and second.

MRR: What are your favorite songs on the record, and why?

Gon: That's hard to answer. I like all of the songs.

MRR: What is your favorite thing to eat?

Tomo: I use tofu and fried tofu a lot when making food, and those are my favorites. When I was in Europe, I felt like it was a kind of heaven for people from a country that has few vegetarians. I heard you live in Texas now, and that reminds me, there's a friend of mine who lives in Dallas now. She made some original Texas food for me in Japan, Tex-Mex food. She called one thing "Cowboy Pasta" and it was good.

Tomo: My favorite food is anything that's before my eyes, except salmiakki (Finnish liquor). I'm a fuckin' poor bum.

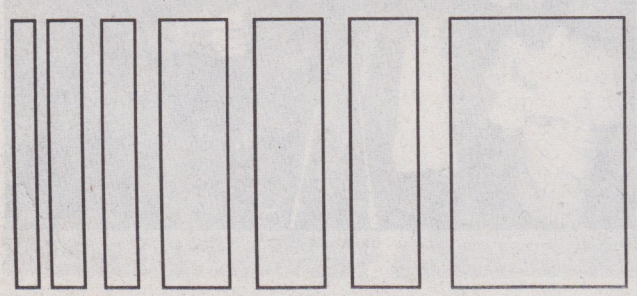
MRR: What is your favorite place to play?

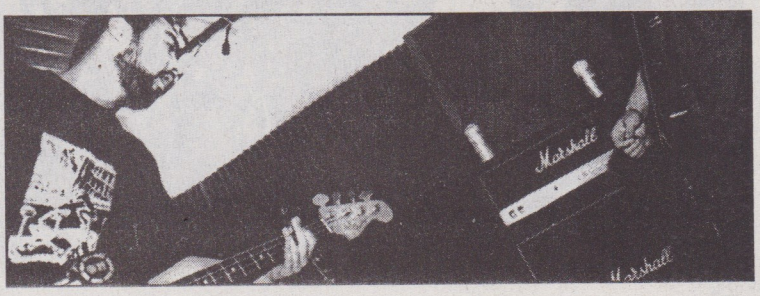
Tomo: We've figured out that a lower stage is the better for us when we're playing. No sunshine, either.

MRR: Any last comments?

Tomo: We'll make a new 7" in this year, and we hope to do a US tour sometime soon. I'm really looking forward to that.

Gon: I'm glad wee had the chance to do this interview, even thought our English is poor. And I hope to see you at a show in the States before long.

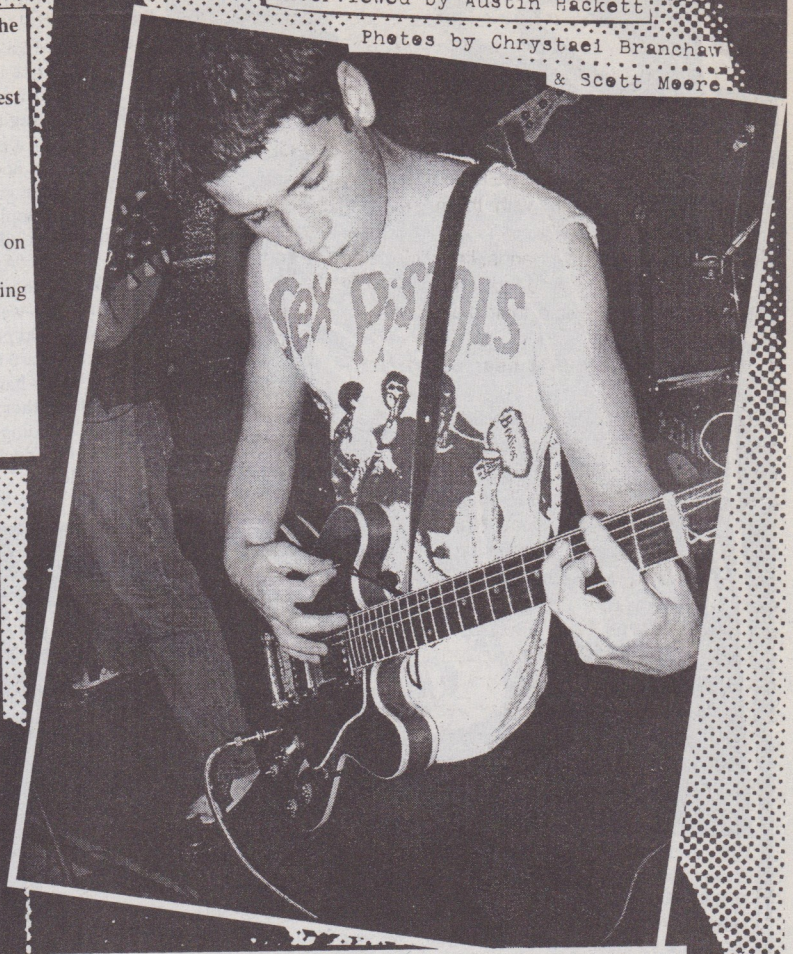




THE DISKORDS

Interviewed by Austin Hackett

Photos by Chrystael Brancha & Scott Moore



MRR: OK, we're here with Nick, Dee Dee, Ted and Ryan of The Diskords. All right, what's your guy's latest project?
Ted: Project?
MRR: What's the last thing you guys did? What's your latest thing?
Ted: I had to write a paper about Portland for global studies.
(Laughter)
Dee Dee: Hey-oh
MRR: How about the band's latest project?
Ryan: Well, the last thing we released was our *Pink Palace* 7"EP on Dirtnap Records.
Ted: Should I talk about the Bomp thing? I'll talk about the Bomp thing
Ryan: Don't talk about the Bomp thing
Ted: I'll talk-
Ryan: Don't talk about the Bomp thing!
Ted: But I-
Ryan: No! It's not time!
(Bickering ensues, loud noise and chaos in background)

MRR: Anyways let's start that over. Will you tell us about the Bomp thing?
Ted: Greg Shaw from Bomp wants to do our second LP for us.
(Awkward silence)
MRR: Well, what's the deal?
Ted: Well, Ryan is opposed to the idea. I don't know what's up his ass.
Ryan: I never said I was opposed, but the contract is like 50 pages long!
(Long digression about contracts, lawyers, The Beatles and Michael Jackson)
MRR: OK, next question. This one is about your music. Are you guys writing a lot of new material?
Nick: We're writing a lot of metal material.
MRR: Metal? I guess that'd be new direction for you then.
Ryan: No, we're just trying to get a lot of new songs so we can record in April. It would be for the proposed album and a couple of compilation tracks.
MRR: How much percentage wise of the album do you guys have?
Nick: We got about 6%

Ted: No, it's more like 2%
Nick: 6%!
MRR: 6% of an album?
Nick: Well, it really is arguable…
Ted: Nope! 2.5%. I just thought that up in my head and I'm sticking with it. 2.5%
MRR: Speaking of writing, how do you guys normally go about writing a song?
Nick: Usually, Ted, Ryan or I write the music and then Ted handles the lyrics.
Ryan: Yeah, one of us will bring in the basic format of a song and then we will all work on it together.
MRR: Ted, do you usually write lyrics for a specific song?
Ted: No, I usually have lyrics written out before hand and then I make them fit with the song.
MRR: So, when do you think we will be seeing a new Diskords release?
Ted: Uhhhh, in many moons. It kind of depends…
MRR: You don't think your going to have any thing between now and your next album?
Ted: Oh, no
Ryan: No, we're going to be on the *TKO Scene Report* for Portland
MRR: What's your guy's favorite kind of sandwiches?

Ted: The perfect sandwich: roast beef, salami, cheddar, swiss, and must-
Nick: Oh Shit!
Ted: Mustard, lettuce, tomatoes, pickles, jalapenos…on Jewish rye bread.
MRR: Rye bread sucks!
Ted: Wait! No! I wanna change it to sourdough that works better.
Nick: That's good, but no mustard and maybe a baguette and a little mayonnaise.
Dee Dee: I have two favorite kinds of sandwiches. One of them would be peanut butter and jelly, extra jelly, strictly strawberry on white. And the other one would be a meatloaf sandwich. I make a pretty good meatloaf and I like to slap the leftovers on bread with some mayo and cheese.
Ryan: I'd rather have a sausage dog. A big fat bratwurst.
(Silence followed by laughter)
Ted: That says something about Ryan right there. He likes the sausage. That's what we call foreshadowing.
(Laughter)
Ryan: Fuck you guys!
MRR: OK, back to your music. What songs have you been known to cover?
Ted: In live shows, we've covered "What's This Shit Called Love," "My Old Mans a Fatso"…What else have we covered?
Ryan: "Summertime Blues," "Sonic Reducer." We've covered a lot of songs. We started as a cover band.
MRR: I remember at your first show, you played all Ramones songs and "I Wanna Be Your Dog."
Ryan: We played some Heartbreakers songs too.
Ted: Yeah, "Too Much Junkie Business."
MRR: Really? (Laughter) How does it go?
(Both Ted and Ryan start to sing the "Too Much Junkie Business"

riff…everyone begins to laugh)
Ryan: Hell yeah!
MRR: Has your songwriting changed since those early day and first few songs? Would you say you guys are going in a new direction?
Ted: Not so much of a new direction. We've gotten older as a band. We've gotten better and faster.
Ryan: Yeah, lot faster and tighter as a band.
Ted: Yes, tighter
Nick: We kind of have a heaver sound, not like heavy metal, but heaver then we used to be.
Ted: The songs aren't as flat as they used to be.
MRR: So you're adding more depth to the songwriting?
Ryan: Yeah. The new songs are more intricate. Ted's playing a lot of really cool rhythm stuff under my leads.
MRR: Are you updating the old songs?
Ted: No, we're keeping them the same and trying to write newer material to mix with the old stuff.
MRR: I noticed you haven't been playing live lately, is there any reason for that?
(Silence and then laughing)
Ryan: (laughing) Ask Nick and David about that one.
Nick: Well…I smoke crack. I shoot heroin. I also like the PCP!!!
Ted: Then your mom found out about all of it.
Nick: Yeah, she did…
(Continued laughter)
MRR: Oh, so that's the reason...
Nick: And Ryan failed health class!
Ted: I would like to set my self apart from all this by saying that I am a model student and a model kid. I am every thing my parents desire and never do anything bad. So help me god.
MRR: What is a typical Diskords show like?
Ted: We tune our guitars…
Dee Dee: I don't know about you, but I don't tune my guitar.
Ryan: That's because you play the drums.
Dee Dee: Yeah, I just pound as hard as I can.
Ted: Lots of times, people fall over and Nick rolls around on the floor. This is a stupid question, next question…
MRR: It certainly is. Who told me to ask this question?
Nick: Sorry.
MRR: I know you guys have been on tour. Do you have any interesting road stories?
Ted: We met Metal Mike Saunders and he gave us bagels and health bars.
MRR: Metal Mike Saunders of Angry Samoans fame?
Ted: Of course!
Ryan: He also gave us boxes of classic rock records.
Ted: Metal Mike is a cool guy. One of the coolest guys I've met.
Dee Dee: He's a real good dancer too!
MRR: Anything else?
Ryan: We saw a gang fight in Seattle. We were at Dick's (restaurant) and it happened across the street at a gas station.
Ted: Yeah, these guys were swinging chains and clubs and shit like that.
Ryan: These people were just beating on each other, really going at it and there were all these cops just kinda standing around and looking at 'em!
Ted: It was like "American Gladiators", only street style
MRR: When do you guys plan on going to tour again? Where would you want to go?
Nick: The Spits want us to go on tour with them this summer. I t would be all across the US and we would play a festival in New York.
Ted: The Spits are the greatest visionaries I have met in any punk rock scene. As far as music goes, they have found the secret of life. They're not fake. They're the real thing.
MRR: What other bands in the northwest have had an influence on The Diskords?
Ted: The Exploding Hearts
Dee Dee: It's always my goal to try to be as loud a drummer as Jeremy from The Exploding Hearts.
Ryan: Yeah, I love The Hearts. We really miss Adam, Jeremy and Matt. Also Doug and Colin from The Speds (who are now The Observers) have always been really supportive and helped us get shows.
Nick: The whole scene in Portland is just really great. I really like The Triggers, The Riffs and Straightjacket.
Ted: Fred The Barber and Vinyl Warning have really helped us out a lot, he's not a band but he's done a lot for us.
MRR: How did you first get involved with Fred and Vinyl Warning Records?
Nick: Our rodie Max knew him. Fred cut his hair and Max knew he was starting a record label, so he told him about us and he came to see us play at our middle school talent show
Ted: He put out our first 7"EP.
MRR: And that was the first thing that Vinyl Warning put out?
Ted: Yeah, but you know Fred puts out a lot …(Laughter) Fred put out our album, but uh…He put out a lot more before that. (Laughter) Lately he hasn't putting out so much.
MRR: Which is why you did a single with Dirtnap?
Ted: Oh yeah! Ken puts out. Ken puts out a hell of a lot! Like a hooker!
Nick: A record hooker!
MRR: I can see why you guys get so many interviews…
Ted: Records, hookers…hahahahaha!
MRR: Ryan, you haven't been saying much. What do you think about all this?
Ryan: Well, it seems to me that Nick is a bitch.
Nick: Oh yeah? It seems to me that I hate Ryan so much that I just wanna throw this tape recorder at his head.
MRR: Ok…what music have you guys been listening to lately?
Nick: I've been listening to a lot of mod and RnB stuff. A lot of power pop stuff too, like The Boys, Pointed Sticks and all that '79 power pop mod revival shit.
Ryan: I've been listening to The Spits' new album and a lot of The Jam, Fear and X.
Ted: A little more Who and some jazz. Peter Gunn and that Harry Mancini stuff. It's good jazz. Some blues too…Howlin Wolf.
Dee Dee: I've been listening to The Who because I just love the way Keith Moon goes crazy. I've been listening to a lot of Nirvana because Dave Grohl was my inspiration to start playing music.
MRR: Any parting words?
Ryan: I think you just gotta keep The Rock alive!
Ted: I'd like to say it's not so much about our music. It's that fact the we are creating music that's not complete dog shit. It's just partial dog shit.
Nick: Yeah. Fuck shit up!
Ted: Silence is golden…golden.

To Hell and Back

When Devoid of Faith broke up in the late 90s, hardcore suffered a fatal blow with the loss of the last truly intelligent and original sounding outfit of the decade. Since then, their home of Albany, New York, has suffered cruelly, digressing for the most part into utter musical banality and subsequently dropping off the map of anyone with the least amount of taste. Sadly, in creativity's place, a new Mecca had formed, comprised of groveling, thick-skulled, fist-throwing mongrels still playing what most of us laughingly term Moshcore. For years they have reigned, inflicting us with their tyrannical hometown pride and bludgeoned Turning Point covers, but no more! For the time has come for a hope to emerge! As the curse-like fog of open-E drudgery slowly lifts, shadows retreat and the tides begins to turn to face the new horizon.

Yes, standing before us is a face unseen like any other in our time, yet familiar to any soul who cares enough to remember. This indeed is a force fueled by rock-riffing napalm, a menace raging forth with the savage intensity of a rabid warthog to stupefy any sweaty dance floor. Here today, before us to save the morrow, stands To Hell and Back. With their claws firmly buried in the corpses of all the bands your older brother had black light posters of on his walls in junior high, it's no argument that our new heroes are taking things back a leap to start afresh and establish themselves as the truly pioneering Albany force we've been missing for so long. To Hell and Back is: Jim (bass, vocals), Matto (guitar), Kurt (guitar), Rob (drums), and Ember (keys).

Interview by Mark McCoy

What I actually think is more contradictory is people preaching highly politicized messages to others who already feel the same way. That's what I think has been wrong with DIY hardcore for the last 12 years or more. Preaching to the converted does nothing to change anything but it sure as hell massaged a lot of stinky dreadlocked egos. Radical ideas that are self-contained potentially aren't worth much...Would you rather play a basement show where you talk about being against pre-emptive war or would you rather do the same at a club in front of a bunch of older folks who just want to hear "The Boys Are Back In Town" by some aging rock band that's up after you?

MRR: Your member roster is steeped in Albany hardcore history. To what extent do your previous achievements play into what you're doing now with To Hell and Back?

Jim: I haven't really seen a lot of people clamoring over us just because I was in Devoid of Faith, if that's what you mean. Seriously, the only people who have offered to help us out with releasing anything were our friends. They like the music and, more importantly, we trust each other. It would be too easy for us to just start up a band that left off musically where our old band was and then use the whole "ex-members of" thing as a platform.

Ember: For me, that's how we all met. I've noticed that we get a lot of support from all of our friends here who set up shows, go to shows, or are in bands themselves.

MRR: But haven't have you noticed that being an ex-members band is all it seems to take to garner any sort of notoriety from the governing powers-that-be in the scene?

Jim: Yeah, but that's a given, that whole "unspoken rule" happens all the time. Honestly, I go back and forth on the importance of the past band I was in and how it relates to what we're doing today. I mean, my first idea was to do another band with Nate Wilson and then we tied in Matto to play with us, because he used to fill in for a few short Devoid of Faith tours. But we aren't trying to repeat ourselves. The way I write lyrics probably hasn't changed much, maybe a few less fancy words, you know, more plain language. That much might interest someone who was into DOF to maybe check it out. I wouldn't want to set up false expectations in people's heads, but soundwise, my bass is still a piece of shit distortion pile, much to everyone's chagrin!

MRR: Can styles of music become obsolete?

Jim: No, they should all be there for anyone to reinterpret, even the shit I hate, as much as I hate to admit it. Even music that I totally disdain, like "screamo," you know, or this whole mainstream, hollowed-and-bought-out interpretation of emo or whatever the hell you want to call it, it should be there too, unfortunately (you know your style of music is on the way out when the *NY Times* does a feature on it). One thing I've learned over the years, though, is to never underestimate someone else's ability to take one type of music and rework it until all the bullshit is stripped away and it's refreshing again. I used to prejudge people on what they listened to and made grandiose assumptions on them accordingly. I have come to find out that was a really stupid fucking thing to do.

MRR: You think so? I do it all the time; usually I'm spot on! People want to present themselves as easily read, man, just look at their shirts! Everyone's walking around in costumes trying like hell associate their personalities with *something*. What I'd like to know then is where you think the dividing line is between the importance of your own expressive matters and the audience's expectations?

Matto: As much as I like the hardcore scene, it gets harder and harder to find real honest, open-minded people. And when you get older, it's a drag to watch all the petty one-upping and scenesterism that goes on. Boring.

Jim: I'll be the first to admit that I play better and most likely enjoy myself if others there are enjoying it, too. It's more of a personality thing for me I think, though, but I don't think that audiences should matter so much that you to change what you do to get a better response. That to me is being dishonest with yourself, or maybe you're playing to the wrong crowd. Enjoy what you do and some day you'll be lucky to run across a crowd who enjoy what you do also. Most of the time that's all you can ask for.

MRR: Does the audience even matter? Who in your opinion do you think they are?

Matto: It's high school except that all the losers are now the "cool kids" and it's their turn at the top of the food chain.

MRR: You know Matto, people would probably fight you for that claim, especially seeing how I've noticed you're playing what's best defined as highly-politicized arena rock. Some as highly contradictory may view that in itself, for others it may be just what naturally happens to punks when they get old. Does age and life experience play a major factor in what you're doing?

Jim: Dude, what the fuck is highly politicized arena rock? Thanks for the *bad* label, jerk! Seriously, we play what we think is rock and, for the most part, I'm still saying the same things, so if that's "highly politicized arena rock," then so be it. Break out your lighters and burn that picture of Dubya Bush! We're not trying to play arenas, maybe clubs. We've played in basements, halls,

bars, but no arenas. Did try for that opening spot for Thin Lizzy, though!

What I actually think is more contradictory is people preaching highly politicized messages to others who already feel the same way. That's what I think has been wrong with DIY hardcore for the last 12 years or more. Preaching to the converted does nothing to change anything but it sure as hell massaged a lot of stinky dreadlocked egos. Radical ideas that are self-contained potentially aren't worth much. I was guilty of this myself, so I'm not above the fray on this one, either. Would you rather play a basement show where you talk about being against preemptive war or would you rather do the same at a club in front of a bunch of older folks who just want to hear "The Boys Are Back In Town" by some aging rock band that's up after you?

MRR: Hmm. Probably neither. But does age and life experience play a major factor in what you're doing?

Jim: I don't know why it would. To Hell and Back isn't some pathway for people who were into punk to stay in touch. Look at Easy Action: much better than Laughing Hyenas and live are on par with Negative Approach. And those dudes are a lot, well, the same age as me!

MRR: What's your take on the opinion many purists use to justify how it's pointless for people to try and recapture an old style or sound that can never be outdone?

Matto: There are too many purists that view the entire world through hardcore-colored glasses. These are the people who have lost all their friends and can't have a positive relationship with anyone because nothing fits neatly into their "hardcore world" anymore.

Jim: There is a problem of people flogging the horse to death. See the "Great Paddle Thrash Overkill Syndrome" of 2001 or "The Great NYHC Gold Rush of 1985-89" for example. The cycle seems to be that mass passion translates to mass, well, I don't want to say *popularity*, because that's all relative, but it can become a well-worn path where the tail wags the dog. You know, where the audience reaction is more important than what you do, hence the overabundance of "mosh breakdowns."

MRR: For anything destined to be long lasting, the simple passion for something eventually transcends into originality. But *is* anything even original? Or is music nowadays merely an endless line of historical entanglements that are pointless to delineate?

Jim: I don't think so, not totally. It's the different takes on music that keeps things alive, at least for me.

MRR: I've noticed you haven't played much outside of the Albany area.

Jim: We haven't only because what we do doesn't fit any one mold. It's a blessing and a curse. We also wanted to wait until the EP on Coalition and the split with the Shemps were released.

MRR: Well at least some of your lack of exposure must be due in part to the generally 21+ audiences you play to.

Jim: I don't think we've ever played a strict one. Even the bar we play in Albany has an 18+ thing at the door but it's not really enforced.

MRR: Oh. Hmm. Well, I just wondered about how without much assistance from our beloved DIY scene if you find the club scene as stereotypically money- or business-driven as one would think?

Jim: We'll play in halls, basements and clubs, as long as the person doing the show isn't shady-grady. I really find that the problem with being shady isn't always due to "clubs," as many DIY kids might tend to stereotypically believe. It's about the person who does the show. We play in a bar called Valentines quite a bit and have gotten paid more and have had the ability to pay out of town bands more because the owner is a friend and there's, I think, a mutual trust.

MRR: So are you trying to detach yourselves from the conventions of punk?

Jim: We're not detaching ourselves from anything. I think we're trying to do more.

Ember: Either way, its just kind of disappointing that a lot of the shows around here are homogeneous in nature. I have always had more fun playing shows where all the bands were different.

MRR: So what's your take on the "grown-up" scene? Is it just a bunch of mellowed-out geezers who need some background music for their weekend social outings?

Jim: I don't know what to make of the "grown-up" scene. When I find one, I'll get back to you!

MRR: Yeah, sure. Funny how quickly people exiting hardcore seem to snap out of their unworldly idealism. How long did it take you guys?

Jim: I really don't think I have lost any idealism. I just have a better picture of what's really important to concentrate on and to not sweat the rest. I am more worried now about the damage the Bush administration has done and is doing and will do to the world and us. I would rather spend more ener-

gy doing something to get him unreelected rather than to worry about topics that border on keeping music underground. The latter's important, but in the scheme of things, it really isn't *that* important. I'm more worried about what the PATRIOT Act II is going to potentially do to my privacy.

MRR: Is there any connection to this and why you sound the way you do, a sort of "back to the high school roots" ethos?

Jim: I joke about playing music that I listened to in high school, but that was my first experience in finding music that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up and I guess that this band is partially me trying to find that feeling again. It's more of a geological/archeological thing. You wouldn't understand it!

MRR: Are people's expectations of today's music too high or too low?

Jim: Probably a bit of both. People probably highball the bands they put on a pedestal, and when they fall off people feel the need to shit all over them. I once threw water at Discharge on their "Grave New World" tour show in NY for this reason. People also most likely lowball music that they don't like or care to understand due to preconceived stereotypes, and that's too bad. I was at my aunt's funeral last week and she had requested that Johnny Cash be played at her service. My dad was kind of hesitant about this, because I believe that he saw Johnny Cash as being kind of lowbrow country music that would make the whole event look, well, hicky. Anyway, the songs were played and it was beautiful, a couple of gospel tunes (sorry, no "Cocaine Blues," kids) that had his haunting deep voice floating around the rafters of the church. It was amazing because it reminded people and my dad of who my aunt was. That's what music is good for.

MRR: Very touching. What kinds of people, intellectually or in any other vector, do you see being drawn to To Hell and Back's music?

Jim: "Vector?" What have you been watchin', Star Trek or something? Geez. I would guess that people who might be into us would be people who like to have a good time and who don't care about how they're viewed by others. Not to be bitter, but for me a lot of hardcore turned into a lot of unspoken rules ruled by "anti-authoritarian" authoritarians! I'm personally at a point at my life where I don't have time for shit like this. I like to go to a show to have a good time and enjoy music, whether it's in a bar, a club or in a basement, and I would hope that the very few people who might enjoy us would have that kind of frame of mind.

MRR: If you had absolute knowledge, how do you think you would view expression? Politics? Religion? Is the only validity in expression of our own uncertainties?

Jim: Not to sound like a meandering philosophy student (i.e., the bagger at the local Safeway), but I guess you might say that everything in life is uncertain, that there are no guarantees, so fuck it and take a stand on something. If you're proven right, then there you go. If not, then oh well, learn something and move on, little soldier!

As far as expression goes, I think that everything (politics, religion, etc.) should be freely expressed, even unpopular views. Either those views will go away or they will grow; if they grow, then that should signal that, hey, something's going wrong here! But to do this, there should be *free* and *easy* access to do this via public or community radio or TV, not like how it is now, where it is virtually impossible to state your case on the "public" airwaves. Equal time, even if your name is Gary Coleman and you too want to be governor!

MRR: What do you think, if any, is the relationship between extreme terroristic environmentalism and hardcore? Should everyone have his or her own proper place in society?

Jim: You're talking ELF, right? Such as the burning of that car lot of Hummers in CA and the burning of really, really ugly and expensive houses in Long Island? I dunno, I guess that I would relate it to a whole as a societal outgrowth, which might manifest itself through hardcore. What I mean is we live in a society right now that thrives on the "extreme," whether it's labeled as sports or in the news. These raw reactionary events tend to draw us in, or at least make a hell of a headline! I guess some people might feel that elements of militancy in hardcore give them justification to go out and "burn it down," as Lemmy might say. And as much as I agree with the reasoning for getting rid of shit like that that destroys nature, I don't know if making pollution via burning cars and houses is going to save the earth, unfortunately.

MRR: When you first conceive a new song, or a riff, is your starting point a boundary or a direction?

Jim: It totally depends on who's bringing what to a song. To tell you the truth, it's kind of disorienting to play rockin' stuff because I actually have to think about things like the cadence of lyrics and where to catch my breath, versus DOF, where I just threw everything lyric-wise into the line then yelled if there was room left over. It takes much more thought than I imagined and it's killing me! No more making fun of Judas Priest, lemme tell you! "Screaming for Vengeance!" YYYYYY-EEEEEEEOOOOOOOOWWWWW!

MRR: What's next for you guys?

Jim: To tell you the truth, it's simply to play out of Albany in 2004 and to find someone who'd like to help us put out a full length. While it's a short list, that would fulfill all my wishes for the upcoming New Year. My work has weighed me down a bit, and as well being in a band that's classified is "rock" but is made up of a bunch of punks has kind of left us in the netherworld of being too rock for hardcore and to hardcore for rock. So I figure what the hell, let's sell out and tour with Das Oath! Cause you know those guys got their minds on the money and the money on their minds! Ha!

Ok, seriously we will play out as we can as long as we don't have to deal with asshole club people and as I said, keep writing to have enough for an LP/CD. Also our EP on Hater of God will be out in early 2004, which is a good thing! To tell you the truth, playing music again after a long absence and reconnecting with old friends all over the world has been great. I might not be able to tour the world anymore, but at least I can say that my bass did! Thanks Nate! Cheers, guvner!

to hell and back

Contact: www.2hellandback.com or tohellandback@capital.net

THE FOUR EYES

THE WORLD'S SMARTEST BAND

Sacramento, California's the Four Eyes have been a band since 1993. Though originally from Santa Cruz, California, they moved to the River City in 1995, bringing with them a slew of poppy garage punk tunes, and a fascination with comic books, role-playing games, and science fiction. In their 10+ year existence, The Four Eyes have released 2.5 7"s along with a smattering of cassette tapes and CD-Rs. A full-length release hasn't been in the cards until now. In 2004, the Four Eyes are slated to release two full-lengths, the first of which, *Rock & Role Playing*, will be available by the time this issue hits the stands. The Four Eyes' sound rivals the likes of fellow Sacramentans, The Bananas—unabashedly pop but not pop-punk, and garage punk-leaning but not lo-fi—with whom the bespectacled ones toured the United States years ago. With lyrics that speak to the inner-nerd in every one of us, the Four Eyes' faithful sing loud, proud, and often. And after just one listen, you'll find yourself doing the same. This interview went down at bass player Dave Ninja's pad over cans of Pabst, Old Milwaukee Light, and several boxes of bite size Charleston Chews. A game of *Warcraft 3* beckoned.

Interview by Mario Solis

MRR: Name, instrument, and favorite comic book superhero, in that order.

Jay: Jay. Drums. My all-time favorite comic book superhero is Benjamin J. Grimm, The Thing.

Joel: My name is Joel. I play the guitar. And I really appreciate, well, for me it's a toss-up between Hulk and Wolverine...The Incredible Hulk.

Dave: I'm Dave Ninja. I play bass. My favorite superhero would have to be Henry Pym as the Yellow Jacket.

MRR: The Four Eyes have been around for a little over ten years. In that time, you've released a couple of 7"s and a handful of cassette tapes and CD-Rs. You aren't the most prolific band or the most prolific writers. Now, we're on the "eve" of your debut full-length. Why now?

Jay: Well, it took 10 years to write 14 songs. We're slow (laughter). It's actually not that we're slow; it's that we're lazy.

Dave: We probably have had like 100 songs over the years. A lot of them we just get tired of and forget...or they'll be put on the second album.

Jay: A lot of the songs are just terrible. The ones that are only kind of terrible made the record.

Dave: "Terrible" means good.

Jay: It's a matter of separating the "B" material from the "C" material (laughter).

Joel: The album that we're putting out now, "Rock & Role Playing," we wrote about 5 years ago.

Dave: Except for the one song that's brand new.

Joel: Except for the one song. Part of the reason why we put those songs on this album, is that we tried to record an album called *The Four Eyes Hit the Jackpot* about seven years ago in Santa Cruz. I had the master tapes in my storage unit, which was burglarized, and they were among the items stolen. So, there's a completely lost Four Eyes album. We felt like we had to revisit the old songs just to get them recorded.

MRR: How does the songwriting process work? Does everybody come to practice with ideas and then you all flesh out songs as a group, or do you all write songs individually?

Joel: Ordinarily, I would say one of us comes to practice with something, like a part, or a riff, or something.

Dave: Lyrics...

Joel: ...or lyrics, or maybe a whole song. And then we all kind of work on it and see where it goes, I guess.

Jay: It's sort of my job in the songwriting process to tell them to write a bridge. That's all I really care about. They're like, "Okay, here's two parts," and I say, "No, it's not done. You've got to write the bridge!" The bridge writing is new for us actually. We only started doing that in the last year.

MRR: Lyrically, many of your songs are laden with "nerd" references. In fact, some of your lyrics might be construed as being influenced by true stories. How much of who you are—in terms of the nerd shtick—is in your songs?

Dave: All the songs are actually 100 percent true and serious!

MRR: Well, take a song like "Prison Song" for example, which is a take on the stereotypical nerd vs. "in" crowd relationship, where the nerd is tolerated as long as he/she can contribute something of value to the group. In the end, the nerd is shunned and, essentially, screwed over. How much of your collective experiences are in the songs? Or are you simply getting together to have a good time and write about something lighthearted?

Joel: It's hard to say.
Dave: I didn't think any of the songs had meaning.
Joel: They all come from something. I'd say most of them aren't based on true experiences. They're more likely based on an idea that gets taken to an extreme, like "Prison Song." Everyone's been in that situation where you think somebody is your friend and then they end up screwing you over and using you for something.
Dave: And you end up going to jail.
Joel: I remember that, at the beginning of our songwriting "careers", we said, "Let's write a song about a nerd that does this," or, "Let's write a song about a nerd that does that." Sometimes, we'd write songs about other nerds that we knew, like in high school or something, or video games. But it always comes back to us anyway. Even if we try to make fun of other nerds, we always make fun of ourselves because we end up being those nerds.

MRR: Is there really a dance known as "The Dave" (as memorialized in The Four Eyes' song, "Do The Dave")?

Jay: There was. There was a dance that Davey would do called "The Dave", and then as soon as we wrote the song, he got embarrassed, and now we can't get him to do it. We can only attempt to "Do The Dave", but not as good.

MRR: What would it take for you to "Do The Dave", Dave?

Dave: I'd have to remember how to do it. I'd have to listen to that song!

MRR: I'm not a Sacramento native, but I'm certainly a fan of Sacramento punk. You're not Sacramento natives either, but generally speaking, you're one of the bands in a long line of bands that loosely fit together sound-wise. I'm talking about Sewer Trout, Horny Mormons, Nar, and The Bananas...bands that mix equal parts pop and garage.

Dave: The "miscellaneous" bands.

MRR: Not quite pop-punk, but certainly not as lo-fi and as abrasive sounding as the garage end of the punk spectrum. There's not necessarily a genre in which I would place The Four Eyes, but how do you see yourselves fitting into the Sacramento "sound", for lack of another word.

Dave: When we started playing, we didn't really try for a sound. We just played what we could play, or what was fun. Actually, when we first started, we were just trying to sound like The Ramones.
Joel: Then we got into surf and garage music. It's really hard to place.
Jay: When we first came here to play Sacramento, it was just really weird to find a scene that we didn't know existed where we felt really comfortable. A lot of bands thought like we did.
Dave: That was September '95, the first time we played here.
Jay: I think it was August.
Dave: Okay, the very last day of August? It was Labor Day weekend. They had the gay parade, "Scott Soriano's Gay Parade".
Jay: And on the way up here, I ate too many Hostess snacks and got real sick. Every time I drive up past that exit in Fairfield I see that Howard Johnson where I was sick.
Dave: We were all from Santa Cruz where the hottest it ever gets is in the 70s, so we were up in Fairfield and it was like 100 degrees. When Jay was in the bathroom, Joel and I just ran around on the pavement because it was the hottest.

MRR: The Four Eyes seem to have a soft spot for covering other artists' songs. Everybody from Buddy Holly to Kenny Loggins to Ace of Base has been given The Four Eyes cover treatment. It would seem that anything and everything is fair game. In fact, you have an annual holiday show where you spend upwards of three hours covering these songs, much to the delight of drunken Loft patrons. What is the appeal of these songs? What makes a good cover song?

Dave: I think it's all the fault of Stars On, getting *Stars On LP* and hearing lots of cover songs on that record. Two second cover songs all put to a disco beat.
Joel: Yeah. One of the first things we did was a medley of old rock 'n' roll songs where we would play like 20 seconds of a song and then go into another one. That was based on that record *Stars on 45* or *Stars on LP*, by a band called Stars On. It's the same thing but they do it disco style. I think the covers basically came from there.
Jay: I think a lot of our covers, the ones that work the best, are the ones that are actually kind of good songs. Like, if you take "The Sign", it's actually a good song, but it's really poorly produced and performed, and so you don't like it. But then when you hear someone do it real raw you're like "Hey, this is a pretty good song!" I think all of our covers that work really well are like that.
Joel: They're good songs, but not necessarily done in the same style as the original. When you transfer it over to a different style, it gains something. But, in general, I always think of songs that I've always wanted to sing or cover. But other times, it's like, "This is the worst song and we have to cover it." (Laughter)

MRR: Many people have dubbed Sacramento many different things. Years ago, Scott Soriano (S-S Records) put out a 7" comp entitled *Sacramento: City of a Beer*. How integral is beer to the Four Eyes experience?

Joel: Well, if you're watching us, it's a very integral part. (Laughter).
Jay: Yeah, I think it's more important for the audience. I like playing for drunken audiences better than sober audiences any day.
Dave: We're kinda lightweights. Blame it on old age.
Jay: There's always beer at practice, but we don't overdo it.
Dave: We know our limits.
Jay: I actually hate playing drunk. It's just terrible.
Dave: I hate waking up the next day after being drunk.
Joel: And I love being drunk.
Jay: No, I do too.
Joel: I hate being hangover, though.
Dave: That's the worst. My stomach doesn't work as well as it used to.
Joel: The Four Eyes usually drink a couple beers while we're practicing, or before and while playing. However, I wouldn't say The Four Eyes need beer. Though, on the Internet, there's been some controversy about whether The Four Eyes drink.

MRR: Yes, this has been a heated debate. I've been following this story in preparation for this interview. It would appear as though there's very much a hung jury. Do you want to set the record straight for the readers of *MRR*?

Jay: The Four Eyes do, in fact, drink.
Joel: No, they don't. (Laughter)
Dave: But we don't advocate underage drinking, or not drinking.
Joel: Good point.
Dave: The end.

MRR: Thanks for clearing that up. I'm sure the readers of *MRR* will sleep better tonight.

Jay: I'm sure they've been wondering this for years.
Joel: Plus, I'm sure all of the readers of *MRR* have been looking at The Four Eyes' web site and forums and following this debate to see whether The Four Eyes drinski, brah!
Dave: Well, everybody who reads *MRR* probably reads it on the toilet anyway, so they don't check *http://www.thefoureyes.com* unless they have wireless Internet access.

Jay: If you're reading this on the toilet right now, just reach over, grab your laptop, and check out those debates, if they haven't been erased.

MRR: Speaking of your web site, The Four Eyes are the self-proclaimed "world's smartest band."

Dave: Not the "self-proclaimed." Just "THE smartest band."

Jay: There's nothing self-proclaimed about it.

MRR: Prove it. Tell us something that we don't know. Why are you, in fact, "the world's smartest band?"

(Silence)

Jay: Joel?

Dave: We took a test and we got the highest score out of everyone in the world.

Joel: It's true.

Jay: Standardized worldwide testing for bands. A lot of people not in bands don't realize that. You've actually got to take an IQ test to be in a band, and we have an average IQ of 256 between us.

Joel: But the variation is really high.

Jay: One of us, and we're not going to name names, is really dragging us down.

MRR: I understand that you guys were the house band at Aaron Probe's wedding.

Joel: That's right.

Dave: Yeah, we played with The Bananas. But we headlined.

Joel: We were the house band and they were kind of, like, our openers.

MRR: And I understand that "Hat Nerd" was very popular that night.

Jay: I don't know how many times we had to play it. We had to play it four or five times, including one time where we did it real slow in a ballad style, and it was, like, 7-8 minutes long. And then the DJ must have played it another dozen times. It was great.

Dave: "Hat Nerd" is big in the Bay Area. Aaron Probe has a jukebox and "Hat Nerd" was one of the first records that went in there. It's been there ever since. Number 100.

Joel: Number 100.

Dave: First track. He says it gets played at least once a week and, sometimes, once a day.

Joel: I heard that, at Aaron's bachelor party, they had a stripper that danced to "Hat Nerd."

Dave: With a donkey.

Jay: I wish I'd seen that.

MRR: Were you guys there?

All: No.

MRR: Are you flattered?

Joel: Yeah, I wish we had it on video. That could probably make MTV.

Jay: No, that's more BET Uncut. The great thing about "Hat Nerd" is that we had the concept for the song years ago when we were trying to think of songs. One of us said, "How about a nerd who really likes hats called hat nerd?" Our friend Dillon was there and said that it was the worst idea he'd ever heard, and that if we ever had to write a song called "Hat Nerd," that we'd be totally washed up. And now we've written the song "Hat Nerd." And we're totally washed up.

Dave: My recollection of the story is that when we told Dillon that all the songs were going to be about nerds, he said that we would eventually get to really bad stuff like "Hat Nerd" when we ran out of ideas. That's how I remembered it.

MRR: Well, "Hat Nerd" is arguably your biggest song. It is the "hit" single.

Dave: It is 2 minutes and 14 seconds, so that wouldn't qualify it as the biggest.

Jay: It is pretty long.

Joel: Ordinarily, a big hit signifies the downward spiral of a band's quality.

Dave: But we're the reverse band.

Joel: Yeah. It's the big hit, so in our case, we're only getting better.

Dave: Not really. If you go over the peak the opposite way, you're still going down.

Jay: Oh, yeah.

MRR: When you guys are listening to music these days, are there any bands, local or otherwise, with whom you feel any sort of kinship?

Joel: Aaron Neville.

MRR: Besides Aaron Neville.

Dave: Besides Aaron Neville?

MRR: Besides Aaron Neville.

Joel: I always think of The Bananas in that capacity, but it's not really true because they write much better songs, a lot more songs.

Jay: A lot more angst-ridden songs.

Dave: But compared to The Bananas, we don't really sound like them, we just always play with them.

Joel: There's something about the feeling behind the band.

Jay: its just good time Rock'N'Roll.

Joel: Yeah. So, I always think of The Bananas when I think of bands that are like us. But it's not really true. Let me think (pauses). I don't think I've ever heard another band like The Four Eyes.

Dave: Other people are either smarter or better musicians than us. Actually, they couldn't be smarter because we're the smartest.

Joel: That's true.

Dave: There are bands we like to play with and stuff. I always have fun playing with Corpse "Efffs" Corpse (a.k.a. Corpse Fucks Corpse).

MRR: Corpse "Efffs" Corpse? Are we keeping this PG-13?

Dave: I'm always PG-13.

Jay: Davey doesn't cuss.

Dave: I only cuss when I really mean it.

Jay: When he does swear, it does have a lot more power.

Dave: I'm free to quote stuff or sing songs with bad words in them that I didn't write.

Jay: I remember you used to sing along to that Nine Inch Nails song on the radio, "I want to 'do you' like an animal." That was always really funny. (Laughter)

Dave: For the record, I never liked that song.

Jay: That was so funny. Occasionally, if that song is on the radio I'll sing along. I'll say, "…'do you' like an animal."

Dave: There's our sister band: Nine Inch Nails.

MRR: You guys are all big Star Trek fans. Is that fair to say?

Jay: Yeah, that's fair enough.

MRR: Now, you guys have parlayed that into a band, so to speak. Is that correct? Star Trek: The Next Generation?

Jay: It's No Kill I: The Next Generation. There's this Sacramento band called No Kill I that has been around for a long time. When we were in Santa Cruz, I don't know why we started the band, but we started this band, No Kill I: The Next Generation.

Dave: It was supposed to be No Kill I's last show.

Jay: Oh yeah. No Kill I was supposed to play one last show.

Dave: This was eight years ago.

Jay: Somehow, we started a band and played their last show with them. It was based on Star Trek: The Next Generation. It was the three of us and three of our other friends and we were just going to play one show.

Dave: People loved us.

Jay: But we never played again until a couple of months ago.

Dave: No, it was like almost a year ago.

Jay: Almost a year ago. Do you want to finish?

Joel: Technically, just a couple months ago.

Dave: I'll just correct you. Keep going and I'll correct you.

Jay: Good, good (laughter).

Joel: We're in the *Trekkies 2* documentary.

Jay: There's a documentary about Star Trek fans called *Trekkies* and they were making a sequel. They came to Sacramento to film No Kill I, us (No Kill I: The Next Generation), and a Klingon metal band from Portland called Stovokor, who were great.

Dave's phone rings (the ring tone is straight out of a movie set in ancient Egypt).

Joel: The Egyptians are calling.

MRR: I'll try to transcribe that. I'll insert, "Phone rings: I want to 'do you' like an animal." (Laughter)

Jay: Maybe that should be the ring tone.

MRR: Are there any major touring plans to support *Rock & Role Playing*?

Jay: No.

Joel: We really can't tour until Davey's daughter hits, like, 15 or something. Right now, she's like, what, 2?

Jay: We've got a big 2017 tour planned.

Joel: The most we can do is like a two-day excursion.

Jay: Hopefully, people that live within 200 miles of Sacramento will see us play.

Joel: Yeah, you might also want to mention that we're all playing *Earth 2025*, an online text-based video game.

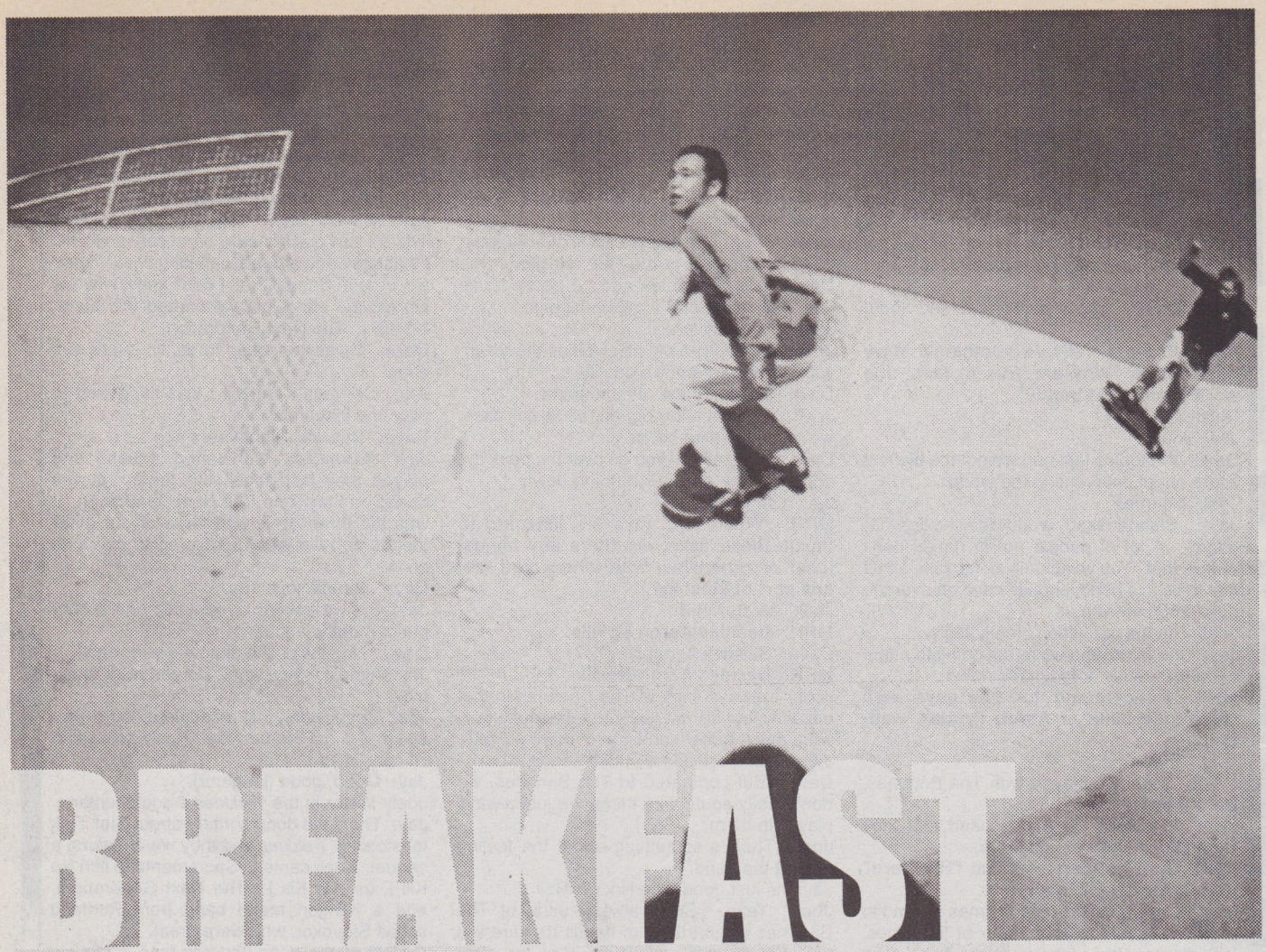
Dave: We all have one million jets.

Joel: Yeah, we're all involved in that, if anyone wants to challenge us.

Dave: Or set up a defensive alliance.

Joel: We're into it.

Visit the Four Eyes online at http://www.thefoureyes.com for free mp3s and the latest show information. You can order a copy of their debut full-length, *Rock & Role Playing*, from Plastic Idol Records at http://www.plasticidolrecords.com.



BREAKFAST

From Japan, Breakfast play breakneck thrash mixed with totally Minutemen-style twisted breakdowns. They submitted these photos sometime ago and promised an interview would follow soon. Nearly one year later we're still waiting on the interview (something tell me they forgot! HaHa!), so here's Breakfast, in photos.

LAMANT

Minsk-based LAMANT is a thrash band of enormous power—which isn't exactly surprising considering that the members were previously in HATE TO STATE, SELFSHIT, CONTRA LA CONTRA, etc. Sarcastic, biting lyrics are an important factor as well. They are screamed by Arkadiy 'Green' Lepyohin, once a veteran of Russia's DIY scene, now an illegal immigrant to Belarus. His zine *Xerotika* is still going strong after five years and is on its' 19th issue. Under the name Green he also releases various types of music, mostly on tapes. Questions and translation by Szarapow; full Russian language version of the interview is featured in international anarchist paper *Volja* (www.volja.nm.ru)

MRR: As usual, first the what, where, when... What does the band have to be proud of?

What: extreme punk rock, four (now three) different people. Where: Minsk, although for me this is quite conventional; for me LAMANT (and punk in general) is at a rehearsal in a railway carriage heading for Moscow or on the shore of the Baltic sea in constant condition. When: since summer of 2002 and there isn't much to be proud of since summer of 2002 - too much time is being wasted.

MRR: What does LAMANT have in common with and how is it different from the other bands you played in? What are the differences between lyrics of LAMANT and GREENSTENCH, HATE TO STATE, IZ KOZHI VON etc.?

Same bassist as HATE TO STATE. Same rehearsal space. Same problems with recordings, lyrics, development of myself (that existed in GS times). It seems to me that I write, here we go, I caught myself, I don't write lyrics, they do it themselves: imperfect (like everything else) projection of my life into words, into pictures, that's LAMANT lyrics and *Xerotika* and they are as different as I am different from Mao (HATE TO STATE singer) or Pavlik (LAMANT's former drummer who wrote some lyrics), or from someone else who writes lyrics.

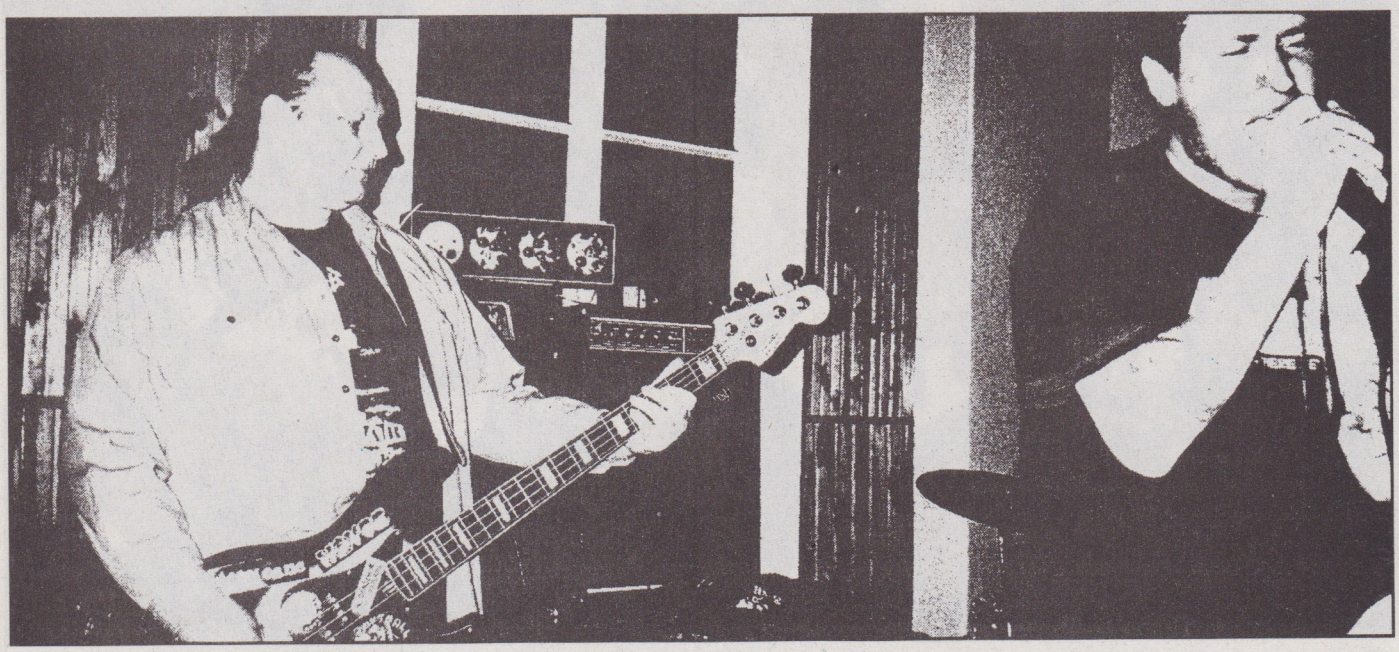
MRR: Is LAMANT a political band? On the tape Igor gave me the letter A in your name is circled. If the band members have some political views, does that alone politicize the band?

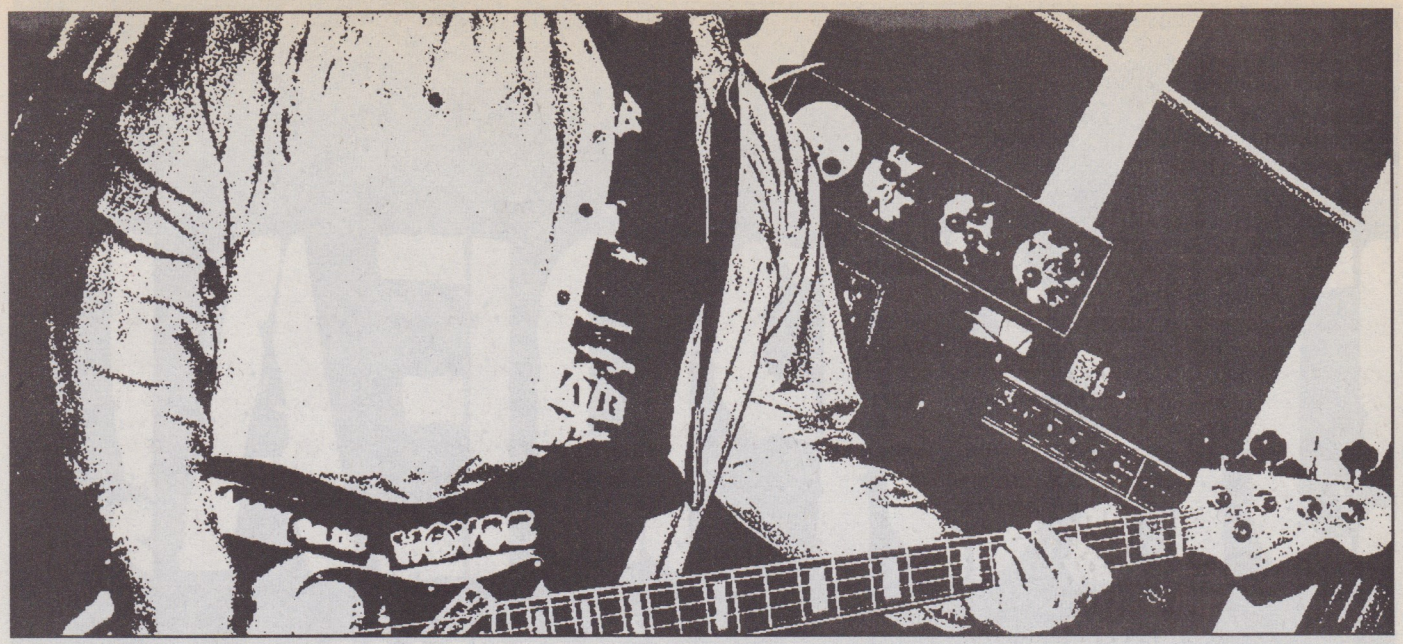
No. Circled A is just a habit, a fuckin' cultural code. It depends on what you consider a political band. I haven't seen any in Belarus. There certainly are people with some interesting ideas, some are even promoting these ideas as much as their powers allow them, and there are political punk bullshitters, that is the music seems okay, and the lyrics are full of ideas—whole set of clichés taken from *Profane Existence* covers, but whatever the fuck, the people are still the same—anarcho-philistines and punk consumers. Politics of showing middle finger to the picture of Lukashenko (Belarus' authoritarian president) and if I cannot do anything more than that, then I would shut the fuck up about how much of an anti-sexist, anti-globalist, anti-homophobic, anti-anti I am. My politics are limited to 2 cubic meters of space I occupy, and this is where I try to realize all these wonderful slogans. Some things work, some don't. So, accordingly, the politicizing of LAMANT is telling of (mostly mine) opinion on some ideas and events. That's it. Petty.

MRR: What is political or anarchist music for you? Is it reaction to events and atmosphere, or rather an expression of internal freedom? In general, can art be politicized or socially engaged?

When reaction to events is expression of internal freedom, somehow to me it's the same thing. If some events upset me then I am somehow responding, adding up to it, same thing. If my life's principles concur with principles conditionally known as anarchist or anti-sexist or whatever, then, correspondingly, the music I am playing is a continuation (beginning, middle part, edge) of these principles, same thing again. And whether it should or not, it's up to everyone to decide for themselves, I think. To me it can be. Art is politics, tiny personal politics.

MRR: Does extreme hardcore have much of a





propagandist potential? What do you think of an idea of radical pop music, in particular, when left-wing or anarchist bands (CHUMBAWAMBA, SYSTEM OF A DOWN, etc.) are becoming a part of show business?

No. It seems to me that extreme hardcore listeners mostly share the same views as performers, so what's to be propagated to them? Anti-consumerism in punk scene, perhaps. I'll try that. But then again, the ideas I am trying to make heard will only be available to a hundred people at best, that's not much of propaganda. There are plenty of contradictions with radical pop music as well, to me it seems that CHUMBAWAMBA, at least in Russia and Belarus, is being listened to by people who know what kind of band this is, such as punks who are tired of listening only to punk rock, or anarchists who don't listen to punk at all. Although in England it might be a whole different thing. I cannot imagine an MTV viewer who could be thinking of System Of A Down or R.A.T.M.'s message. Although Olka told me she knew such folks, that is, people see a picture of Che Guevara and simply want to find out who he is, so lord's doubtful ways are hard to tell.

MRR: At least half of LAMANT members are involved with various DIY projects. What makes you put the zines out, distribute music, put on gigs?

I feel like doing that. I have a need in putting a zine out and distributing music. I tried thinking about it but haven't come up with anything intelligible. It just turned out this way. Some of my emotions bring forth these products. *Xerotika* and hardcore punk tapes. It's a simple aspiration to do something. Rice with saffron and soy meat, postcard, picture. Also I sometimes feel like bringing joy to someone with something.

MRR: Do you think DIY system is an individual case of capitalist relationships, or is it a real alternative to the system? Which factors have contributed to sudden blossoming of Belarussian DIY scene?

To me DIY is an alternative to capitalist relationships. Creation of an alternative community, small and secluded, unfortunately. Blossoming of DIY in Belarus is, this blossoming, blossoming is in Minneapolis!! In Belarus it's, erm, to be honest, on one hand, I want to believe that at this moment in Belarus there was a relatively high number of people with more or less fitting views, and propaganda through HATE TO STATE, DEVIATION and CHORNIYA NAVINKI has taken root in the right place, but on the other (critical) side, it's just a fashion. At least there are people who thought that DIY is simple, cool, and all that, again, you can get something for free off of that.

MRR: Do you take part in the activities of FAB (Federation of Anarchists of Belarus)? What sort of things did you do with them and what do they generally do? Is such a free, relaxed structure effective in a semi-totalitarian state, or a harder structure can be more useful?

Well, I drank with Pawlyuk (Pawlyuk Kanavalchik, editor of anarchist newspaper *Navinki*) several times. There are people who do something, and I am sometimes taking part, but that's personal activities and I'm generally skeptical (perhaps too skeptical) towards organizations in general and FAB in particular. Another complicated, contradictory subject to me is organizations seem somewhat conventional. For instance, there's A, (s)he decides to do something and asks B or C or even D for help, and they do it together. For instance, they dig a hole. Do these people have to call themselves "General Holediggers" and be related to all holes in a particular area? I don't know. I think that political, anarchist, any kind of activity, is pretty much relationships between people. Oh what am I talking about...

MRR: What keeps Lukashenko in power? Green, why did you choose Lukashenko over Putin?

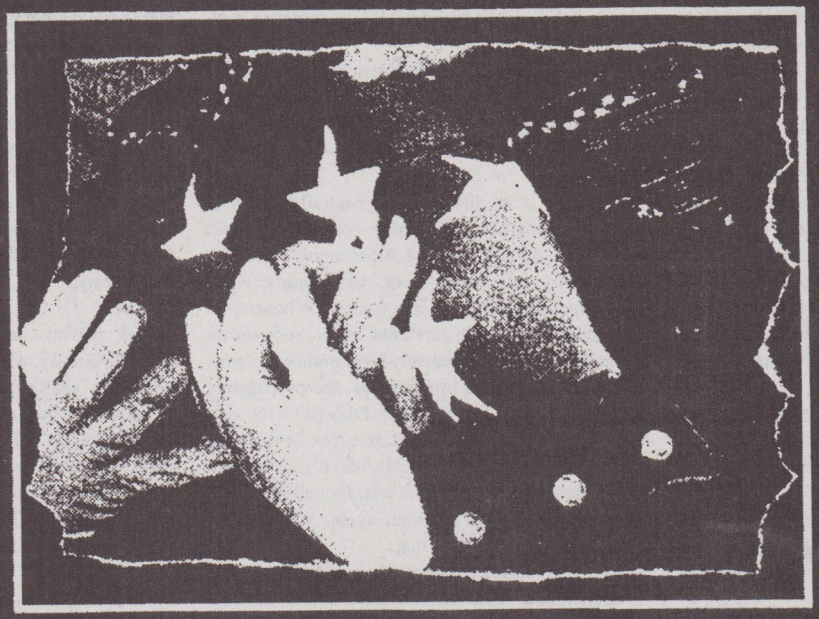
Voters, perhaps, and Lukashenko keeps voters. I dunno. Anyway, whoever is at power, it's clear that nothing's really going to change. Such banal thoughts. I didn't choose Lukashenko over Putin. I just left one set of problems and joys behind and got myself another one. I somehow cannot associate myself with a state (Russia or Belarus) enough to tell such things. There isn't that big a difference between Russia and Belarus to speak of when it comes to political preferences.

MRR: Additions, addresses, photos, etc.

It's not possible to tell everything in an interview or in a night-long conversation, so all the standard things: whoever's interested in LAMANT or *Xerotika*, get in touch. You can also write to Sku (trezvo@bk.ru) and ask for some picture or photos. All in all there are so many good things and bad and boring and all. Contact: Igor Konik, PO Box 205, Minsk, 220107, Belarus / konyk@land.ru or xerotika@bk.ru

DROPDEAD

MORE FLAGS AND BODYBAGS



FIGHTING AND DYING FOR A FLAG. FIGHTING AND DYING FOR THE RICH. KILLING ANOTHER PERSON BECAUSE YOU ARE TOLD TO. BECOMING A PAWN IN A WORLDWIDE CHESS GAME. BECOMING A MURDERER IN YOUR HEART. ASK YOURSELF IF THIS IS WHAT YOUR LIFE IS FOR. KILLING SO THAT OTHERS MAY PROFIT. IT TAKES TRUE STRENGTH TO STAND AGAINST THE COMMON OPINION. IF YOU DON'T SPEAK OUT WHEN YOU KNOW SOMETHING IS NOT RIGHT, REMAIN FOREVER SILENT... FOR YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO BE LED INSTEAD OF BEING TRULY FREE. YOU WILL ALWAYS BE OPPRESSED. NEVER FREE. A PAWN.

I still remember the first time I heard DROPDEAD. I had ordered their split five-inch with Crossed Out on a whim because the description in the Positively Punk ad in *MRR* made them seem like they might be up my alley, plus the novelty of a five-inch record was something I couldn't really resist at the time. Weeks went by and one day the package of goodies finally appeared—after spending some quality time with my new Born Against and Pink Lincolns records—I dropped the needle and couldn't believe the caphony of noise, sheer brutality and speed that was pouring out of my speakers. A totally paint peeling and ear bleeding racket and I loved Every second of it And here we are nearly a decade later, and they're still at it—still totally DIY and still cranking out totally relentless, thrashing hardcore.

INTERVIEW BY BRIAN STERN & MIKE THORN.
PHOTOS BY AL QUINT

MRR: When did DROPDEAD begin, what was the impetus behind it at the beginning, and how has that changed over time?

BEN: DROPDEAD started out in January of 1991. We'd been playing together for a year or so before that time with Bob on guitar, Brian starting on bass and moving to drums, Lee then on bass, and myself on vocals. (After that first year Bob and I switched places, and we renamed ourselves. Lee left in 1996/97 and he was replaced with Devon, a longtime friend from Albany.) We first met through a flyer, having overlapping musical interests and similar beliefs; we developed both our friendships and musical abilities together. There wasn't any goal originally other than to try to be in a band together, and that evolved slowly into what would be DROPDEAD after the first year of hanging out. Personal politics and beliefs became part of our talks together and were part of a lot of the bands that influenced us to try playing in the first place. I'm not sure that our core beliefs have changed; maybe we have more tolerance now for other ideas and ways of life. I think that almost anyone as they get older should continue to grow and change their views as new experiences come along. Basically I think we're the same people, just older, more cynical sometimes, and more tolerant overall.

BRIAN: Bob placed a flyer in Goldie's Music on Thayer Street in 1989 listing a bunch of bands of the hardcore genre, ranging from the Business and Subhumans to Heresy and Siege and asking if anyone wanted to form a band that played roughly in this style. I answered the ad and we soon met and from the first day I think we both knew we were going to be friends. We met Ben a short time later (a month or so) and after this we had a line up sorta (Ben Vocals, Brian Bass and Bob Guitar) and we started looking for a drummer. We never found one so I flirted with playing the drums a few times until it stuck (I really sucked at first having never played before, I had zero stamina for it and I couldn't play beats very well). At some point we decided to let my brother Lee play bass with Ben switching to guitar and Bob switching to vocals. By Late 1990 we had been practicing up some songs (about 10 total I think) as Hellocaust and recorded a track for *Blleeeaargghh!* comp 7" for Slap-a-Ham. In December 1990 we switched the name to DROPDEAD (after kicking a few other names around Monster Zero and Chronic Effort being two I remember). Why did we begin? I can only answer for me, one I like playing music, it's a good release, a release of frustration with how fucked up shit is, not just politically but also socially and also in my personal life. It's a good way to release stress and express disdain for the way things are. I can't say much has changed. I have come to view the band as a great project that has given me back more than anything else in my life including jobs or girlfriends or whatever.

BOB: I think in the beginning what got us together was our intense love of hardcore music. We were all avid hardcore record collectors and each into our little niche of the punk scene. Brian was really into Japanese thrash, Ben was into a lot of American hardcore, and I liked anarcho-punk. After putting out flyers all over town looking to put a band together…we just kind of gravitated to one another as geeks do! I guess what has changed the most over the years in DROPDEAD would be us as people. I think we were a little naive initially about what we were doing, and learned some hard lessons over the years, but I think it has made a genuinely better people and helped develop a better sense of what our politics and philosophy is as DROPDEAD.

MRR: After the massive tour that you embarked upon in 1998, there seems to have been a long lull of activity for the band, so much so that many thought you had broken up—what was the reason for this and what has sparked the seeming renewed interest in playing out, touring putting out records, etc.

BOB: I would say that the "lull" could be more or less attributed to a bad case of tour "burnout" after the '98 tour. We had been on the road nonstop for six months straight and did 160 shows back to back and I think with some of the personal issues that were going on at the time in the band, we kind of imploded for a minute. I know for me, it was a particularly tough tour as when I left America for Europe, I was leaving my mother behind who at the time was sick with Multiple Myloma. I have no doubt that some of the mental health issues I was feeling at that time played into it, but regardless, we all bounced back and I think both the band and our friendships are stronger than ever.

DEVON: I think the initial shock of returning home after 6 a month high of total self sufficiency to absolutely nothing and having to rebuild a life at home consumed me for quite a while. There were so many things in my life that had been left unattended while I was away and they all came crashing down on me upon my return. Family, friends, finances, my own mental and physical health…I really had to spend some time rebuilding my life. Aside from that, I was living in Albany, NY at the time and commuting 3 hours to rehearse with the band.

BEN: That tour was pretty intense. We played shows, almost daily from late June to Christmas week, covering the entire US, a few Canadian shows, and most of Europe. We had intended to try to go to Australia and Japan again as well, but there was no way to do it and stay fit mentally or physically. When we got home Devon went back to Albany to work and try to make his plans, I ended up getting a job as a superintendent for a retail construction company and spent the next four years traveling around the US building stores. We never stopped, but we definitely weren't very productive. In 2001 I started working more regionally as I had opened the record shop with Anne and needed to be home more regularly, and this enabled the band to have more time to practice, write, and play shows. Devon finally moved here from NY as well, saving him three hour drives to practice, which was infrequent and irregular prior to that.

BRIAN: we were really fucking burned out after that tour, a lot of blood sweat and tears (many tears, not to

go all emo). I don't think we even played a show for six months after we got back. Ben started seeing his wife during this post-tour period and working out of state a lot. We tried to play and write songs but the one practice a month thing wasn't conducive to it. Ben continued working towards his goal of opening a record store (Armageddon Shop in Providence) and didn't have a lot of time for the band. I was going to school, Devon was still living in Albany. So many factors led to us eventually waking up and three years had gone by and we hadn't recorded anything new at all. We finally sat down and had a talk and all decided we really wanted to get the band going again in a productive way. That pretty much is the turn around point when we did the split with Totalitär and keeps us fueled until today.

DEVON: Despite popular belief, we actually played regularly in New England during that period.

MRR: There is a strong animal rights sentiment throughout your lyrics, why is this issue so important to you, and why do you think that it has seemingly dropped off in importance to punk scene in the last few years?

BRIAN: It's probably declined in our lyrics too... has it really trailed off in the scene recently? Maybe I was sleeping or it's just still way more prominent than it was in the mid-late 80s that it seems still like "the norm." I think it's a personal decision, we might come off heavy handed sometimes on the subject but I think we are all of that mindset currently.

BOB: Quite simply, I love animals. To see animals suffer affects me in the exact way I feel when I see humanity suffer. I don't see any difference in the way animals and humans suffer pain, and to me, "not caring" is just a way of saying you lack empathy and the intelligence to differentiate between right and wrong. I truly believe that until the day when we respect all life around us, we are lost. I think to a lot of punks in the scene, the animal rights sentiment was just part of the "fashion" or "in thing" so now as all trends go, it's out. But to the people who truly believe in the philosophy beyond that, its something that's more than having a Conflict patch on their jacket, it's a way of life. Fortunately, I would say that at least in our circles, the majority of punks truly care about this issue.

DEVON: It seems like joke bands and revivals of one genre or another dominate the scene these days and issues have become less important as a result. Lyrics tend to be a lot more generalized and non-confrontational. I like to have fun at shows too, but I would give anything to have a band like Born Against on the scene with clever, thought provoking, and confrontational subject matter. I think people need to be called out on their shit and I don't think enough bands do that currently in the scene. You would think in the midst of this bullshit presidency and everything attached to it someone would rise to the occasion.

BEN: I think the issue is an important one on a very basic level. We can survive without killing animals. For some reason I'm always shocked to meet people involved in the art and music community who aren't vegetarians. I always figured that creative people were more forward thinking and compassionate, but I've found it isn't often the case. I think that singing about issues we care about is vital to what punk and hardcore is for me. Playing music without any message would be kind of a waste of energy and an opportunity to share ideas in a way. I'm not sure if it's not as present as in the past, because for us it is still a focus lyrically.

MRR: Bob has a reputation for destroying mic stands, and having a generally violent stage presence, is this a conscious thing, representative of the aggression in the music, is it totally unconscious, or do you just hate mic stands?

BOB: You know, as pretentious as it sounds, I have always just let the music take me where it goes, its violent music and the lyrics are angry and desperate, I guess it kind of translates in the way I react to it on stage, which, unfortunately for the soundman, usually ends up with broken mic stands. But no it isn't a preplanned thing.

BRIAN: Bob has taken to smashing into my cymbals as well and leaving nicks on them which sucks cause cymbals (esp. decent ones) are really expensive.

DEVON: Not our demon!

MRR: There is a distinctive switch in the speed DROPDEAD play at between the first LP and the second, it seems like the songs slowed down significantly, they are slightly more musical and less of a totally relentless blur, is it something else? Perhaps the addition of Devon on bass?

BOB: I would call it maturity in both the band and our playing ability. As time has gone on, the song structures have gotten more thoughtful and melodic, but to me its just as aggressive as anything we've done in the past. Devon has of course been an influence too as he plays in a totally different style than Lee did who was a lot more chaotic. Devon's a lot more controlled and powerful...

BRIAN: We changed it up a bit, I don't think it's all that drastically different more emphasis on the fast Swedish d-beat rå-punk style for some of the more recent stuff but we always had that. The planned split with Look Back And Laugh is pure 1993 DROPDEAD style though.

BEN: In the past I think there was less ability musically, which was represented in the early songs and songwriting. By the time we did the first LP, we had started to learn how to play a little better, and the songs started to diversify more, more changes/stops/accents etc than in the early days. By the time we had written the second LP, it had been five more years of writing and playing, more melodic influences could be expressed in the songs. That second LP has a very large Swedish HC influence running through it. Bands like No Security, Totalitär, Anti-Cimex, G-anx etc that had melody and energy had influenced us for years and we were finally able to express our version of that in our own way.

DEVON: I think we were just trying to write a more cohesive album. Instead of just putting a half hour of songs on a record, we were more conscious of how

those songs would work together as a whole. We had plenty of fast blurry songs didn't make it on the LP for that reason.

MRR: Tell us about Armageddon shop Ben...

BEN: The shop was originally conceived in March of 1999. The record shop situation in Providence had stagnated pretty much at that point with the imminent closure of Fast Forward. I had met Anne while on tour in Europe in '98, and she came to the US to visit. At that point I'd already had two fairly long term/long distance relationships with people, and I wasn't ready for a third, unless there was potential for a move to the US. We discussed the idea, and possibilities for our relationship and our living situations. The record shop proved to be a dream we'd both wanted, and we decided to go for it. Anne moved over here in January 2000, and I worked, saved, and spent all the money I could spare on records to stock the shop with when we were ready to open. We found a space in September 2000, renovated it, and opened in January 2001. The shop name is a continuation of Armageddon Label, which like DROPDEAD, had its idea birthed in a Siege song title.

MRR: Why is it still important for DROPDEAD to function on a DIY level and not play the music industry game of getting signed to a bigger metal/grind label, etc? Or is it?

BRIAN: I could answer this two ways I guess. Let me take one angle first: I don't think that's even an option for us at this point. Interest in the style we play has waned in recent years I think. In 1994 we probably could have been on Century Media, Relapse or Earache even. Today, I don't think they'd be interested. Now to go back to the other way to answer this which would be why we didn't sign to one of the above mentioned labels ten years ago: it doesn't suit us. The Selfless LP is still to me our biggest mistake. Without our DIY ethic I don't think the rest of the message of the band can be taken seriously.

DEVON: I think it is important to play music that will never be palatable to the general public. Its' inherent inability to attract money keeps everything honest. DIY for me is a refuge from emotionless professionalism, and the fake camaraderie of people who are trying to live off of your efforts. DIY is built on community—real friends that will stay with you long after your band has broken up or become unpopular. Besides, I got a job to make money.

BOB: ...because we don't have too. Everything that a big label could offer us we do ourselves. We have total control over what DROPDEAD is and says from the lyrics and art to where it gets distributed and by whom.

BEN: DIY is the only way I know how to operate at this point. I think over the years I've strived to become even more independent, in every aspect of my life. DROPDEAD would not benefit in any way from signing to a label that I can see, and would probably get a ton of shit shot our way if we were foolish enough to do it in the first place. We do our own thing, or we work with our friends in a co-operative way. I do think DIY means many different things to many people, and I think a lot of people hide behind it as a reason why it is ok to do a shitty job on some things. To me DIY means you put 110% effort into anything that you do. It means that you teach yourself to do new things and learn more skills to become more self-sufficient. It means that you share your abilities with others. The ultimate goal of DIY for me was to find a way to exist on my own terms and to work for myself. No bosses anymore.

MRR: Talk about the song "I will stand." There is this line "I choose to evolve" what does this mean?

DEVON: As we get older so much of life becomes about complacency. In our careers and in social circles we are constantly rewarded for our ability to conform. As we become more and more dependent on a steady income and a predictable schedule, our power to resist is worn down. For me that lyric embraces a daily struggle that gets exponentially harder to face as I get older. The power to choose what I believe is right (and invariably more difficult) over the lowest common denominator.

BOB: The line "I choose to evolve" was really a metaphor for "I choose to change to better myself in my thinking and my action," hopefully towards a better and more caring world.

MRR: what is it like being "old men" playing what might generally be considered "kid's" music? As the punk/DIY culture ages does it make sense that it's members would age and "stay true" (or whatever) as opposed to the stereotype of new teenagers filtering in for a few years and then dropping out of the scene after college?

BRIAN: I have made the observation that I am "that old guy;" the one I remember from when I was a teen at shows. I dunno what the attitude is now of people of stuff like that as there are so many more active over 30s than there were fifteen years ago. It still seems like there is a new crop of people every three years, and a few stick it out and we have more lifers as time goes on. I don't honestly think about it too much, I'm just gonna hang in there enjoying it while I still have the motivation.

BOB: I think for me it's the amazing kids who come to the shows, and tell us how much we have inspired them and what they have been doing to continue the tradition of what I hope in the end "punk" really stands for and that's respect for life. There are so many inspiring and beautiful people doing so many great things in the name of punk ethics. I think its something to be really proud of.

MRR: What inspires you, gives you hope and keeps you motivated to continue on? Who what, how and why?

BEN: My friends, family, and Anne keep me motivated in different ways to move through life. As for involvement in the "scene", people we've met over the years have inspired all of us in different ways, and fortunately we still have contact with a lot of them. The punk/hc community we've been lucky to be a part of has some truly amazing individuals, and the friendships go beyond our being involved in the scene or not at this point. That's amazing to me. Building community and friendship with a few folks over many years should be motivation enough for anyone to continue.

BRIAN: Motivation... I'm curious to see what is going to happen to this world, in my world and the rest of it. I hope there is some kind of happy existence for myself at the very least, love and friendship, friends to enjoy music with, food with, the simple pleasures you could say. For society there seems to be more stupidity and hate and at the same time more tolerance and hope from a lot of people as well. Will we ever reach the point where we can coexist and work together for a future? I don't know, actually I doubt it in my lifetime; maybe it'll take a thinning of the herd for that to happen. Inspiration... a good record, one that's like an old friend, or a new one that breaks all your preconceived expectations. Meeting new people who are doing amazing things, or doing something mundane but needed and doing it well, they earn my admiration. People you end up talking to all night who you would have never have met except for being involved in punk rock. Who what when how why, you want me to name names. From our town Load records (Ben and Laura) for releasing a lot of good music (they aren't the only game in town but they are to me the prominent), the Lots of Noise folks for giving us a community online where we can find out about shows around here and local discussion on the forum, All the bands and people who ran spaces that are no longer there (Munch, Pink Rabbit, Sickle, PCC, Box Of Knives/Candle Factory, and of course Fort Thunder), the BSR radio people for documenting live sets of local bands in a good sounding setting, AS220 for one of the first venues to let us play pretty much whenever we wanted, I think I have tooted Providence's Horn enough.

DEVON: The memory of my mother. She was a strong advocate for social change who was never afraid of confrontation. I aspire to her fearlessness and her tireless quest for truth.

Contact: DROPDEAD • P.O. Box 8511 • Warwick, RI 02888 USA • www.dropdead.org

If you're a punk in the Southern US, chances are you have heard of Asschapel. They play blazing thrash comparable to Sacrilege (UK) getting it on with Slayer in an alley while Onslaught look on. They've put out two EPs and two LPs in their time together and if you like your punk heavy, then by all means run out and buy all of their fine releases. They are probably on tour right now so go check them out if they're in your fine city.

Interview by Matt Walker.

MRR: You guys got started when?

Dallas: Our first show was November 1999.

John: We started playing in April or May of '99, but got serious in August '99.

MRR: So what bands did you guys play in prior to Asschapel?

Dallas: Me, Chris, and Erik played in a band called Booby Hatch. Then Erik and I played in a band called High Strung, and then various local bands.

Fox: We've played in hundreds of bands.

John: Chris had the best band.

Fox: I played in a band called Caustic Solutions, probably my first band.

MRR: Don't forget the Fun Girls From Mt. Pilot.

Chris: Yeah, Fun Girls and other bands that never really did anything.

MRR: What is an Asschapel?

Dallas: It's a secret.

Chris: It will be revealed on the next album what the Asschapel is.

John: We have lots of albums coming out. Give it some time. Wait till we're washed up before you reveal the secret.

Chris: Every record is going to be a piece of the puzzle.

MRR: It'll be like a game at the end, you put it all together and the answer is laid out right there in front of you?

John: And then you get swallowed up by the black hole, just like the ouija, you can know but you gotta die.

MRR: Are you willing to die for it??

John: That's what you gotta ask yourself.

MRR: So you guys have been at it for a while now and more people know who you guys are but what were the early reactions to the name Asschapel like?

Dallas: The first tour, the average number of people we played for was 10 to 20.

John: And all 10 would ask, what the fuck is Asschapel?

Dallas: Yeah, the first tour was like, who the fuck are you assholes? The next tour was definitely a lot better, although we had a lot of bad luck, wheels flying off the van and breaking down.

Chris: We kind of got *deja vu* when we went to Europe and nobody had heard of us there, it was like when we played the states for the first time.

Dallas: Except there were more people there.

John: It was the same reaction to the name and the fact that they're seeing four dudes walk up saying, we're Asschapel! Over there, Asschapel means ass band and ass hat.

MRR: You guys just toured Europe for 11 weeks. Tell me about it.

Dallas: It was crazy, it would have been an amazing tour if we had ended it in six weeks the last two weeks was nothing but shows falling through and the van breaking down.

John: Not even shows falling through, just the van breaking down. We had one show fall through and that was in Spain and the band that had taken us on tour at that point knew going into it that that show was kinda sketchy anyways, so it was neither a surprise nor a worry at that point if it would have ended after six weeks, it would have been stellar. We got treated great, and the reaction that people gave us was above and beyond what we expected. We were all pretty shocked.

Chris: And they know how to treat people.

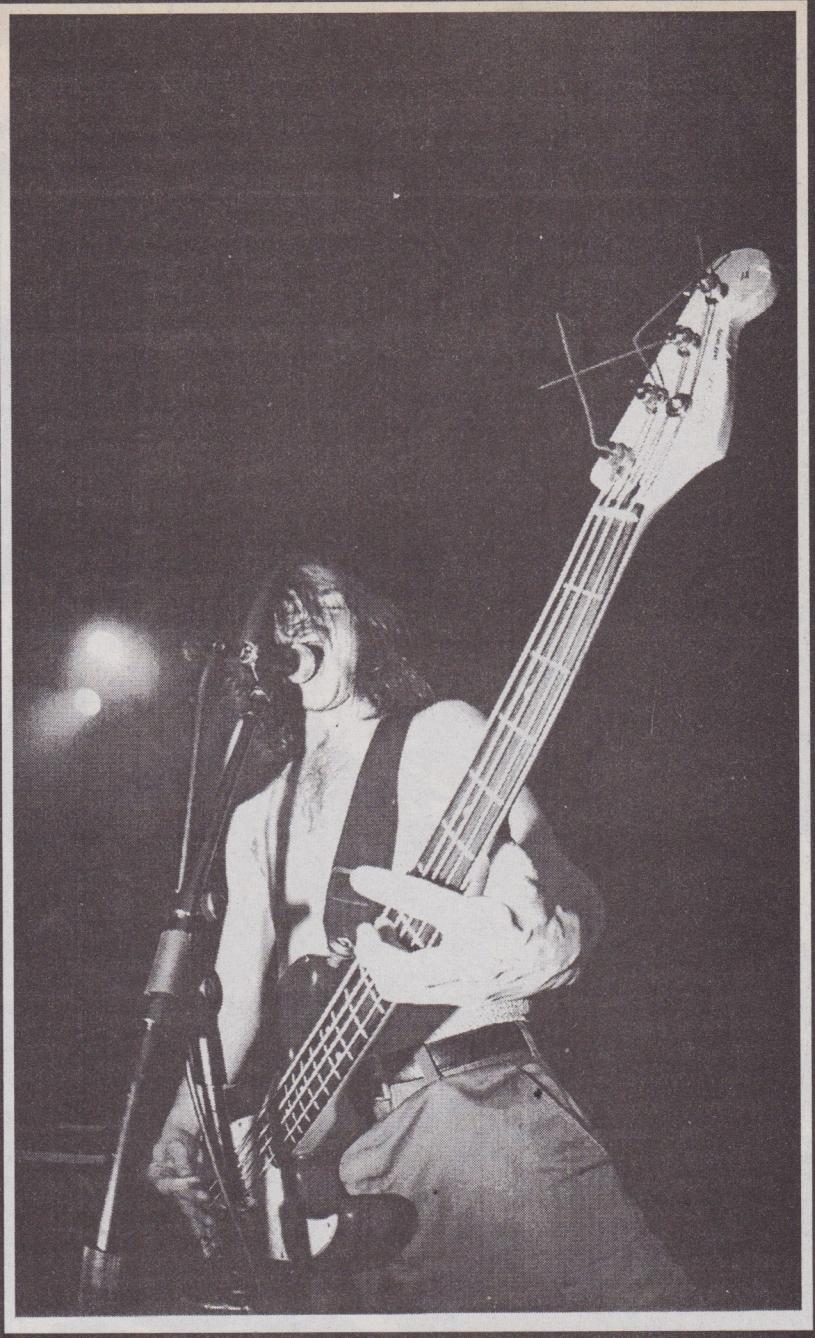
Dallas: Food, alcohol, and a place to stay. It made it easier for us to tour Europe again: it was cheaper than we had planned, too, so hopefully we can go back there next spring.

MRR: Tell me about the squats of Europe?

John: They're so organized—amazing!

Dallas: It blew us away, they treat you so well. Even if there were only 20 people there they would watch you play, feed you, put you up, and get you drunk! You just don't have to worry about as much over there as you do in the States. Especially in Germany, we didn't have to worry about any or our shows. If something fell through at the last minute they would patch it up and go

with it.
Chris: In Germany there weren't as many squats as there were youth centers.
Dallas: It's amazing how active all of the kids are there. I think that's the coolest part about touring in Europe
MRR: Perhaps the further adventures of Asschapel involve you in Mexico chasing that elusive donkey show.
Chris: The donkey was made up to be such a wonderful thing.
Random person: The donkey fucking rules!
Chris: So, yeah, we got stuck at someone's house in San Pedro. I was crushed we didn't get to go to Tijuana.
MRR: You mentioned Weaving the Deathbag earlier. What's their involvement with you guys?
John: Mike Olsen of Weaving the Deathbag runs a label called Hungry Ghost out of Wisconsin and he put out our first 7". I think it may have been his first release.
Dallas: I think he put out Defacto Oppression first.
John: First, second, whatever. He put our first 7" out. Yeah, he too took a chance with us and did ok so he asked if he could do our second LP. Mike is a fucking awesome guy and Weaving the Deathbag are a kickass band so it's cool. Flower Violence in Europe co-released this with Mike for our European tour.
MRR: Isn't Flower Violence going to rerelease your first LP, *Total Worship*?
John: Maybe, we're trying to work that out. We're trying to get the existing copies over to Ralf in Germany for European distribution but if we can't he had mentioned repressing if for us.
MRR: Reviewers often times try to categorize you guys by lumping you in with other bands from Tennessee and the "Tennessee hardcore sound." What do you think about this?
Chris: We get that everywhere we go. Because we're a hardcore band and we're from TN. All the reviewers just say we sound like Tragedy, From Ashes Rise, or that we sound like Tennessee. I don't know what Tennessee sounds like.
Dallas: The *MRR* review of *Fire and Destruction* said we were from Memphis.
Chris: Let everyone know that we are from fucking Nashville!
MRR: You guys don't have the typical Tennessee hardcore sound.
John: We gotta metal sound.
Dallas: We can fit in at a metal show or a punk show. Kids are asking other kids at shows: "Dude, is this metal or is this punk?" Whatever…
MRR: Do you take your metal seriously?
All: [Roaring Laughter] Yes. No.
MRR: Do you take your metal influences seriously?
Dallas: This band is me clinging to my early youth. I just like playing this style. I grew up watching Headbanger's Ball, playing Slayer and Metallica riffs.
MRR: You guys even recorded a Slayer cover for the European 7" *Satanation*.
John: It's rumored that we did do that.
Chris: We're scared they're going to sue us.
All: [boisterous laughter]
MRR: Do punks take Asschapel seriously?
Dallas: It depends on how drunk they are.
Chris: That's a good question.
John: I don't know what people think of us.
Dallas: They take the ringing in their ears after we destroy their basements seriously.
John: They probably take the live experience seriously. The rest I don't know…



Dallas: The music is the only thing we take seriously. The band itself and the concept of our band is all left up to public speculation.
MRR: Are you guys working on anything right now?
Dallas: Writing some new stuff. Releasing some smaller stuff, like splits and EPs, before we do another LP. *Fire and Destruction* is something we're all really proud of and the more we tour the US hopefully the more people we'll get into it. We gotta van now so we'll be touring a lot more.
Chris: We haven't even used it yet.
Dallas: It makes its maiden voyage in May.
MRR: Anything else?
Dallas: Thanks to all of our Swedish friends for liking us and putting us up.
John: Thanks to Fear of God for hating us.
Chris: Who loaned me a snare drum while we were in Europe? Consume's drummer loaned it to me! Thanks to that guy because he had to see me butt ass naked!
Dallas: Submerge, Ralf and My Own Lies, Weaving the Deathbag. People who've put us up and fed us when we were on the road.
Erik: Is it over?
Asschapel can be contacted at asschapel@hotmail.com

STRUNG UP

The Bay Area is exploding with top notch punk and hardcore right now. It's really insane, I mean it's almost like you can't even walk down the street without running into another new band. Strung Up are a stand out in this flood of bands—their music is dark, raw and totally classic hardcore—a vicious thrashing onslaught. But don't be fooled you into thinking this is just some stale 80s rehash, as these punx still maintain a fresh modern edge that sets them apart.

Interview by Scotty Karate. Introduction by Mike Thorn.

MRR: You guys have a new LP out called, *Society Rot In Hell*, that's a pretty brutal title, tell me about that...

Bill: I wrote a song for Strung Up when I was in Born/Dead called *Society Rot In Hell* which I mainly wrote as a reflection on how society doesn't mean shit in the end when you die because everything that our society is based on, greed, corruption, conformity, etc... is empty and useless and when you're dead it doesn't matter. It was also a shout out to what Born/Dead started out as.

MRR: Are there any big changes sound wise on the new stuff from the 7" to the LP? I've noticed you guys getting faster live....

Dan: We have gotten faster. I don't like to hear the words, "that's too fast," from Strung Up so we try to keep everything as break neck as possible before it starts pissing Bill off. We recorded this record at House of Faith so the production is a little cleaner than the 7" but it still rules.

MRR: You guys had both Kangaroo from Amsterdam and Blazing Guns from L.A. press your 7" and are doing the same with the LP, why? What advantages /disadvantages have you seen from having US and Euro releases?

Dan: Those are great labels and awesome people to deal with. Having American and European distribution was an added bonus.

Klint: We're doing it that way because the labels agreed to do it pretty much. The advantage is wider distribution and more records in the initial pressing. I can't think of any disadvantages right now...

Bill: Mike hooked those labels up when he was in the band... bitches.

MRR: I read a review that said you guys had songs about hating cops, but I can't find one... Do you hate cops? What's the song "Death By Cop" about?

Klint: Yes, I hate cops but not for any rational reasons. I just don't like authority figures and I can't forget all the times they've poured out my beer or when they hit me in the chest with a night stick during the Gulf War protests. Fuckin bastards! "Death By Cop" really has nothing to do with hating cops. It's more about suicide, depression, hopelessness, and using the cops to get yourself killed. So maybe some reviewers should actually listen to the songs or they can wait until we come around on tour and I'll just cram a lyric sheet down their throats and beat 'em like a piñata. Oh wait is that hostile?

Justen: Cops are people but I hate the ones that abuse their authority basically. On the whole I hate cops but individual ones can be cool.

Bill: I think cops are tools of the government. They allow themselves to be used by the rules and regulations of their profession and like any job it has its corruption.

Dan: You're a tool...

MRR: Any plans for more Strung Up records after the LP? What are you guys working on now and in the future?

Dan: We just recorded six song 7" for Speedstate records from Japan. It's got five new songs plus a song from the LP on it. After we get back from tour we are recording a split 7" with Deadfall for No Options records.

MRR: You guys have a song titled "RX," are any of you guys taking or have taken prescribed meds? Tell me about the song...

Bill: Only for fun... not anymore though.

Klint: "RX" is about the Prozac/Paxil craze that was and is still going on in this country and how everyone would rather take drugs than get to the root of the problems that are causing all the depression, anxiety and stress like poverty, racism, war, fear of your own government, fear of a future of credit card debt and a million other things. I just don't think humans we're meant to live this way. I think a lot of peoples problems would disappear if we could change the world instead of changing people's brain chemistry. I've been put on antidepressants twice now but never took them for too long mainly because I believe the lyrics I wrote in "RX," however I did let my doctor put me on painkillers for my back and until recently was on six Norco a day (that's twelve regular strength vicodin) for the last year and a half or so. And just like the pharmaceutical companies in "RX" my doctor was just keeping me doped up so that I wouldn't bother the workers comp people for more expensive treatment.

MRR: What do you want to say about the local Bay Area scene?

Bill: From going on tour with Born/Dead it seems like the baddest scene in the US of motherfuckin' A. People talk about scene division, attitudes, and scenester judgment but fuck, we're all pissed off arrogant assholes, what do you expect?!! Kids organize like fuck out here. I haven't seen all the scenes across the US but the bay area rules.

Klint: I kinda thought I was gonna have to be content with listening to old bands and keeping my ears open for the occasional worthwhile band to come out (kinda how it was in the 90s). The things I've witnessed in the 2 1/2 years since I moved here from Santa Cruz have blown me away there are so many good bands around, there are a lot of places to play, and so many enthusiastic, fun, smart kids around that ,fuck, I'm just in love with Bay Area hardcore right now.

Dan: I think it's easy out here to lose track of the problems that people generally have with music scenes, like scenes being sexist or whatever cause out here *everybody* is involved. I think one of my favorite things about this scene is how involved the women are out here in bad ass bands, putting on shows, etc... Also, there are so many awesome bands from here it's getting difficult to book tours without interfering with other touring Bay Area bands... Voetsek, Deadfall, Scurvy Dogs, Case of Emergency, Deathtoll, etc, etc...

MRR: You guys have played some crazy different shows. What do you like or dislike, or maybe can compare the difference between opening for the WEIRDOS at Slims (a local big club), to underground shows like the Slaughterhouse, to playing under a tarp in the rain with a generator....

Justen: A generator with a duct-taped gas line. We'll hook it up so it sounds good to us, and that's what we sound like, so it'll be good for everyone else... It doesn't matter to me where we play...

Bill: I definitely like smaller clubs, smaller places with smaller stages and no rules. Cluby-clubs usually suck but there are some out there that are all right.

Klint: For me how much fun I have playing is related to how comfortable I am. I don't think I've been more at ease than when we played under that tarp in the rain, sharing the mic with Mark and Johnny and Max and everyone else. Oh yeah and piss off to all the people who left early when it started raining harder cause it let up like twenty minutes later and the rest of the show was rad.

Dan: I don't give a fuck where we play. We have played so many shows that I thought were going to be disappointing that ruled and vice versa. I think maybe it's more of having enough cool people there who are down to have fun rather than how big the club is.

MRR: How do you guys apply punk to your daily lives, do you ever mosh at work?

Justen: When don't we mosh? I mosh to my car, I mosh in my car... It's a never ending thing...

Bill: That's why I'm always so poor, I keep breaking shit... broken windshield, getting fired for moshing on the pizza's...

Klint: I refuse to answer based on the fact that mosh is a word used in a shitty Anthrax song...

Dan: Mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh, mosh... Yeah but the word mosh is also used in a bunch of bad ass songs dumbass.

MRR: Is there anything interesting about you guys besides that you play in a rad band? What are a few things you guys do, or are into, besides rocking out....

Dan: Bill's lazy eye is pretty interesting...

Bill: Everything I do involves music... Other than that I sleep, have sex, and smoke pot...

Justen: I am very well endowed.

Dan: ...with a vagina

Klint: I keep snakes as pets and am completely fuckin insane BLAGGGGHHHH!!!!

MRR: Dan, how much Ranch is too much Ranch?

Klint: If you cut Dan he bleeds Ranch dressing.

Dan: Dude, Ranch and pizza man... a winning combination...

MRR: Bill, how crucial are suspenders to the Strung Up formula?

Bill: So crucial I can't even explain it right now...

MRR: You guys are finishing up booking

for your upcoming tour with STFU this summer, how's that going? Is preparing for the tour a pain in the ass? Has money been a problem?

Dan: Booking this tour is driving me crazy mainly because I have never booked a tour before and we are all broke ass ho's. I think funding the tour is definitely the hardest part for us.

Klint: C'mon Scotty I know you're trying to be objective and pretend to be an interviewer who doesn't know the band but fuck man, when isn't money a problem for us? The booking seems to be going pretty well though, Dan and Jason (STFU) are handling most of it with help from a lot of people in the Bay Area and Caustic Christ on the east coast. Getting the help we've gotten has been easier than I expected. Nailing down our ride is becoming a bitch.

Bill: Pain in the ass saving, pain in the ass organizing shows, pain in the ass getting off work, pain in the ass paying rent... We're all pretty poor and having money to survive as well as the added cost of tour makes things that much harder.

Justen: I'm a sick pimp man, money grows on trees...

Dan: huh?

MRR: Who's helping and who's not doing shit?

Dan: I'm doing most of the booking... Bill's not doing shit...

MRR: What expectations do you have for your first tour?

Klint: I'm expecting a lot of late nights followed by hard mornings, but I'm also expecting it to be really fun. Plus I haven't traveled this intensely since I was nine

Dan: Our tour is going to be sick as fuck, I can't wait to leave.

Bill: I expect to have a lot more fun than on the Born/Dead tour.

Justen: You don't want to know what my expectations are.

MRR: STFU are a bunch of drunken thrash wombats! What do you think will be more crucial, STFU's fast, intense speed picking, mosh breakdowns, ill wit, crossover punk and or punx attack? Or Strung Up's full on onslaught of hardcore assault, with punishing vocals and sick axemanship?

Klint: What the fuck kind of question is that?

Justen: I think we can handle it.

Dan: I think the combination of all us drunk ass retards being on the road is going to be enough to make this tour memorable...

MRR: Shoutouts?

Dan: Caustic Christ, Street Trash, Scurvy Dogs, Funeral Shock, Second Opinion...

Justen: Ash

Bill: Max Retard, Ben Ladin from Collateral Damage, Brandon and the fuckin' Waste, Scotty who's a weiner, and all the people I met on tour.

Klint: My brother Tommy (R.I.P) for getting me into the music, and Chad (R.I.P.) the bass player for No Options. And to all the other dead punx whether I knew them or not. To all my friends and family you know who you are, but especially to the newest member of my family my niece Ula.

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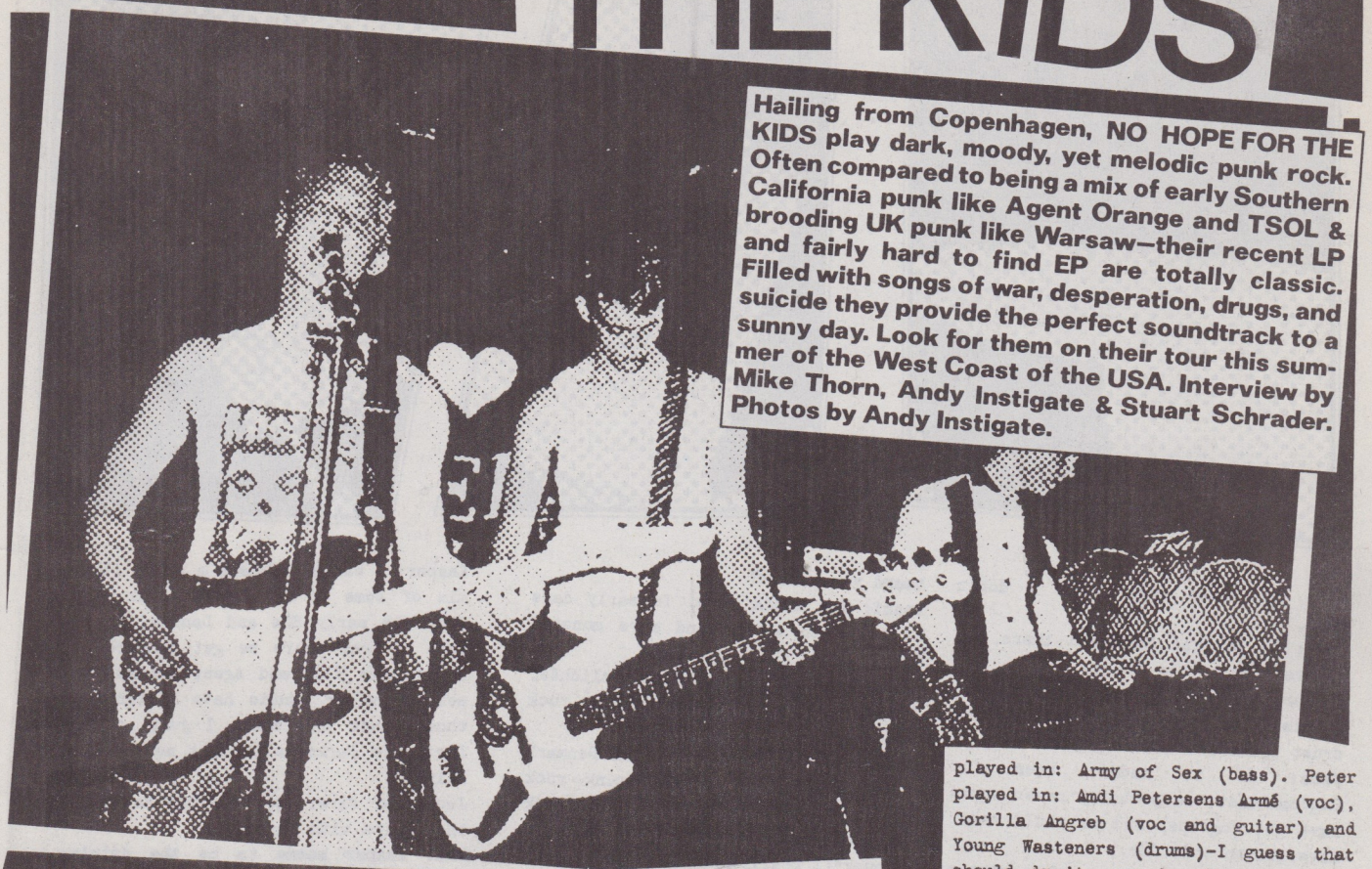
NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS



Hailing from Copenhagen, NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS play dark, moody, yet melodic punk rock. Often compared to being a mix of early Southern California punk like Agent Orange and TSOL & brooding UK punk like Warsaw—their recent LP and fairly hard to find EP are totally classic. Filled with songs of war, desperation, drugs, and suicide they provide the perfect soundtrack to a sunny day. Look for them on their tour this summer of the West Coast of the USA. Interview by Mike Thorn, Andy Instigate & Stuart Schrader. Photos by Andy Instigate.

MRR: Is there any meaning behind the name No hope For The Kids? If so, why is their no hope for the kids?

Kasper: It was Ronnies idea so...

Ronni: A couple of names had been up like The Fucking Machine Guns and Dachau, actually me and Jens also talked about calling us The Sex Pistols...But it ended with No Hope. There aren't really any story behind it, a good friend of mine, Tue Sick, came up with the name while we were drinking, and thats it.

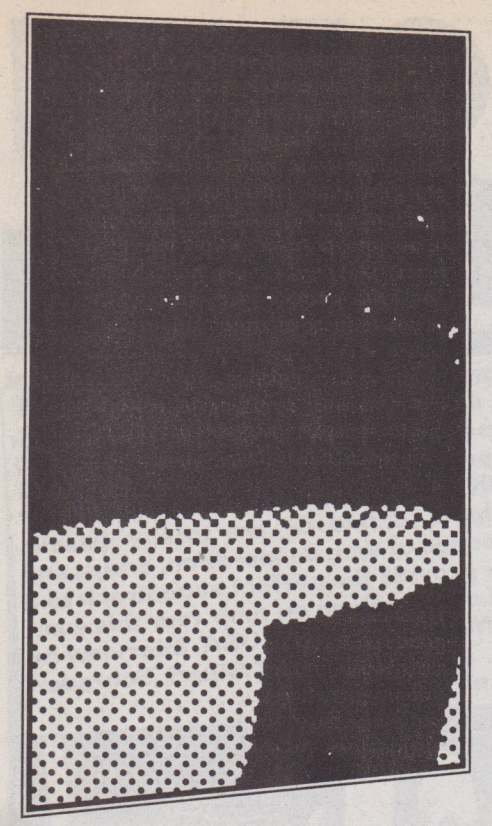
Kasper: I've always thought it was a good name though. It kind of sums up what the music is about.

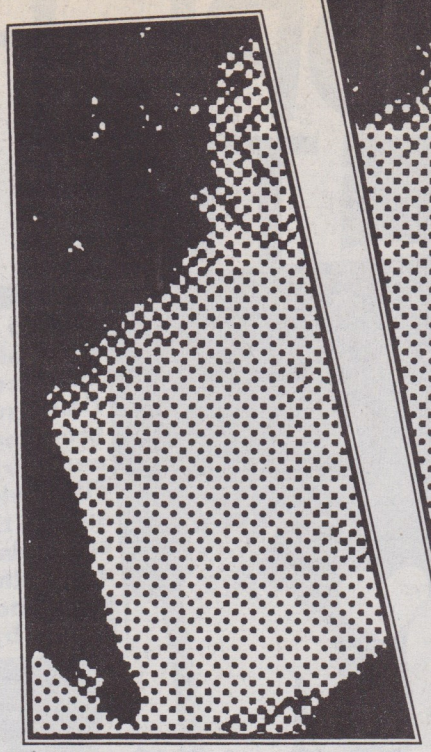
MRR: The band is ex-snipers and Amdi Petersens Armé correct? When did the band form, and what was the driving force to start it?

Kasper: Lets sort this thing out once and for all, cause I'm getting pretty tired of people who describes our band as being "with people from Amdi Petersens Armé and Young Wasteners"-in my opinion we don't have much in common with those two bands except from sharing the same shitty city. Me and Ronnie writes the songs, none of us have played in Young Wasteners, Ronnie played a little guitar in Amdi Petersens Armé but never contributed to the songs writing. I mean, this band have nothing to do with those other to. It's not that I don't like em, quite the opposite in fact, but I don't want people to think that this is some kinda Amdi Petersens Armé meets Young Wasteners band, cause that's bullshit. We started around when the Wasteners started (you know, that whole second wave thing of Copenhagen punk rockbands). Anyway, Peter must be to blame, since he's the one who played in those to bands, but he didn't join No Hope until two years ago and by then, we had allready played for almost two years. Ronnie has played in: Army of Sex (voc and guitar), Amdi Petersens Armé (guitar for a short period) and Snipers (voc and guitar) Kasper have played in: Hül (vocal), Asbest (drums) and Death Token (bass) who still exists. Jens played in: Army of Sex (bass). Peter played in: Amdi Petersens Armé (voc), Gorilla Angreb (voc and guitar) and Young Wasteners (drums)-I guess that should do it... one day I'm gonna make some kind of K-town bands family tree and send it around the world...

MRR: Are any of you involved with Ungdomshuset? What is it, and how important is it to the K-town scene?

Kasper: Ungdomshuset is the ground hold for the whole punk rock scene here in Copenhagen, all the bands are or have practiced there, and most bands had their first gig at that place. It's legendary. There are other places to play in Copenhagen, but they're not for everybody, and some of 'em you have to be over 18 to attend (unless your'e a girl of course...). Ungdomshuset is the only 100% DIY concert-place in Copenhagen, and it's so important for the whole scene. But Copenhagen is such a stupid little city, the amount of people who are into punk rock are so limited, and that causes a lot of tension cause everybody know everybody, and one can't slip a fart without everyone knowing about it. Bitter rumors, stupid fights, pointless separation and stuff like that sometimes really take all the fun away, but maybe





it's like that everywhere, I don't know.

Jens: We started the band there, in rehersal hall room no. 3.

Kasper: Every punk band in Copenhagen starts in room no. 3 actually. All the crust comes from room no 2.

Jens: If it hadn't been for Ungdomshuset, we probably never would have got together and we would never have gotten this far.

MRR: Why does K benhaven scene have a reputation for being snobs and not caring about bands from outside of K benhaven? Do you think that its true that K-town punx don't care about bands from other countries/cities etc?

Ronni: I've never heard that rumor, it must be the Young Wasteners guys you talk about...

Kasper: Hahaha! What a cool rep... I did not know... Do you have any special people in mind? haha... I haven't heard that rumor before, it sounds kinda stupid to me. The funny thing about the Copenhagen scene is that I don't think anybody outside Denmark really understands it. K-town hardcore is a bunch of inbred punk rock bands, nothing more. I think we have been nice to the foreign bands we have played along with, haven't we?

Ronni: We did tease a Swedish band once...

Kasper: Yeah, but they didn't get it anyway.

MRR: How would you describe No Hope For the Kids to people who have never heard you before?

Ronni: Its kinda slow. In early days it was even slower and more monotomous.

Jens: We use some rock'n'roll clichés. A very rocky version of punk... rock punk

Kasper: On the flyers here in Denmark we've been discribed as "punk rock from the trenches," "The soundtrack for your winter depression," "melodic warpunk"(I really hate that one!) etc. Kick'n'Punch wrote this about us in a newsletter "comparable to Sods and Danzig digging trenches in the heart of Kolyma," but thats maybe a bit too far out... The one we like the most is "Koldkrigsrock"(Cold War Rock), I don't know who came up with it, but its the best description I ever heard-it sounds better in Danish though.

Ronni: I use to tell people that we play punk rock, but then people starts asking "ohh, like the Sex Pistols?" or "I see, just like Avril Lavigne?" and I have to be more specific. Fucking idiots. Its just punk rock!

MRR: Did No Hope For The Kids set out to sound like a specific era/locale or did their sound just originate organically?

Ronni: Me and Jens had talked about making an old school rock band, playing covers of Twisted Sister and AC/DC... but that kinda mellowed out. We did have some funny cover songs in the beginning, some of whom we still play live once in a while.

Kasper: I wanted to have a sound like a mix of some of the Danish punk bands from the early 80s and Danzig. I read some reviews where we get compared to bands like TSOL and Agent Orange, but neither me or Ronnie have listened to those bands very much, I just got the *Living in Darkness* LP last month actually.

Jens: Our first song was Das Reich, if that helps with anything?

MRR: Kasper seems to be the driving force/genius/fascist in the band. Is this true?

Ronni: Driving force maybe, sometimes. But that's cause he's so young and eager to learn

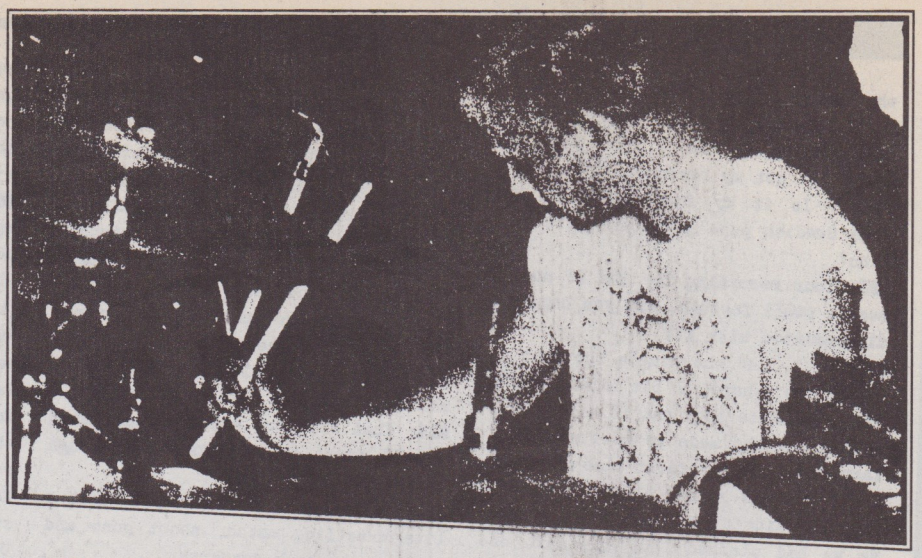
Kasper: Blabla... I'm just the only one who wanna put time into booking tours, finding studios, answering mails and so on, but that's fine. When it comes to songwriting its a split between me and Ronnie. Jens is the fascist of the band. Nothing is done without his approval, he's the only one with a veto right.

Jens: That's cause I got so many other things to take care of as well

Ronni: Yeah, he's the only one with a girlfriend, his own Amdi Petersens Arm6rtment, education and grown up behavior.

Kasper: That's true, grown up behavior. Jens don't like it when it gets too silly or too stupid. And he hates punks, including Ronnie and me.

MRR: What does it take for a gig to turn out perfect? And what could destroy a gig?



Kasper: Recent concerts have taught us that nothing is more important than the sound on stage. I fucking hate when I cant hear my own guitar, or when can hear nothing but my own guitar... in the early days my biggest worry was always if any people would show up and see the show, or if Ronnie would be too drunk to perform (which still is a concern sometimes...)

Ronni: Yeah right, blame it on me. I'm always worried if Kasper remembered to change his strings, cause I've never played in a band with one who breaks his strings as often as he.

Kasper: I do recall a lot of Snipers concerts with you breaking strings in every fucking song...

Ronni: Fuck you...

Jens: Easy now. I just want people to sing along, slam around and have a good time at the show. My biggest fear is to get misunderstood.

Kasper: Typical grown up behaviour...

MRR: Some people have been seig heiling when you play the song "Das Reich?" Was this suprising to you? How did you react? Why?

Kasper: Christ, I hate this question. Its something that sounds a lot worse than it actually is. I mean, it only happened in Copenhagen, and it wasn't nazi-skins who did it, just punks. People just overreacted and suddenly all these stupid rumors went about.

Ronni: I'm really tired of it, I think those people should stop cause we take all the shit afterwards.

Kasper: That's true, but I really don't have this big problem with it, cause I know who's doing it and I know why. That song, "Das Reich," is about nazi Germany, not pro or against, just about. Then some punks heil as they slam around in the pit, some of them even wearing no nazis patches, they heil because they in someway take part in the concert, take part in the song, like when Amdi Petersens Armé played "Stalin Jugend" it was the same thing, people heiled in the pit too shouting "Stalin!" but that never caused any problems. Of course it's offensive but people here in Copenhagen are overreacting about it I think. One guy came up to me and was like "maybe you guys should show what you are about a little clearer," saying that the cover for the "Das Reich" single could be misunderstood. That pisses me off, why all this shit? That cover is just fine as it is, I would be fucking shitty if it had a huge no nazis logo on it as well-why do it then? But it's a very local thing, we've never run into the same problems when playing outside Copenhagen. Never. Thats the kind of thing I talked about in the Ungdomshuset question.

Jens: About people giving the nazi salute when "Das Reich" is playing, that's what I talked about when I said my biggest fear was getting misunderstood.

MRR: Your'e very original compared to many Danish bands who tends to step in the same traces over and over again? Is this because you were fed up? You wanted to make a statement? What inspires you?

Ronni: I don't know. Maybe you put to much into it, I was just bored cause Snipers had broke up and I needed to do a band. There's no vision or any secrets about it. This band really suprised me though. I called Jens whom I had played with in Army Of Sex in back in the school days, asking if he wanted to start another band. Since I wanted to play the drums I needed a guitarist, and I knew Hül was breaking up, so I asked Kasper if he wanted to play guitar in this band I was staring up, not knowing if he where any good.

Kasper: I weren't very good

Ronni: No not in the start maybe, better than I expected though. Well, anyway, it just went on from there. Slowly I talked Kasper into making songs as well, and pretty soon we both had an idea of what kind of music this was going to be. Then Peter came along later on, so I could join Kasper at the front... with and extra guitar.

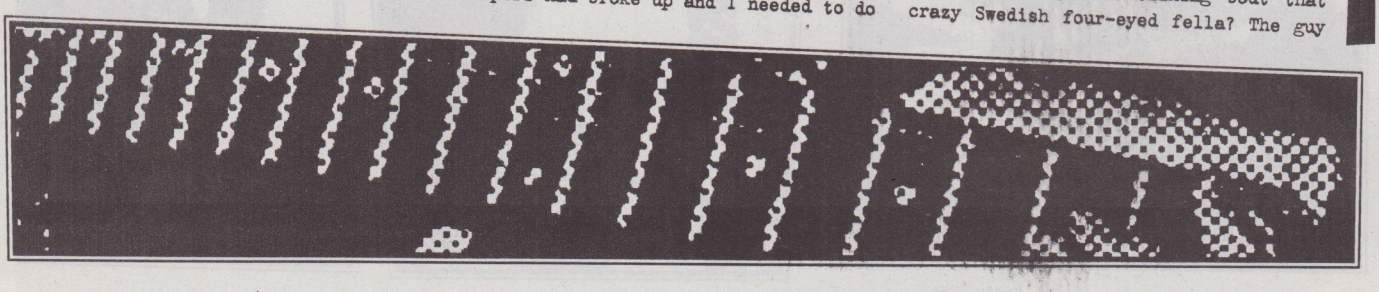
Kasper: I always liked they way we played slower than all the other Copenhagen bands at that time. The only thing I was fed up with was crust, which I still am...

Ronni: But let's talk about inspirations. War was the whole theme for this band to start out with, all the songs in the start was about the Eastern Front, tanks and landmines. We used to see a lot of war movies together in the start, we still do. Also reading all these old war comics about WW2. WW2 is a general inspiration I guess.

Jens: Yeah, and Sgt. Flint-the soldier who hated the war...

MRR: What do you think about people in the crowd cutting of Kasper's hair?

Kasper: Ohh, you're talking bout that crazy Swedish four-eyed fella? The guy



who calls himself Mr. Kuk Runker? Haha! I cant wait till the next time Intensity play, so I can jump the stage and get my revenge...

Ronni: Is it my imagination or did some Swedish punk jävel ask this quesion?

MRR: Your recording for the LP and 7" cost a small fortune. Are you happy or disappointed with it?

Kasper: I like the single the most...

Ronni: We where a bit disappointed with the mastering, but it was a really fat guy who made it so its okay...

Kasper: It was our first time at a real studio, so we gained a lot of experience. It didn't turn out quite as good as we had planned, but the next one will. It was a lot of fun though. We did get it pretty cheap compared to what they where used to...

MRR: This Danish band (Dodo & The Dodos) whose studio you recorded in. Who are they? How did you guys hook up?

Ronni: Dodo & The Dodos and another band called Rockazino are one of me and Kaspers big inspirations, they where pretty big in the 80s. They play some sort of pop-rock with Danish lyrics and female vocals, you should try getting some of their records. I think there's a greatest hits with both bands, that should be good to start out with...

Kasper: I worked at this studio, Happy Alley Recordings, who where owned by this big fat guy, Steen Svare, who also has a lot of small roles in various Danish movies and TV-dramas and the male singer from Dodo & The Dodos, Jens, Rud. and I guess they liked me, cause they asked if I had a band and if we where interested in recording there. The timing couldn't have been better since we where looking for a studio at that time, cause Kick'n'Punch had warned us that they wanted to release something with the band (and when they ask, you better do what your told). It did cost some money, but me and Ronnie had insisted on recording with more pro-equipment in order to get a really good sound.

Ronni: Well, maybe the sound didn't turn out just perfect, but we did have a lot of time to just hang out, since Kasper worked there, which we used coming up with vocal harmonies, guitar solos and various additional stuff.

MRR: What are your expectations about the US tour? Are everyone old enough to drink????

Jens: I really look forward to watch a live wrestling match, shoot guns and visit honky-tonk concerts...

Kasper: Yeehaah! me to, and to taste all this candy that they eat in all these sitcoms I'm addicted too. I'm only 20, so I guess I'll be drinking Cokes and milkshakes the whole tour... Is it really impossible to get drunk if your'e under age? Fuck that, I wanna try Miller in the can. And shop for some records of course.

Ronni: Crack, I can't find it in Copenhagen...

Kasper: We're also gonna attend this huge comic fair

MRR: Your'e bringing Death Token on the US tour, Kaspers other band together with Tue (Asbest) and Steffen (Broken Hallux). How did this happen?

Kasper: This fabulous guy from Backwards Masking, Mike the heathen, who books the tour, is a friend of Steffen. Last time he came to Denmark he lived at Steffens place, where we all hung out quite a lot during his visit. When we talked about touring the US with No Hope and it seemed pretty easy to bring Death Token along as well, since it only where two more people. That's how it happened. Death Token are not gonna play at all the show though, cause Tue and Steffen wanted some time off to see the country while over there.

MRR: Tell us about Copenhagen? What's happening? What bands are new?

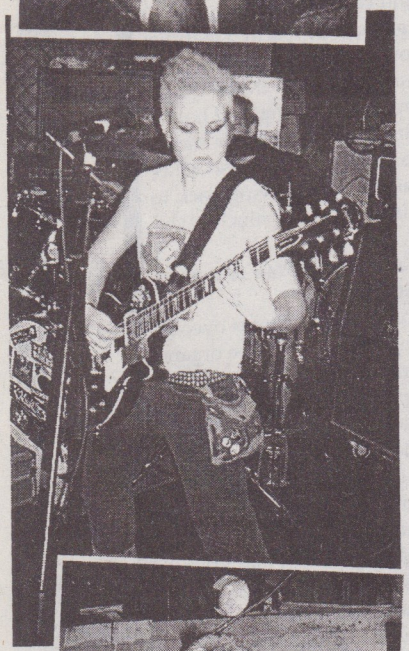
Jens: Before we mention any bands from Copenhagen we would like to draw atention to our dear friends & tour buddies-T VE! Great homocore from the second biggest city in Denmark, Aarhus. Great lyrics, great concerts and great people. Tjeck 'em out! An EP should be out soon on Mastermind records.

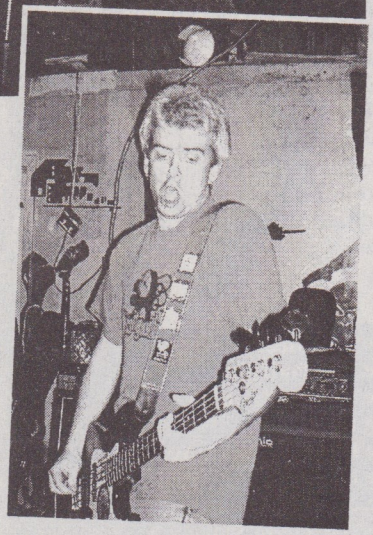
Kasper: In Copenhagen we have two new really good bands just comming up-D d Ungdom and Hjertestop. You people will love 'em, totally K-town-raw and ready to go! There's a new label just starting up called Spild Af Vinyl, they have just released a noise/hardcore comp called *Til Dine re Bl der* and are awaiting the first Death Token EP, *Funeral Music For K-town Hardcore*," to return from the pressing plant. Then we have Arrigt Antr k, still the youngest hardcore punk band in Copenhagen, who just recorded material for an EP which will be released by Instigate records. and Maximum O.D. I'm not shure you know 'em but they rip!

Ronni: Then we have the always fabulous Gorilla Angreb, who just released a really good four song EP. And are touring Iceland right now, which is why Peter couldn't be here for the interview.

Tour info can be found at Kick'n'Punch's website: www.kicknpunch.com Write No Hope For The Kids at this address: nhftk@ofir.dk

GAMMITS MW





I interviewed the Gammits MW via email at the end of March 2004. Ian "Iman" Lambert (bass, backup vox, body convulsions) was in Europe, Leif "Large Balls/LB" Barsness (drums, muscle flexes) was at home in Madison, Wisconsin. The other members Jake (lead vox, lead guitar, pick slides) and Angela (backup vox, rhythm guitar, angry stares) participated too. Ain't technology grand?

If you're not familiar with the Gammits MW, these fuckers play some of the most interesting, heavy, catchy punk rock possible. Every show they play is the core of what Midwest Punk is supposed to be—a drunken sing-along. If you don't know the chorus, you will the second time it comes around.

Interview by Turpentine.

MRR: How and when did this band happen?

Leif: We formed over two years ago in Madison. Me, Ian, and Jake had been playing together for a while, and when we decided to form the Gammits MW. We racked our brains for a while before it dawned on us to ask Angela. It was a little weird at first because none of us knew her except for her being in The Stiffs, a Misfits cover band. She turned out to be super awesome and she can deal with all of our stupid shit.

Angela: Yeah, they all grew up together. I guess they saw me at a few basement shows. My Doyle impersonation must have impressed them. Ian and Leif asked me to jam with them one night when I was at their house for a show. I thought I might have scared them off when I snidely replied, "You better fuckin' call me." But they actually did call me, and we've been together ever since. Like a fairy tale.

MRR: Describe your music without using the letter "T".

Ian: Thrashy, thumpy, terroizing, talent-less, top-heavy tunes. So, that was lame. I think we are goofy kids playing serious songs that happen to be driving, kinda thrashy, anthemy punk.

Leif: Ian fucked this one up, so let me try: raw, gnarly, killa-business. Kind of like some good creeper weed, because a song may sneak up on you, making you say, "Are you feeling irie?" Yes, you are, sucka.

Angela: I'm going to go ahead and make up my own genre. I guess I would consider our music a type of "mutt rock", just because the bulk of what the four of us are influenced by and listen to is pretty varied. We scream, we sing, we can do either at several different speeds. We're not trying to really sound like any one thing or fit any one niche. We do sing about issues, though, social and political. The hell we're ever going to write some sappy, pointless song about some faded romance.

MRR: Who writes the songs? What is the process?

Leif: I guess we all contribute, however, I would personally break it down like this: Jake writes the hits (look for the songs with solos), Angela writes the classic punk rock songs, and Ian just writes some crazy shit.

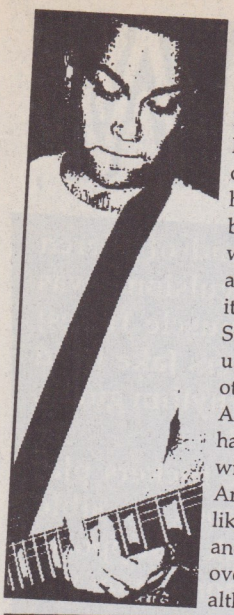
Ian: We usually come to practice with ideas and then we transform them together. Unless Angela wants us to make guitar noises with our mouths. Then we just stare blankly until the matter is dropped. Sometimes Jake and I get drunk at parties, come up with ideas, and sing them to each other at the moment. A few times that has produced a decent song. Damn, Jake, that almost sounds romantic.

Angela: The fact that we all partake in the song writing has really helped us a lot to expand our grasp on the whole process and even on how we play our instruments. Usually Jake, Ian, or I will come to practice with a new song in mind in the form of a few guitar riffs and some lyrics with a vague conception of how we want them linked. Then, we just work through it and add to the song as a band until we're happy with it. I still think that a bridge of just vocals doing the guitar part would be awesome.

MRR: You guys tour a lot, especially since you come from Madison, where most bands kinda kick around for a few years and break up. Where does the drive come from?

Leif: I think this is something we all really wanted to do, but Ian definitely deserves the most credit for making it happen. Make no mistake; he works his ass off to book these tours. Once we got that first tour under our belts, I think we learned a lot about ourselves as friends as well as a band, and realized that we can do this and we love doing it. I think that we tour a bunch because we have made really good friends all over the country as a result of throwing a shitload of shows at our old house, Old Man Willie's. I suppose we learned a lot from what those touring bands had to say.

It's good to have friends as contacts in



other cities for shows. Punk rock is an awesome world-wide community and being connected through friendships and a love of shows is really what makes it possible for us to do this.

Ian: Well, there have not been too many bands from Madison that have toured. This results in a lack of a culture that promotes touring and passes the skills; hence, we have bands that linger around and then break up before anyone outside of Madison knows who they are, even if they were amazing. But, I have always wanted to tour and I was determined to figure it out. I did anything I could to learn the process. The Straight to Your Brain kids had a lot to do with getting us going. Now, I am helping book tours for other Madison bands in an attempt to end the drought. And, for us, it is an obsession. It is what makes us happy and keeps us occupied. I am actually on tour with IFarm as I write this. In Graz, Austria to be exact.

Angela: Touring is the best part about being in a band like this, and it's definitely addictive. Being on the road and meeting such amazing and generous people all over the country really feels like such a privilege, although I bet anyone with enough motivation can do it. I don't mind sleeping in a van or going a few days without a shower when I get to play a show every day and not go to work for a few weeks. And we all have to thank Ian for it. He's the one who constantly is working his ass off to book us another show halfway across the country.

MRR: Got any good tour stories?

Ian: I will let Leif decide if he wants to talk about the time he pissed his sleeping bag in the van and then continued to sleep in it. One of my favorites happened in Atlanta. We played this really shitty show at some bar in the "bad" part of town. There was no one there and the bartender had fangs, which added to the pleasant atmosphere. So, at some point, Leif comes out of the bathroom with a distraught look on his face and he says, "Man, that is fucked up!" I had no idea what he was talking about and I headed towards the bathroom, not heeding Leif's look of concern. I got in there and the dude who just cooked our food is standing with his pants at his ankles and J.O.'ing into the urinal. "J.O.'ing" is Madison slang for jacking off!

Leif: Ian mentioned me and the sleeping bag. So, we were all crashed out in the van, and I had one of those dreams where you're pissing, you know? Well, I woke up, and found my dream to be a reality! Yes, I had pissed my sleeping bag in the van filled with my bandmates. They were all still sleeping, so I snuck out the back with a fresh pair of boxers and headed to the truck stop bathroom to clean up. When I got back, I pulled out the sleeping bag and began spraying the hell out of it with Fabreeze. Just then, Jake got out of the van and asked what I was doing. I told him I was "Just freshening up." He bought it, and I could have never told anyone, but please, I had to tell!

Another funny story is the time we were in Florida at the beach, and we were drinking kinda hard and cooking up some grub. I got a call from a nice girl that I'd met at the previous night's show. She invited all of us to come to some other beach, drink, and play some volleyball. Well, Ian and Jake were down, but Angela was not about to let anyone of us drive cuz, yeah, were getting a little 'toxed. I must have been just drunk enough, because I decided to make a big deal out of it, telling Angela that "I thought I left my mom back in Wisconsin" and blah blah blah. Well, she ended up grabbing me by the shirt and pulled me in hard, connecting on a most brutal head-butt! I think that knocked some sense into me, because all I did was bitch a little more and then decide to hang back and just get sloppy at the campsite.

Angela: We once fit eight people, luggage, and two bands' equipment in our van, which only has five seats and a loft, and we drove partially naked across Arkansas in the middle of August with a half-busted radiator, AKA no air conditioning. Good times!

MRR: You recorded in NYC, how did that come about?

Leif: We became friends with IFarm, and at one of the shows they played in Madison, I guess they told us that if we ever wanted to come out to Brooklyn and record, they'd be happy to do it. We ended up going out there, recording, and having a blast in the process.

Ian: We were friends with the IFarm kids and they offered to help. Plus we wanted to record the album away from home so we could concentrate.

Angela: It was very, very generous of IFarm. We drove 17 hours straight to NYC over spring break, recorded like 13 songs in a week, and drove back. It was quick, stressful, and mostly a drunken good time; just how it should be. Nothing like doing vocals at 5 in the morning. The only bad part was nearly dying when a tire decided to fly off our van as we were driving back to Wisconsin. Jake, who was driving, pretty much saved our lives that night.

MRR: Angela, do you get any of the "You're a good guitarist, for a girl" bullshit?

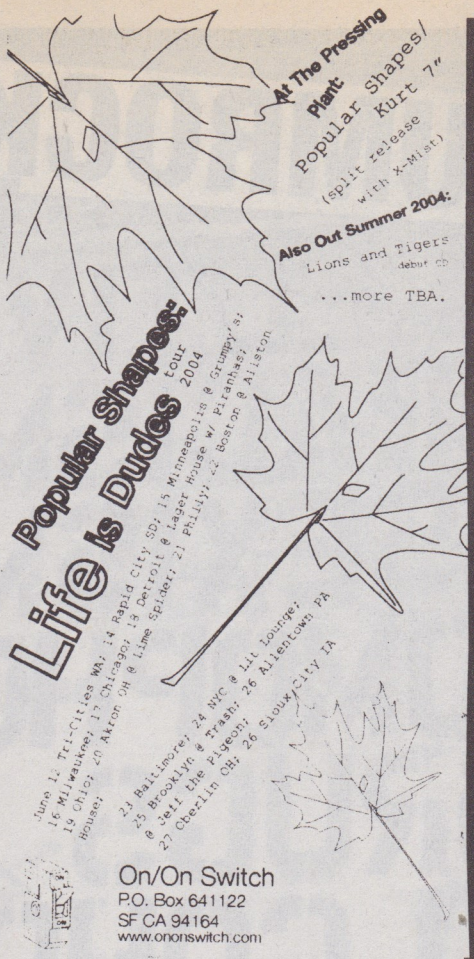
Angela: Yeah and no. No one blatantly comes over to me after a show and questions my reproductive organs because I can play a few chords. But sometimes people are surprised, I guess. Most people assume I play bass or just sing, which really pisses me off. I pretty much vowed to myself to never play bass to avoid being a part of the "I'm the girl in the band" stereotype that some people have. I think that most of the people that would go to our shows, though, are more aware and intelligent than that. The only real problem that I recall having directly, though, was in Florida when some older guy tried stuffing dollars down my pants. I'm pretty sure I spit on him.

Leif: I know this is for Angela, but at a show at Luther's Blues in Madison, some dipshit told Ian that we were a good band, but should have Angela play in the middle to "market that we have a girl in the band." What a piece of shit. I think that the drums should be in the middle and in front of everyone.

thegammits@yahoo.com

Tour dates:

May 28 Chicago
May 29 Lansing
May 30 Rockford
May 31 Iowa City
June 1st, KC, St. Louis or quad cities? Need help!
June 2nd, Lawrence
June 3rd Wichita
June 4th Oklahoma City
June 5th Austin
June 6th Ft. Worth
June 7th Los Cruces
June 8th Albuquerque, NM
June 9th flagstaff - j
June 10th Las Vegas or San Diego
June 11th LA
June 12th Bay area
June 13th bay area
June 14th Medford, OR
June 15th Portland
June 16th Portland
June 17th Seattle
June 18th Kennewick, WA
June 19th Missoula, MT
June 20th Billings MY
June 21st, Pierre, SD
June 22nd Minneapolis



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SUMMER 2004 TOUR DATES

DAMAGE DEPOSIT

damagedeposit.havocrex.com

July 16 Chicago
17 St Louis
18 Lawrence ks
19 Denver
20 Salt Lake City
21 Seattle 2d ave pizza
22 Portland
23 Berkely Gilman st.
24 Santa Cruz
25 Stockton
26 Ventura County
27 LA, The Smell
28 San Diego
29 Phoenix
30 Albuquerque
31 Dallas/Fort Worth
August 1 Austin
2 Alabama?
3 Brandon Sound Idea
4 Daytona Beach
5 Virginia Beach
6 DC
7 Boston
8 Rochester
9 Buffalo
10 Clevo
11 Columbus
12 Pittsburgh
13 Pointless Fest, Phila

VICTIMS

www.victimsinblood.com

August 13-15 Pointless Fest
16th Allentown w/ Kylesa
17th NYC with kylesa
18th Baltimore or DC
19th Richmond
20th Providence
21st Boston
22d Buffalo
23d Cleveland
24th Pittsburgh
25th Columbus
26th Detroit with kylesa
27th Chicago with kylesa
28th Mpls: Thrash Fest 6 29th
29th Des Moines
30th Lawrence
31st Oklahoma City
Sept 1st Dallas/Ft worth
2d Austin
3 Little Rock
4 Nashville
5th Cincinnatti
6th Philadelphia

Skitsystem US tour
August 28th-Sept 6th
tour dates coming soon

Thrash Fest 6 Aug 28th
Minneapolis Triple Rock
Skitsystem, Victims, Kylesa, Misery, Path of Destruction + more TBA

All dates subject to change
go to www.havocrex.com for updates

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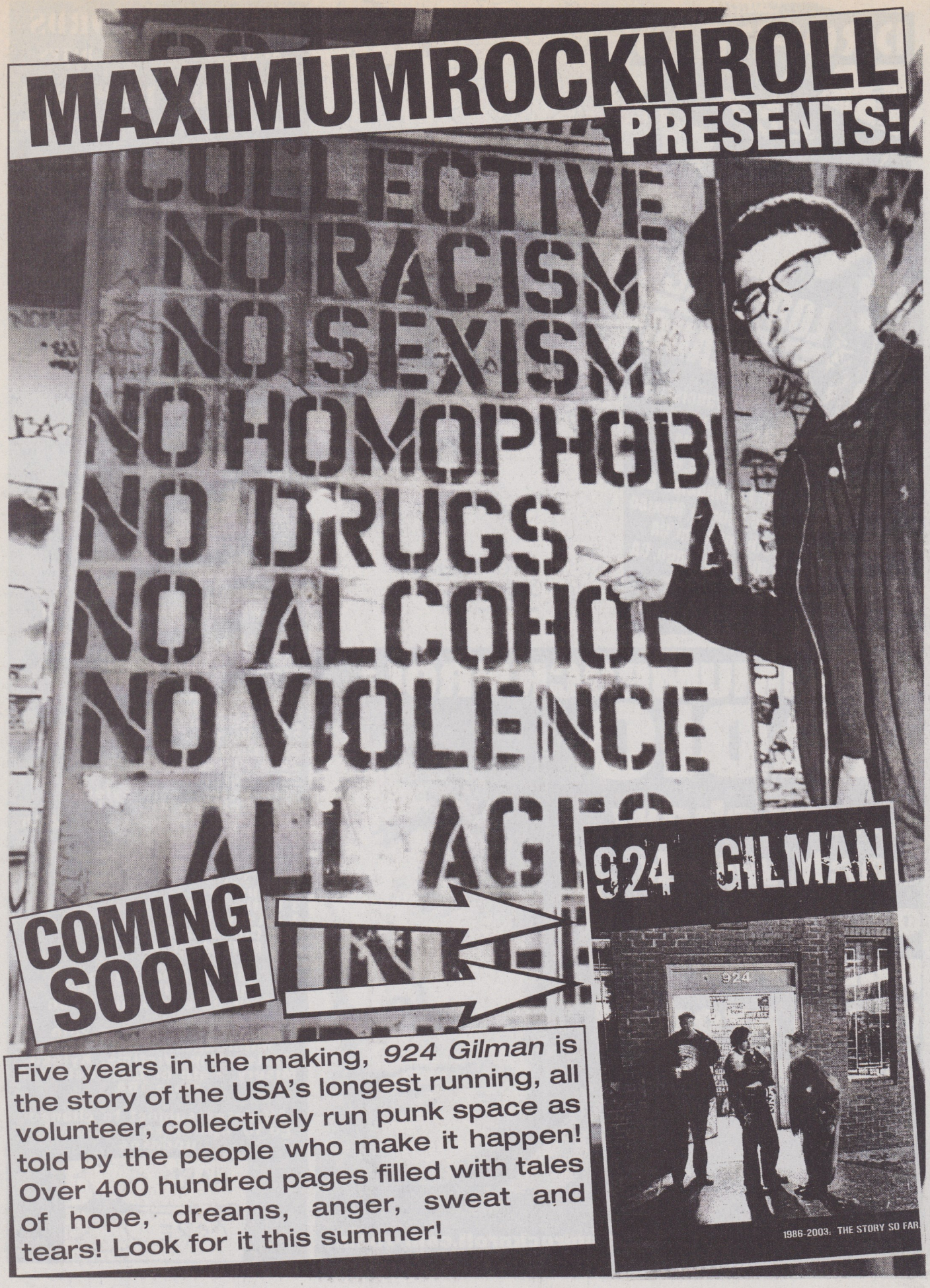


COMING SOON!

924 GILMAN

Five years in the making, *924 Gilman* is the story of the USA's longest running, all volunteer, collectively run punk space as told by the people who make it happen! Over 400 hundred pages filled with tales of hope, dreams, anger, sweat and tears! Look for it this summer!

BOOKS

Morphing the Blues: the White Stripes and the Strange Relevance of Detroit
Martin Roach
321 pages • $15.95
Chrome Dreams • PO Box 230
New Malden, Surrey
KT3-6YY United Kingdom

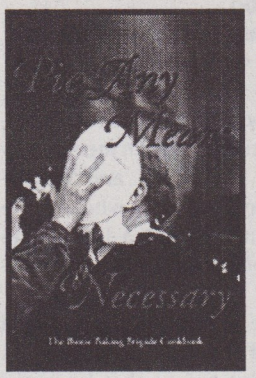
Writing these type of rock bios must be a sweet job. Cull some already-published interviews, talk about their hometown scene and then get to work. Connecting the dots, really. I enjoyed this author's previous book (*Dr. Martens: The Story of an Icon*) on the history and significance of said punk shoes. That one had a wealth of background, interesting photos and amusing insight. *Morphing the Blues*, however, is just another quick-bio on the latest hot alternative band (Roach's other bios include Nine Inch Nails, Destiny's Child, Radiohead, Nirvana and Eminem).

The story here is a familiar one to most *MRR* readers: ambitious local indie band with fashion sense and a hot sound capitulates to mainstream success and things get predictably weird. What separates the Stripes is that they play raw two-piece boy 'n' girl rock, unabashedly covering American blues songs. Schtick aside, I'm more interested in how much debt Jack feels towards Mick Collins of the Gories and his other other musical (but not white) predecessors. Or how Meg feels about being a novice on the drums and a woman in the spotlight. Instead, we get some Detroit rock history and a timeline of their "rise" to fame.

Moreso, I wanted answers from the White Stripes for: using the American flag as a backdrop during wartime; why they let their record label bully BBC's John Peel; and why Jack did a live web-cast of his finger surgery. But the closest we get to answers is from the other players in this drama. John Peel, no stranger to punk and success, offers this prophecy: "There are very few people who have managed to survive this business. It is a killer, of course, sometimes literally so, and those big corporations can't afford to take risks." We don't really get any of the band's perspective—they declined to be interviewed. Quotes are pulled from other interviews and whichever friends/associates. It's a bit like those sketchy Nick Broomfield documentaries, the British filmmaker who made the compellingly atrocious Kurt 'n' Courtney and 2Pac 'n' Biggie movies.

Roach handles the material better than most, though, given the paucity of source material. He follows the John Peel quotes with a *NY Times* interview from March 2003 wherein Jack digs his own self-absorbed grave, "When I was a teenager, I was really into voicing my political opinions. But I could never see anything coming from it...I'm scared of having nowhere to go with it. A band like Rage Against the Machine, they were very political and angry, but it seems like they ran out of things to be angry about, so they had to go back and talk about Vietnam. It can be interesting, but is that what you want to do, get angry about things you didn't even experience." Sure, Jack. I hope the piles of money help you through such thorny quagmires.

Understandably, this book was probably rushed since the White Stripes (and the garage rock "revival" of the past two years) are already fading from pop-culture relevance. Endless fodder for the capitalist maw. Hope everyone had a good time. "See you in the cutout bin, lovelies." Enjoy your Hollywood swingin'.
- Travis Fristoe



Pie Any Means Necessary: The Biotic Baking Brigade Cookbook
116 pages • $12
AK Press
674-A 23rd St.
Oakland, CA 94612-1163

Ever since I saw photos of Bill Gates getting a pie thrown in his face a few years back, I've thought that there are few methods of political protest as fun, hilarious, and attention grabbing as pie-throwing. There's something about seeing a businessman or politician talking to colleagues, wearing an immaculately clean suit, and acting like he's on top of the world, and then—pie attack!! It's so humiliating! It's amazing how much a little pie can do!

This book compiles all sorts of information about pie-throwing, written mostly by the throwers themselves. In between the crazy amount of puns ("No Pastry, No Peace!" "Speaking Pie to Power!" "Cream and Punishment"), there's lots of first-person accounts, plus pie-throwing songs and poems, pie recipes (designed for increased splat-ability), essays about the theories and history of the art, old newspaper articles, and plenty of photos.

The Situationists and Yippies heavily influence the politics of pie throwing, and the book includes some discussion of the importance of the prank as a political weapon. (As the book details, some current pie-throwers got their start in Paris in May '68, including Frenchman Georges Le Gloupier, who has pied pro-Iraq War philosopher Bernard-Henri Levy five times!) Unlike shouting, screaming, or attempting to physically assault your political rivals, throwing a pie is funny even to those who disagree with the politics behind the pastry. Only the truly uptight could be that upset about pie throwing, and the book is full of anecdotes about police officers joking with the pie throwers while detaining them. In France, Le Gloupier is something of a public hero, along with other activists with an eye to the spectacle (like Jose Bové), and none of his victims have pressed charges.

Pie throwing is an international sport, and the book does a great job including stories from all over Europe, the United States, and beyond. The book also details some non-pie food attacks, including many under-reported gems. (Did you know that US Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage was egged on a recent trip to South Korea?! Or that activists in Edmonton, Canada ate their ballets a few years ago to protest the electoral process?)

Overall, this book strikes the right tone between serious political commentary and complete ridiculousness. Higher quality photos, especially color photos, would make this even better, but this

is a great manual to political protest for a time when the media routinely ignores protests with hundreds of thousands of people. Somehow, it's impossible to ignore a pie in the face.

Given the success of pranksters like Michael Moore and Al Franken, I think the time is ripe for pie throwing on a massive scale. Dubya? Cheney? Rumsfeld? Why stop there? I'd like to see both Bush and Kerry pied during one of the upcoming presidential debates. And the moderators, too! Let's hear it for Peter Jennings covered in apples and dough! Punk rock!
—Maddy

Beggars of Life: A Hobo Autobiography
Jim Tully
70 pages • $15.00
AK Press/Nabats • 674 A 23rd St.
Oakland,s CA 94612-1163

Nabat—this book's publisher—is dedicated to "reprinting forgotten memoirs by various misfits, outsiders, and rebels" since, as they say, it is they who are the only true adventurers. It's a lofty statement but this book does a more than convincing job of proving it.

In his later life Jim Tully became one of the only honest—and feared—journalists of the early Hollywood era. He was a man of his word and a man good with his words. But before that he was a hobo, a lying tramp, a vagabond thief, a dirty bum.

As a teen Tully saw the hopelessness of factory and mining life and decided to hit the rails as a hobo, awakening in him an intense wanderlust. This burning took him up, down, and all around early 20th century America. Along the way he joined an entire culture living in society's shadows. He learned many hard lessons and endured many situations that might have made his abandoned factory life seem a pleasant alternative. To name but a few of his escapades:

Tully and another hobo jumped from a moving train while handcuffed together and being chased by police. ("I'll stick a knife in any dick that tries to catch me before I spend all summer in jail.")

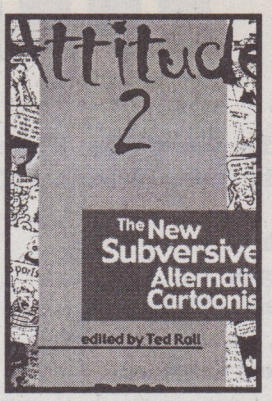
Tully held on to a friend while the friend's arm was caught and ripped off under the wheels of a moving train. ("Many thoughts rushed across my mind... Would I tell anyone of his death? They might hold me. How about a burial? What was the difference? Did Red have money? The gun...")

He spent 21 straight hours clinging to the sides, top, and undercarriage of a box car as it made its way from Kentucky to Washington D.C. (...the admiration that humans have for others who do the thing which they are not capable, or daring, or foolish enough to do.")

He lived utterly penniless. ("A guy may as well be broke as have a nickel.")

If I were to gleam an overall theme from this book I would say it was "simplify." Tully simplified his life by giving up everything tangible. He then used simple language to tell his story, never letting big words get in the way. And most interestingly, he took intense and incredible situations and often summed them up with a mere sentence.

Tully lied, cheated and stole his way through his young life and his detachment from ethics make this book all the more honest and candid. Beggars of Life sucks all the carefree romance out of vagabond traveling and replaces it with fascinating realism that, in the end, makes it even more alluring. A fantastic read.
—Craigums



Attitude 2: The New Subversive Alternative Cartoonists
Edited by Ted Rall
128 pages • $13.95
NBM • 555 Eighth Ave, Suite 1202
New York, NY 10018

Ted Rall is both a big figure in "Alternative Cartoon"-ing and a columnist for this magazine. His strips appear in major national and international papers and magazines, and are sometimes printed in mainstream publications like *The New York Times*. This book is a very pleasant by-product of his success.

Rall seems to have done a good job of including both edgy well-known artists and the up and coming creators. Even though Aaron MacGruder has crossed over commercially (TV show starting production and movie script at Sony), he is in here. Even though several artists' works appear only in the local papers of lesser US cities, they are here. In good subversive style, Rall gives each creator, without regard to sales potential, roughly equal space: 5-7 pages of samples and interview.

Besides McGruder, Rall also presents scene veterans Max Cannon ("Red Meat"), Shannon Wheeler ("Too Much Coffee Man"), Keith Knight ("The K Chronicles"), Alison Bechdel ("Dykes To Watch Out For"), Barry Deutsch ("Ampersand"), David Rees ("Get Your War On") and Marian Henley ("Maxine!"). The lesser known include Emily Flake ("Lulu Eightball"), Greg Peters ("Suspect Device"), Kevin Moore ("In Contempt"), Tak Toyoshima ("Secret Asian Man"), Jennifer Berman (several magazines), Eric Orner ("The Mostly Unfabulous Social Life Of Ethan Green"), Justin Jones ("Soda-Pong"), Jason Yungbluth ("Deep Fried"), Mikhaela Reid ("The Boiling Point"), Tim Kreider ("The Pain- When Will It End?"), Brian Sendelbach ("Smell Of Steve, Inc."), Neil Swaab ("Rehabilitating Mr. Wiggles"), Stephen Notley ("Bob The Angry Flower").

Every one of these people has a strip in here that will crack you up. Some will get you every strip. Some will make you think a good bit, too. Some may be concerned with issues that don't move you. Some may even make you a bit uncomfortable! But every artist has at least one strip that will make you laugh. Rall has really done a great job assembling this book.

This is not primarily a compilation of strips by the cartoonists included. There are plenty of strips from each cartoonist in the book, and for some of the artists this is as close to a compilation as you can find. However, the meat of the book is Rall's interviews with each artist. Mutual respect and common interests make the interviews warm, friendly, and loose. Since few of us can sit around and chat with these artists, Rall has done it for us. If you just want to read strips, this may not be your best investment. If you are interested in the current cartooning scene (and in enjoying a varied bunch of strips, too) this book is for you.

Rall discusses both issues of art craft and social politics with these people in a chummy, peer-to-peer conversational style. All these people seem to share the same political views (hate Bush). Conservative Talk Radio folks will have a lot of fun ripping this book to shreds on their shows. Any Republican-hater will get off on the cartoons in this book. And it should be strapped to the face of any Fox News fan. If it don't cure 'em, maybe it'll at least kill 'em.

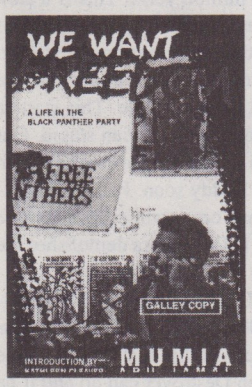
When the conversations turn away from our ugly political scene, they do present plenty of thought on the craft of cartooning and the life of cartoonists. In many cases, the artists recount bits of their personal histories and other such stuff that their fans will want to read. Aaron MacGruder was in the midst of switching his focus from "Boondocks" to Hollywood when interviewed, so there plenty of his feelings about this major career turning point (if it works out...). Many folks bring up those who influenced their art or their politics. Since Rall is a cartoonist himself, he knows enough about selling the work to discuss this issue.

Several interviews touch on the interaction of artist and marketplace, in this book both small newspapers and huge distribution syndicates. After reading this book, you will feel like you know what it is to be an "alternative cartoonist"! At least, it worked for me.

There're also one or more photos of each artist, including baby/child pics. I'm proud to say that several of Mikhaela B. Reid's cartoons blew me away before I saw her photo and lost my critical faculties. And for the man-lovers, Max Cannon's photo reveals he's a cross of Leonardo DiCaprio and V.I. Lenin! Hey folks, cartoonists are much better sex objects than all that Hollywood Capitalist hype!

I do wish Rall had arranged for some roundtable discussions as part of the book. The creators include traditional comic artists and digital age clip art arrangers. Some analog versus digital hostility would liven things up here. As it is, Rall himself never challenges and always supports. If he treated Bush this way, only Repubs would read his strip! Of course, it would be pretty ugly to invite someone to contribute to your project so you could talk shit about them! One of the following is true: A) either the cumulative effect of all this chumminess is little over-sweet or I'm just too cynical to enjoy it right. B) The sense of camaraderie is pleasant and charming. A or B; decide for yourself.

One of the "K Chronicles" Keith Knight cartoons printed starts like this: "Someday, years from now...If all the evidence isn't shredded and destroyed...our children are gonna look back at this current administration's actions and ask us: Why didn't you do anything to stop them?" As long as this book's sales somehow help a major corporate player, it ain't gonna be shredded. And someday "our children" will at least have evidence that a big chunk of the Baby Bush era American marketplace was screaming "Stop! Stop!" So buy two and bury one somewhere safe. Good job, Mr. Rall.
—Seth Hollander



We Want Freedom: A Life in the Black Panther Party
Mumia Abu-Jamal
320 pages • $18.00
South End Press
7 Brookline Street #1
Cambridge, MA 02139-4146

For those of you who don't know who Mumia Abu-Jamal is, we hope you woke from your recent coma in good health. To get you back up to speed with what's going on in the world, Abu-Jamal was sentenced to death for the murder of Philadelphia Police officer Daniel Faulkner in 1982. Since then, international protests erupted all over the world for his railroading through the judicial system. In 2001, his death sentence was overturned but the appellate court held the conviction. Abu-Jamal is still in jail.

During these 22 years in prison Abu-Jamal, an award-winning journalist noted for his hard-hitting critiques of local government, wrote three books and recorded numerous spoken word albums. But the one thing he hasn't done is discuss his case. This deliberate omission of his own plight shows his composed reserve and stoic manner, as I know if I were in a similar position and had access to a publisher, my book would be nothing but 320 pages of "Help me! Oh, mother of God get me out of here!" Previous Abu-Jamal books have dealt with the prison system as a whole, racism and political bias in our judicial system, and the spiritual influence among African Americans. In We Want Freedom, Abu-Jamal discusses the life and history of the Black Panther Party, which he joined at the tender age of fifteen. As with his previous books, he has left himself out of the narrative for the most part, concentrating on the party as a whole, rather than on its members.

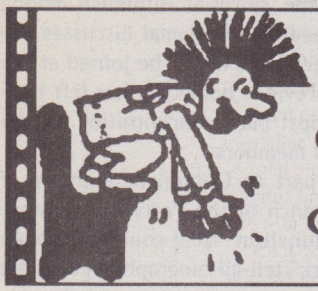
His reluctance to glorify his part as Lieutenant Minister of Information in the Philadelphia branch of the Party is one more example of his resistance to sensationalism. What could have been just another "Man, I did all the work" tell-all biography becomes a serious scholastic study into the formation, expansion, and ultimate disintegration of the Black Panther Party. Movements don't appear in a vacuum, and the first two chapters are a history lesson detailing the situation in America that brought rise to the ideals and ten-point program that the Panthers adhered to.

Abu-Jamal's self-omission seems all the more deliberate when he describes the decline of the party due to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover's COINTELPRO. The organization infiltrated the Black Panthers and triggered infighting, mostly by preying on egos of those involved, particularly between Eldridge Cleaver and Huey Newton.

For people who aren't versed in Black Panther lore, it's a fascinating case study of one of the most watched resistance movements of this century. But for those familiar with the story, the book screams for personal experiences to liven up the imagery. It takes 46 pages, not counting the introduction, before the reader gets to any first-person narrative. Abu-Jamal's own stories are the best part of the book, but there are simply not enough of them: only a few pages of personal narrative are tacked on to the end of most chapters. The Philadelphia chapter warrants scant mention in comparison with the Oakland and New York affiliates.

Abu-Jamal's resistance to first-person narrative is to be commended, and it's nice to know his journalistic skills of staying out of the story are still intact after all this time in prison. But like it or not, most people purchase an Abu-Jamal book with the hopes of getting some insight into the man himself. They won't find that here, even with a title stating this is "A Life."
—Dean Carrico

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

GODZILLA VS. DARBY AND SATAN

I hope no smart punks will be fooled by the hype on **Media Blitz: The Germs Story** DVD. First off anything that mistakenly claims that "The Germs exploded on the New York scene..." like the back of this DVD does should be immediately discredited and avoided. Why hasn't someone recalled this DVD? Wasn't the fact checker in that week? This collection is so half-assed, it is embarrassing. I can only imagine how the other Germs feel about it.

Media Blitz: The Germs Story is a double DVD, though I am sure it could have all fit on one. The first DVD has a live performance at the Whiskey 1979. This is the infamous show where Pat Smear beats up a bouncer who is hassling someone at the front of the stage. The single camera shooting from the balcony mostly follows Darby Crash as he performs. There are a couple of occasions when Darby disappears from the stage and you get a shot of Don Bolles or Pat Smear. Smear is mostly absent from the footage except when the fight breaks out. Lorna Doom and Bolles are in the background behind Crash. Not the most ideal photography, but at least you get to see a performance. Also on disc one are all tracks from the *Media Blitz* CD. You can watch a black screen with the song titles on it while the music plays. I guess you can make up your own performance.

Disc two is very strange. There is a 45-minute interview with Don Bolles in which he tells the Germs story. There seems to have been no preparation. Someone just showed up with a video camera and started filming. One solitary shot of him while he talks about how he joined the band and what happened. He pulls out a bunch of records that influenced the Germs and complains that he never got why the other three were so into Queen when he met them. Bolles even gets a phone call from his drug dealer during the interview, but the camera just keeps rolling. I am always overly suspicious of anyone who lays claim to a band's legacy without input from the other members. This doesn't ease my mind in any way.

Also on disc two is a slide show, which is another ridiculous concept. Here you see pictures from the controversial *Lexicon Devil* book written by Brendan Mullen with Bolles and Adam Parfrey while live Germs songs play in the background. Bolles plugs this book a couple of times during his interview. I assume the advertising was in exchange for the interview. I get very pissed when I spend my money on something so someone can advertise something else to me. Just say no to this DVD.

When I read the printed information that came with the **Unspeakable: The Life and Art of Reverend Steven Johnson Leyba** video, it seemed like something I could understand. Here is a man exploring himself and his nature through art. It seems righteous enough. However, when I start watching them film, things seem different. I always expect a documentary to expose you to the best aspects of someone. Hopefully the filmmaker sees something in the subject and wants to show you it. That way even if I don't agree with the person at least I can appreciate that I have been opened up to a new experience.

That said the Reverend Leyba comes across as just another guy starved for attention. He has two claims to fame. One is that he is an ordained priest in the Church of Satan. The other is that he freaked out a bunch of San Francisco's elite when he performed the Apache Whiskey Rite in which he is sodomized by a Jack Daniel's bottle at a birthday. This performance is meant to represent the European settlers forcing alcohol on the Native Americans. Leyba is also an Apache Indian. It was performed in front of the mayor of San Francisco, the DA, a bunch of politicians and some football players from the 49ers. I found it funny at the time too.

Leyba does put himself through some pretty grueling physical feats. He has a woman cut pentagrams into his back with a razor. The blood drips down his back. The woman then pisses on him and collects the blood and piss in a bowl. Leyba then drinks the mixture. Not everyone could do that. In another scene, Leyba needs some of his own blood for a painting. He claims he finds that the best way to get blood is by sticking a needle into the tip of his penis. His girlfriend assists him.

Surprisingly Leyba's family members interviewed in **Unspeakable: The Life and Art of Reverend Steven Johnson Leyba** seem exceptionally supportive of his lifestyle and art. His grandmother jokes with him about things he does. His male relatives seriously inspect his art books. He receives endless praise from Blanche Barton, High Priestess of the Church of Satan; Durk Dehner, president of Tom Of Finland Foundation; photographer Charles Gatewood and others. Yet artists always seem to come across badly in documentaries. I am thinking maybe they should just let the art speak for itself. (Reptilian Records, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231, www.adversaryrecordings.com, $16 ppd.)

Hoping to go for something a little less intense, I thought I would see the re-release of the original Japanese version of Godzilla, **Gojira**. A man in a rubber dinosaur suit seemed like an easy way to lighten things up. Even though I had heard that the original version of Godzilla, before Raymond Burr was added and it was edited for American audiences, had more of a message than most monster flicks.

Gojira begins with a Japanese fishing boat being sunk by a mysterious glow in the ocean. The coast guard doesn't know what to make of it and sends a rescue boat that is sunk as well. The public finds out about the missing boats and demands to know what is going on. The government isn't talking. Then Gojira attacks an ocean town and the people see for themselves what is going on.

The monster has been awaken by nuclear testing and forced out of his underwater home where he has resided for two million years. This is a dark film with an obvious anti-war message that was conveniently edited out of the American version. At a parliament meeting the politicians do not want to tell the public about Gojira fearing that it will scare people. But a woman in the crowd says that is exactly why they should inform people. This starts a screaming match in which the woman finally calls the politician stupid. Out on the street a woman grabs her three children before Gojira reaches them and quietly tells them they will be going to see Daddy soon. Perhaps implying that they lost him in World War II. A woman on a train comments that she survived Hiroshima and cherishes life, right before Gojira demolishes the train.

The most significant aspect is the scientist Dr. Serizawa who has developed the one thing that will be able to defeat Gojira, the Oxygen Destroyer. He has an overwhelming sense of scientific responsibility that you don't see in American movies. He knows what the Oxygen Destroyer can do and if he uses it to fight Gojira everyone will know about it. Then in the future it may be used as a "weapon of horrible destruction". He is torn between saving people from Gojira and from themselves later on. What will he do? You'll have to see the film to find out. (www.rialtopictures.com/godzilla.html)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to me c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760. You can also reach me by e-mail at carolynmrr@juno.com

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

FEAR FACTORY

As crickets thrum in the wheat fields of southern Italy, ten year-old Michele (Giuseppe Cristano) walks across a plank, eyes closed, 20 feet above the ground. It's a dare from his bored friends watching from below, and Michele just about conquers his rising panic by somehow putting out of mind that his might be a short life. It's the first in a series of dares that memorable summer, and the rest he'll have to face all by himself.

To some, **I'm Not Scared** will come off as an unconventional coming-of-age film. Our young hero is just now figuring out the good guys and the bad; one lesson, it seems, is that sometimes there's not much difference.

Directed by Gabriele Salvatores (the Oscar-winning **Mediterraneo**), this film is set in the untilled grain fields of relatively poor southern Italy. Everything's fine until the boy rides his bicycle deep into the fields. Near the deserted farmhouse, under a sheet of corrugated aluminum, there's a deep pit. At the bottom is what looks like a body.

Ten years old, and he has his first encounter with death.

Frightened and perversely excited, Michele returns to the pit. To his shock, the body is that of a boy his age. And he's alive. Incoherent, near starving and covered with a gray hood, blond Filippo (Mattia di Pierro) at first seems like a specter. His leg is bound to a steel clamp to prevent escape. Michele would tell his parents but, in a flash of insight, realizes that there might be more than meets the eye.

Assisted by the organic feel of its surroundings, **I'm Not Afraid** is a series of simple variations on the theme of young fear and its vanquishment. Ordinarily, I have little patience for the coming-of-age drama (a cottage industry in Italy), but **I'm Not Scared** is bone dry of sentimentality, and offers typically natural performances from its mostly young cast. Told entirely from Michele's point of view, it charts that uneasy transition between playing with childhood toys and learning about troubling adult realities. Judging from Michele's actions, fear is apparently not a factor for him.

Neither, it would seem, for a band of amazing survivors (mostly children, like Michele) half a world away. Bearing a hopelessly odd title, **Starkiss: Circus Girls in India** is the kind of obscurity that would be mordantly funny if it weren't so sad.

The Great Rayman Circus may lack brand name recognition in the States, but apparently its reputation precedes itself in India. With much of the population so wretchedly poor, some parents job their young daughters to the circus for a premium of a few hundred rupees. In return, the mostly grammar school-age girls learn a small repertoire of feats, ranging from bird and animal acts to the "starkiss"—a dizzy twirl through the air with only your teeth holding onto a rotating bit. Most of the new recruits are from Nepal, earning a starting salary of about $2 a month.

Behind the scenes, the circus is like a prison camp run by a benevolent society. The sexes are strictly segregated, and you'd be hard-pressed to push one over on the shuffling gray-hair that guards the compound by night. Armed with an 18-inch flashlight that might double as a club. he runs continual circuits along the corrugated aluminum fence, earning sleep only when sun breaks.

The desperation of the performers seems to vary in direct proportion to the level of cheer their act demands. Johnson, a hunchbacked midget clown in his third decade, claims he'd vowed to kill himself if he weren't accepted into the circus. He brags that a local promised he'd let his daughter marry him—but only if he grows a few more inches.

Saiban, the circus's smallest performer, can fit into a small vinyl duffle bag, and seems to have the mentality of a child. He's the only male allowed to circulate around the girls. His helium-pitched voice belies the fact that he's probably pulling one over everybody.

Vinad Singh has the rare ability, supposedly gained through the practice of yoga, to swallowing several gallons of water, only to spit it up again like a human fountain. He can also swallow and regurgitate live goldfish into a cup.

The Great Rayman Circus sends recruiters through India and Nepal, but that doesn't stop desperate parents from sending their children there without notice. Those children pay a heavy cost; instead of benefiting from the cloistered circus environment, the girls have no choice but to begin a life of prostitution.

As captured by documentary filmmakers Chris Reilleke and Jascha de Wilde, the circus is a pathetic existence that's all the more sad because these people actually have it *good*. **Starkiss...** is a study in anachronism, where children are sold into labor, but who gain a skill and a living. They're protected, but by folding metal walls and a promise that, once out, a young performer won't be invited back. This isn't so much an expose as a study of desperate people charged the job of making audiences laugh.

At least in far-off Haiti, the unfortunate have had an advocate, albeit self-appointed. This is a tribute to the life and times of Jean Dominique, whose journey took him from the fields of Haiti to a political power that led to his assassination. **The Agronomist**. Director Jonathan Demme is better known for blockbusters like **The Silence of the Lambs**, but here offers a rough-hewn video documentary with some special insights into the man said to be "the conscience of Haiti."

From his earliest years, Jean Dominique was allowed by his father to skip school to visit plantations all over Haiti. By the time he was 20, he was expert enough to counsel farm-owners on increasing yield and reducing crop disease. But when the family lost its land, he became an "agronomist without land."

When, on a fluke, he asked a local radio station owner if he'd like to sell, it quickly turned into a business negotiation. Within the year, he was broadcasting the kind of programming that no one in Port au Prince had heard before. He now dedicated himself to the free flow of political information to the poorest Haitian classes.

Jean Dominique is a man of paradoxes. He's a white, French-speaking man in a predominately black society. He's exceptionally literate and articulate, but his audience is mostly poor farmers. An aesthete who believes in the redeeming powers of art and cinema, he's chosen a work that keeps him from both. Still smarting from his early days when his cinema club was shut down by the ruling Papa "Doc" Duvalier, Jean set up Radio Haiti to be the voice of the common man.

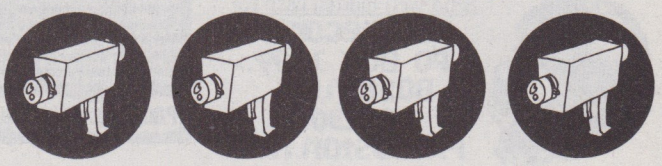
As Tim Yo once wryly mentioned, free speech is often tolerated until it starts having an effect. Dominique's broadcasts rankled the government, whose troops riddled the facade of the radio station with bullets. No one was hurt, but Jean Dominique was savvy enough to retreat to the U.S. until things cooled off.

In his interviews, Jean seems like could sit behind a microphone forever. He speaks in impassioned French, and frequently flashes intense eyes at the camera; the thrill of freedom of speech almost possesses him. He gesticulates wildly, and shows a gift for the well-turned slogan. It's clear why the long-lasting Duvalier regime was uncomfortable with his media presence.

When Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a gifted preacher, was soon elected to replace the deposed Duvalier, it was finally safe for Radio Haiti to begin broadcasting again. But with a two regime changes in the next ten years, Jean Dominique would face a new set of foes.

Jean Dominique's assassination was to signal a new era in government oppression. Now, the baton is in the band of his wife, Michele Montas, his most valued assistant for years. She'll need all the help she can get. A recent coup has ejected Aristide, and conditions are so bad that only half of the police force shows up for work. Garbage is accumulating in the streets, and the most desperately poor survive on "dirt biscuits" —a mix of water, butter, flour, and dirt. If there was any time Haiti country needed its conscience back, it's now.

While technically, there some rough edges in **The Agronomist**, it's sure to be an inspiration to anybody whose business is the "get the word out."



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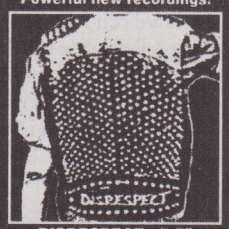

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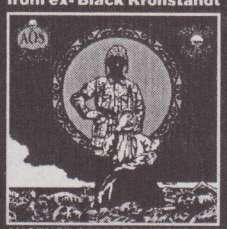

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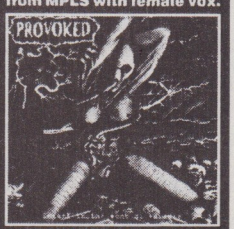

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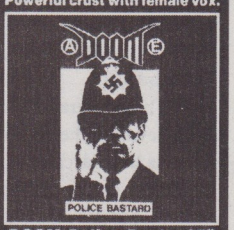

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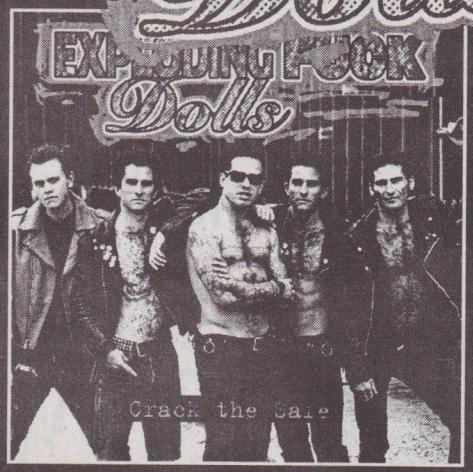

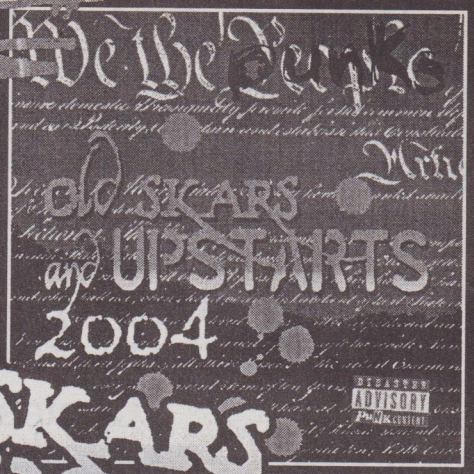

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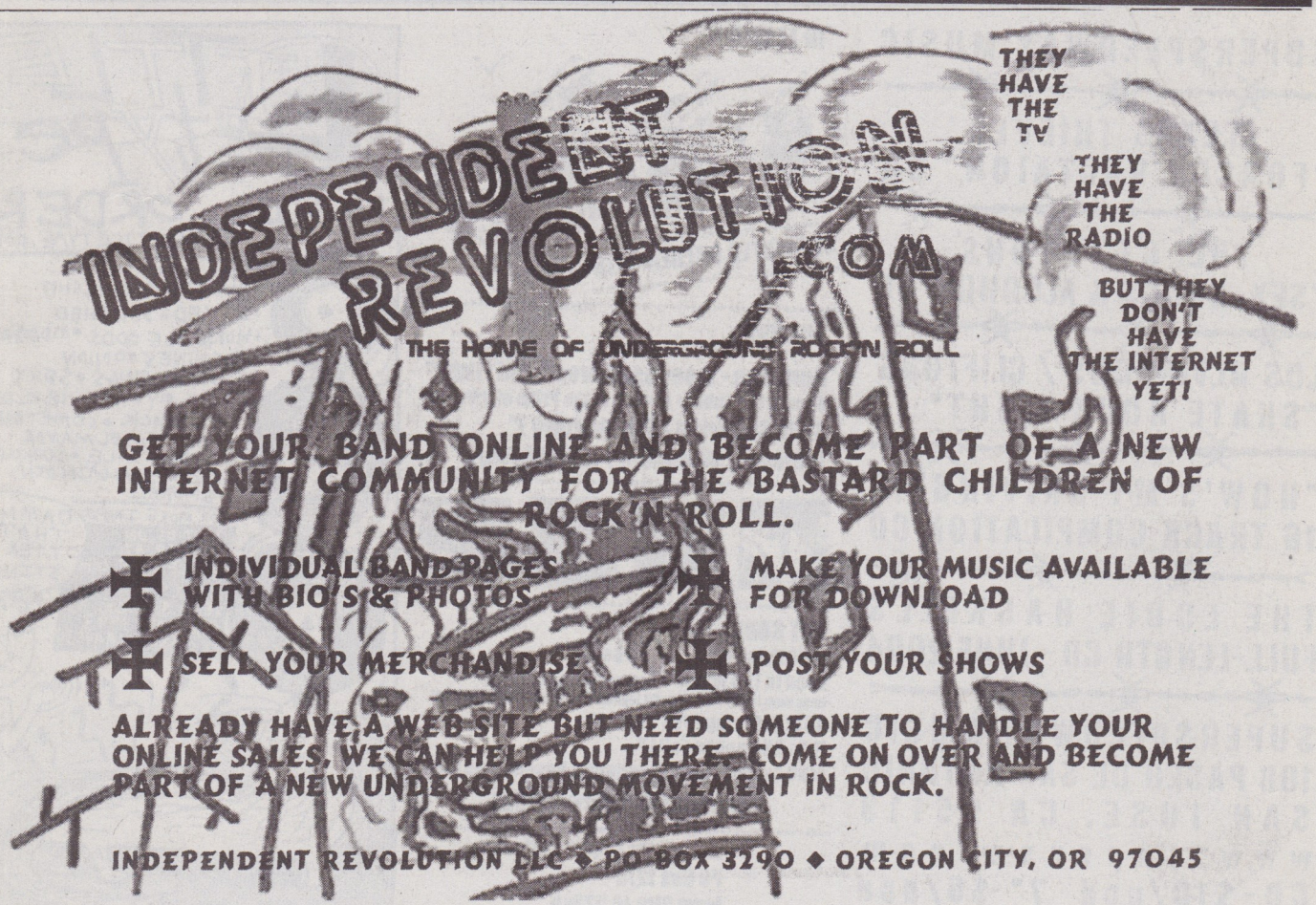

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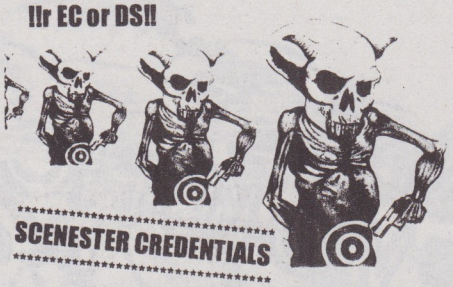

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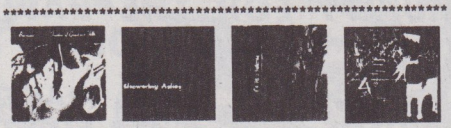

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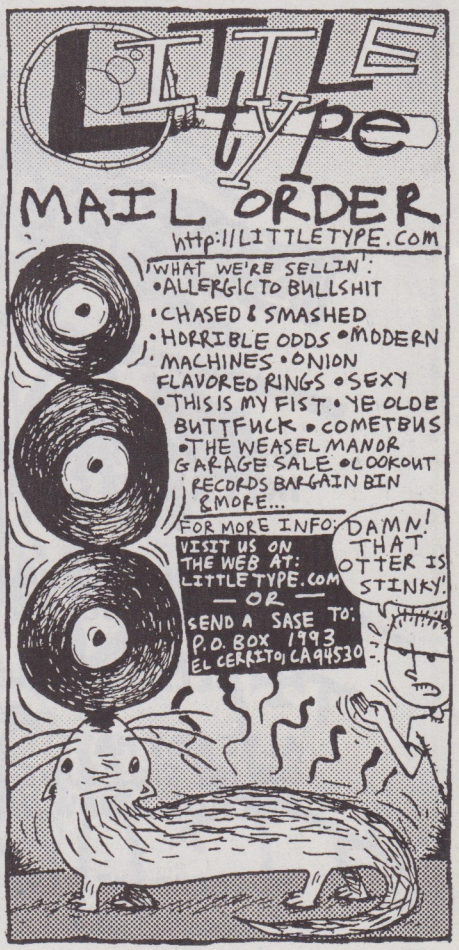

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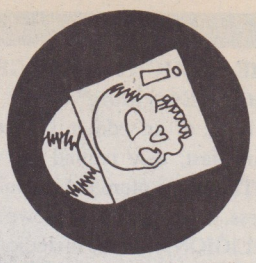

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46 SHORT – "Just a Liability" CD

Dense punk hardcore with wall-of-noise guitars and a vocalist with a rough-edged drawl. This is the second CD I've reviewed today with a song about gun violence. Must be some kind of trend. This isn't getting me particularly excited, but it's not bad. (AM)
(Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012, www.gokartrecords.com)

69 CHARGER – "Trash Deluxe!" CD

After many splits, 69 CHARGER finally have their own release. These rockers play some driving rhythm and blues/rock and roll/punk. The quick jangly rhythm guitars, piercin' guitar leads and bellowing vocals define their sound. I like this better with every listen. (HM)
(Stardumb, PO Box 21145, 3001 AC Rotterdam, THE NETHERLANDS, www.stardumbrecords.com)

86 MENTALITY – "Life Trap" EP

Fuck yes! 86 MENTALITY from Washington, DC have a rough and ready hardcore EP out now for you on Minor Disturbance records. This hardcore outfit leaps right into the fray with "Life Trap"–great! "Terror Boys" is a little slower with Steve showcasing his deep, gruff vocals. The next tune is quite good—it's called "Get Away." Turn this raging punk EP over and you get "Escape" with superior guitar playing and a melodic hardcore beat. The next tune is "86 Mentality," the bands anthem, and this fucker kicks you in the head! Check out some of these lyrics: "Scratch and claw for what I can / Social system's just a sham / Future's got no place for me / I got no society". Yeah! Strong shit indeed! 86 MENTALITY finish you off with "Violent Nights"—another furious hardcore song! This is a very good record! Get yours today! (BR)
(Minor Disturbance, PO Box 80112 NE, Washington DC 20018, www.minordisturbance.com)

ADD/C – "Keepin' it Real" LP

Great, great, great totally hook-laden rippin' melodic punk rock from the Southland, more specifically Chattanooga. Take one part desperation ala-early JAWBREAKER, the speed and aggression of early LEATHERFACE, some awkward MINUTEMEN moments and mix with heavy doses of whiskey and a smidge of too many nights filled with broken hearts—and you get this wonderful record. Nice raw, yet not totally lo-fi production totally adds to the punch too. Powerfully honest, desperate, yet hopeful that, one day, us, the punx and rejects, will one day win. (MT)
(This Here, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

ALICE DONUT – "Three Sisters" CD

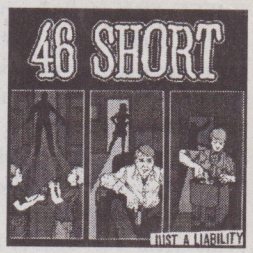
Way, *way* more straight-forward and flat-out rockin' than the old weirder-than-thou stuff by this combo originally active from the early-to-mid 90s. I always thought of ALICE DONUT as JANE'S ADDICTION for the smack 'n' smirk bar punk set, but hell there are tracks on this that sound like the vocalist from the PSYCHEDELIC FURS has 'coptered in for some guest vocals. I will say, mandatory for fans. You'll go, all, "huh?" (RW)
(no address)

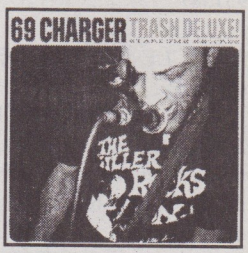
ALKALINE TRIO / ONE MAN ARMY – split LP

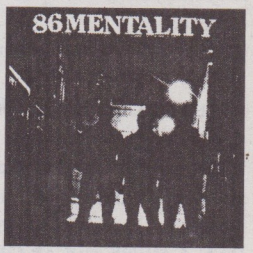
This record rocks as hard as ROONEY, and ROONEY doesn't fucking rock! I want to like ALKALINE TRIO. I went out and bought their latest when I heard "Had Enough." But it only had a few good songs and their *Punk-Voter.com* appearance was a tad mellow. I missed the last ONE MAN ARMY LP but this sounds like *London Calling* production without the tunes. Both these bands have had their moments with me but this doesn't move me. (RL)
(BYO, www.byorecords.com)

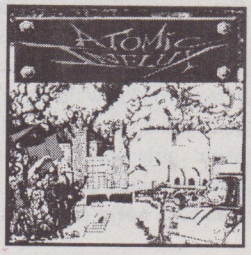
ALL IS SUFFERING – "Surge of Medical Power" EP

This isn't pretty or nice. Harsh vibed, wall of force, crushing thunder riffs and distort. If grind and hardcore were death or, as your grandma might say: power-violence played like it were black metal. Australian thrash crust from the Nordic wastelands as foreseen by American Nihilists? Staggering in their obvious negativity, crushing in their pain of life. (WM)
(Scenester Credentials, PO Box 1275, Iowa City, IA 52240, www.scenecred.com)









THE ALMIGHTY TRIGGER HAPPY –"I Hate Us Even More" CD

Kind of an odd mix here. When they're going fast, they remind me of KID DYNAMITE, with a more old school flavor and snottiness. When they slow down they recall BAD RELIGION, with the melodic "chugga chugga" riffs. The CD comes in a cardstock sleeve with no lyrics, so I can't gather what they're singing about. A pretty good album. (WR)
(Bad Taste, Box 1243, 221 05 Lund, SWEDEN, www.badtasterecords.se)

ANGRY FOR LIFE – "Sharks and Roaches" CD

Amazing lyrics, combining the genius of Dick Lucas with the heart of JAWBREAKER. As for the music…once upon a time the OFFSPRING were good. Remember the day when GREEN DAY weren't whores? I don't either. Sadly, I feel the soul of this band was sucked out in the recording process, so it's hard to feel the kick this band potentially has. The main problem with this band is that they sound like they could be another Lookout! recording artist trying to sound like CRIMPSHRINE and failing. (JA)
(Vine Hell, PO Box 36131, San Jose, CA. 95158)

ARTICLE NINE / SKULLKRUSHER – split EP

Even though ARTICLE NINE is from Sweden and SKULLKRUSHER is from the USA, They both play very similar styles of music. This is black-clad angry crustcore that owes as much to DISCHARGE as it does to EXTREME NOISE TERROR. A tasty treat for sure. (RC)
(TDBL, tdbl@hotbrev.com)

ATOMIC INFLUX – "Sickened" CD

So, this is Thai punk. Pretty shittin' good. Woman singing and a-screaming. This band is amazingly reminiscent of late 70s and early 80s LA punk. For example: the BAGS, SUBURBAN LAWNS and 45 GRAVE. Fast bits and slow bits. Yeah, this is from Thailand. Show your support! (JA)
(Atomic Influx, PO Box 47, Samyek Suan Prung, Muang, Chang Mai, 505201, THAILAND)

ATOMIC MISSILES – "Are Real" CD

Fucking god-awful rock 'n' roll the likes that usually come from some tiny villa in Spain or small town in France or Italy (not that those countries don't have many great rock bands) these…ahem…rockers are from New Jersey. You know the type, some local band you can't stand, lame bar band rock with trite lyrics about girls and California. These guys will probably write the theme song to the next big teen soap opera *Dawson's Creek* type of thing. No offense guys but I hope you do not achieve your track four goal and make it to "California." We have enough of your schlock here already. "East Coast Rock and Roll" made me feel sorry for friends back east. (RR)
(www.atomicmissiles.com)

AXT / F.U.B.A.R. – split EP

AXT blaze with some fast hardcore, with a touch of that good old thrash style, over which two scorched throat singers wax harshly. The music is a hummable blur of distortion. Pit turning counter-clockwise. F.U.B.A.R. on the flip hail from the land of crushing brutality, Holland. A quaint place. Damn! This is a wall of pulverize. Grind vocals, high and lows, set to the sounds of a 20-ton power-violence steamroller. Quality harsh from both bands, especially F.U.B.A.R. (WM)
(Tower Violence, www.malignanthorst.net)

BACKSTABBERS INC - "Kamikaze Missions" CD

Ferocious metallic hardcore played by a bunch of kids you'd take home to your mum. If CONVERGE had blast beats with smartass lyrics and FROM ASHES RISE style epic breakdowns then they'd sound like this. When they slow things down a notch I'm totally digging it, but the blast beats are just too much for these ears. The design and imagery is fantastic and everything about this band is tight and precise (almost too much at times), but for a complete aural leathering you could do much worse. (TB)
(Trash Art, PO Box 725, Providence, RI 02901)

BELLRAYS – "Warhead / Swinging the Blade"

One track from the new album and a B-side scorcher. Described elsewhere as "maximum rock 'n' soul", the BELLRAYS here show us their more rocking side. As it happens, I tend to prefer the more soulful stuff, as I think it complements the singer's excellent voice better, but even on uptempo rockers like these two, her talent shines. I think this is limited… (AM)
(Bronx Cheer, PO Box 13, Glasgow, G12 9ZT, SCOTLAND)

BEYOND YOUR EYES – "Foreshadows of the Past" CD

I have no doubt that these kids have the best of intentions…er, you know when a review starts out like that… The music on this six-track CD is fast with pretty sweet vocals by a woman named Rikki who is backed up, unfortunately, by a chorus of chanting street punks, or that is how it sounds anyway. The guitars are distorted, the bass is not. There is an intro to one song that is trying to be emotional or something, but something is off about it. Though there is no lyric sheet, it seems like some of the songs are about friendship and betrayal? I think they are local from the Bay Area, as they recorded in Stockton. (ZM)
(www.beyondyoureyes.com)

BLANK ITS – "Stop Hyphenation Now!" EP

Being basic is no insult when it's done this well. Driving, fuzzed-out garage punk with a bit of character to rise above the usual. No contrived blues twang stagger, ya'll, just the drive thru please and cut to the riff. Whoever produced this one "gets it." Another great band from Olde Seattle Towne. (RW)
(Blank Its, blankits@netscape.net)

THE BREAKDOWN – "Solid Gold" EP

This 45 rpm seven inch opens up with some hiiiigh pitched screaming with even higher pitched screams dispersed into the background. The music during the screamy parts is mid-paced and kinda heavy with a bit of a stoney feel to it; during the sung/quiet parts it tries to be driving and jazzy sounding or something. Song titles like "You Are the Calculator," "It Came Out of Nowhere and Felt Good", and "One Dead Motherfucker." The spacey guitar parts and weird computer bleeps might be fun live, but it's hard to keep a straight face listening to it recorded. Sorry kids, high-pitched screams and off-time drumming can't save you. (ZM)
(Noisemaker, PO Box 71208, Shorewood, WI 53211)

BUZZCOCKS – "Sick City Sometimes" EP

I'm ashamed to say that I don't know that much about the BUZZCOCKS, I mean—they've always been there, and I've always liked them, just never really got into them… this is later material, off the last album, and the first track doesn't sound anything like I've come to expect from the band but it's a great track anyway, without Pete Shelley singing, and slowed down from their buzzing pop—it sounds more like mid 80s Minneapolis than late 70s Manchester. Pete's back on the flipside, the other two tracks are "Never Believe It" from '95, and a live version of "Paradise" from 1999. Limited to 2000, so if you're a fan… (AD)
(Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, E17 9GH, UNITED KINGDOM)

THE CARPETTES – "No Chance" EP

…four previously unreleased power pop works of art recorded in early '81 by this classic old UK Beggars Banquet outfit!!!!! Beautifully written masterpieces for the fan of well crafted and well played pop/mod tunesmithing!!!! Music these days lags this kind QUALITY…except for maybe HARD PLACE, but that's another story for another kind of youth cult!!!!! I have three fingers up inside of my "man-gina" right now, and that's a sign of high recommendation for this particular record!!!! (SW)
(Last Year's Youth, lastyearsyouth@web.de)

CASSAGE DE BURNES / SIMFELA - split EP

Apparently, CASSAGE DE BURNES are a two-piece raw and simple hardcore band composed of one man and one woman. They share duties on guitar, drums, and vocals. Help is enlisted from friends on the drums and a sax? They are French and about half their songs are in their native tongue and the rest are sort of vague/nonsensical or downright cheesy ("iIn the US life / You're born to lie / So fuck the system / If you're born to lie"—I mean, really!). When it is happy being straightforward hardcore that sounds like it's from Brazil or something, it's good! Then they try to be all arty with these random shouts and the aforementioned sax and I am glad it is just a *split* seven inch. SIMFELA, on the flipside, looooves breakdowns. Between them and over them, they scream their throats out about bellyaches and how you were beautiful in death. At the end, they pick up the pace and relieve my boredom a bit. (ZM)
(Alchimia, www.alchimia-inc.fr.st)

THE CAVE 4 – "Sheena Was Right" CD

At some point, the CAVE 4 went from their darker, fuzzier sound to the path of the sort of surf/punk/pop hybrid that the SURF TRIO developed and, like them, they deliver aqueous-type fun aplenty. (DD)
(Swindlebra, Goethestr. 22, 89312 Guenzburg, GERMANY, www.swindlebra.de)

CHARGE – "Universal Tribe" CD

Dear CHARGE: Djembe, conga drums and "zoom sampletrack st-224" are three instruments that are now banned on all hardcore records by my royal decree. Rap breakdowns are banned as well; all acts of 'getting funky' will no longer be tolerated. Sorry that your band has to break up now. (NT)
(Hell Bent, www.hellbentrecords.com)

COPEATER – "WI Grind" LP

Crusty grindcore that'll send the children running screaming in terror. The vocalist is burly gnarled, the riffs are like being dragged behind a car, the bass and drums are dynamite and detonators - all together a lethal mix of intense. HE WHO CORRUPTS hanging out with NAPALM DEATH drinking one for their homies. (WM)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701, www.firstbloodfamily.com)

CUT THE SHIT – "Marked for Life" 10"

I am trying to do my best not too compare this to TEAR IT UP, but with the guitarist from TEAR IT UP it can't be helped. CUT THE SHIT play twelve tracks of blazing hardcore that cover everything from racist punks to abortion. They even take a critical stab at George Bush with the track "Shock & Awe". This might be their best stuff to date. (CC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

CRASH NORMAL - "Heavy Listening" LP

More of the "Now" sound. Loads of catchy, distorto, trashy guitars, electronic sounds and drumbeats. Plenty of John Spencer like dropouts from hi-fi to lo-fi, beeps, yelps and studio trickery. Very hip and trendy and very, very boring. I remember a single from these Frenchies from a few years back being great overblown trashy rock 'n' roll. None of that here. Nice heavy white vinyl though. (RR)
(S-S Records, 1114 21st street, Sacramento, Ca 95814)

THE CROWDS – "Sieger Sind Die Helden" LP

A reissue of this German band's 1986 record. They were Germany's version of the STRANGLERS. The extra new-wavey-ness of this really turns me off. The keyboards are way too cheesy. But if you're into that thing, the sound quality is excellent. I don't know exactly what they are singing about (the lyrics are in German), but I am sure it is political. I hear mention of the USA and Deutschland. (CK)
(Riot, Postfach 1116, 35316 Laubach, Germany, info@riot-records.com)

D-CUP - "Shark attack / Nuclear Reaction"

Three-piece form Orange Co. A little speedier and poppier than your typical Hostage records fare but snotty and obnoxious enough to rub shoulders with BROKEN BOTTLES, DISTRACTION, SMOGTOWN et al nonetheless. Straight-up punk with a nod toward the SAINTS and WIPERS. (AD)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7736)

DAMAGE CONTROL – "What it Takes" CD

Highly energetic straight-edge hardcore that borrows heavily from the '88 stylebook—fast though not quite thrash, highly anthemic with plenty of sing-a-longs and thankfully few mosh parts. And man, that singer sounds a lot like Tony Erba circa FACE VALUE. Well played for the style, though I do wonder why the endless need to relentlessly sing about the evils of drugs, and friendships betrayed—I mean your mind is clear, why not sing about the fucking mess this world is in right now instead or just something outside of those narrow clichés that seemingly define the straight-edge scene? (MT)
(Livewire, PO Box 007, Mendham, NJ 07945)

DEAD BY DAWN - LP

Crusty metallic hardcore with vocals reminiscent of DEVIATED INSTINCT or a troll-ish creature living under a bridge. This record doesn't grab me and shake me like a British nanny but it is pretty decent. (NT)
($7ppd; Mark, 4914 N.E. 17th, Portland, OR 97211)

DEADLY WEAPONS – "Get Right in There" LP

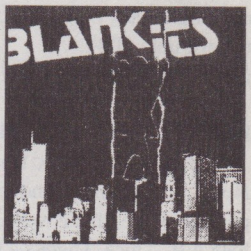
Sassy femme-fronted punk rock from the illustrious Tina Lucchesi and friends. Way more punk than the BOBBYTEENS (her other band), but just as ripping. No frills, no messing punk rock… kinda like the TRIGGERS or a way sped up UXA. I dig these cats more on the 7" format, but I ain't complaining….Good stuff. (TB)
(Jonny Cat, PO Box 82428, Portland, OR 97282)

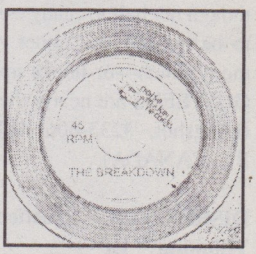
DEAD WRONG / THE BANNER – split EP

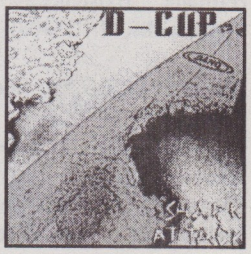
No doubt about it, this is some straight up East Coast hardcore. DEAD WRONG pulls together some Cleveland style influence from the likes of RINGWORM and beefs it up with some slow metallic breakdowns. The BANNER also plays some grumbling slow hardcore, except they throw in some fast parts that bring to mind bands like ENSIGN. (RC)
(State Of Mind, PO Box 351, Port Jefferson, NY 11777, www.stateofmind.com)

DENIZ TEK & SCOTT MORGAN – "Three Assassins" CD

Flailing rock 'n' roll recorded in Italy and France, featuring two STOOGES covers and a SONIC'S RENDEVOUS BAND tune. Mean guitars, fancy solos,







and leather-lunged vocals fluttering up around the rafters. Not that thrilling. Sorry, but I can't dredge up much more enthusiasm this afternoon. (JH)
(Career, 424 N. 5th Ave., Bozeman, MT 59715, www.careerrecords.com)

DESPERATE MEASURES – "Never Enough Time" CD

Are you down with some fast posi-core from the East Coast? If so, then you should check out these ten songs of ripping sXe hardcore. Everything is right where it should be... the crisp guitars, the sing along choruses, the snarling vocals that spit out lyrics about addiction, relationships and loyalty. The songs are fast and fairly short and all ten songs clock in at just a hair over eighteen minutes. Definitely another quality release from... (RC)
(Youngblood, PO Box 236, Ephrata, PA 17522, www.youngblood-records.com)

DISGUSTED – "Out of My Head" EP

These French punkers are like mangled UK '82 band drinking cider with DISORDER. I can imagine seeing these with UK punks RESTARTS at some seedy dive in East London, drinking cheap cider with Polish crusties while dogs fight each other in front of the stage. File under Punk. (TB)
(www.fight45records.com)

DISGUSTEENS – "Nothing Personal" EP

Poppy, snotty punk from The Great White North. Unassuming and charming, like good pop should be, this is very... nice, nothing brilliant just... nice. There's a lot of bands like this, though not half as many as there used to be, and to be noticed you either need to have a little more punch—or hooks up the yin-yang. DISGUSTEENS are nearly there. (AD)
(Longshot, #233-606 Abbot St., Vancouver, BC, CANADA)

DISRESPECT - "Justice? Or Just Wishful Thinking?" EP

Wow, for a record cover that rips off DISCHARGE left and right it sounds nothing like them! Dual vocal, snotty sing along punk that is pumped full of drugs and anger. Real good stuff, that brings to mind the BLOTTOS if they had been able to play their instruments. Comes with a big ol' patch and a trading card of a band member. I got Darren the bass player and boy is he dreamy! (NT)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

DISRESPECT - "Justice? Or Just Wishful Thinking?" EP

Fuck, these goddamn headphones are mono! However, this band *does not* sound like DISCHARGE. Oh, thank you little baby Jesus! Yelling punks playing shitty music not too well. Shit!!! It rules!! Three vocalists! Yeah! Best thing *Profane Existence* has released since the first SEX PISTOLS LP. All right, sometimes it sounds a little D-beat, but I think it sounds like OMEGA TRIBE on fat lines of sickness (speed)!! I thrash now. Goodbye. (JA)
(Profane Existence, PO Box 8722, Minneapolis, MN.55408)

DISSECT - "Todettista Todettisuuta" EP

One side of crusty Finnish punk and the other side is the just one song. With stuff that sounds like this, I want to feel as if my ears have been violated by the fucking spirit of rock 'n' roll, but this falls far short with nothing that really sets it apart from the herd. (NT)
(Power It Up, Postfach 1114, 38156 Vechelde, GERMANY)

DOG SOLDIER – "Flies" EP

Newest offering from Portland, this time from ex-BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS folx. While playing in a slightly similar style as the aforementioned, DOG SOLDIER drops the psychotic vocal stylings and instead goes in for a more guttural vocal attack that, when combined with their driving, mid-paced hardcore onslaught, reminds me a bit of LOGICAL NONSENSE around the era of their split with GRIMPLE. Sometimes the tangential metal riffing gets to me, but overall this is pretty good stuff. (MT)
($3.50 ppd; Whispers In Darkness, PO Box 40113, Portland, OR 97240-0113)

DOWN & AWAY - "Set to Blow" CD

I first heard these guys on the split they did with the mighty SMALLTOWN earlier this year. They sound a little like SMALLTOWN, but mix in some faster, almost melodic hardcore influences that bring (the obvious comparison) other fellow Swedes BOMBSHELL ROCKS to mind, they also sound a lot like the German band the VADERS. If none of those references mean anything to you...think late 90s American street punk (GC 5, DROPKICK MURPHYS, US BOMBS, etc.) sped up with a lot of backing vox. Good solid well-played punk, nice packaging too. (AD)
(Rockstar, Kurbrunnenstrasse 32-36, 52066 Rockcity, Aachen, GERMANY)

DOWN AND AWAY - "Make it Matter" CDEP

Six tracks of well produced cranked-up '77 punk rock. With the emphasis on punk. The HEARTBREAKERS on speed, maybe. They thank DUANE PETERS & THE HUNNS, and AMERICAN HEARTBREAK, which is a fair indication of where they're at musically. They're Swedish too. (RK)
((Rockstar, Kurbrunnenstrasse 32-36, 52066 Rockcity, Aachen, GERMANY, www.rockstar-records.de)

DOWN AND AWAY – "Who's Got the Deliverance?" CD

Fast Swedish pop-punk. I can see this going down really well with Swedish fans of RANCID, DROPKICK MURPHYS, etc. The songs are definitely catchy enough, and the lyrics betray an intelligence that is rare for this stuff. (AM)
(Rockstar, Verbindungstrasse 9, 52080 Aachen, GERMANY)

LES DRAGUEURS – "Bob" EP

LES DRAGUEURS is a French trio featuring Jon Von from the MR. T EXPERIENCE. This EP delivers a slower, cleaner, and more keyboard driven sound than their first 7" and LP. Like their previous releases, these happy 60s dance ditties are sung in French. They kinda remind me of an ORBIT-less SATURN V on quaaludes. Lets hope they get back to their grittier, garage roots. (HM)
(Bacle c/o Jonathan Von Zelowitz, 40, rue de Saintonge, 75003 Paris FRANCE)

DRIPS – "Mexico / All Kids Are Dead"

These SoCal fuck-ups contributed one of the best songs of 2003 to the Hostage *Tower 13* comp. This 7" is just as good and my only complaint is that there are only two songs. Now, I'm a sucker for a lot of the SoCal stripy shirt, dodgy tattoos, smacked-out beach punk that Hostage seems to have the market on but these fellas a notch above. There's a really distinctive vocal style not unlike the BODIES mixed with catchy, driving punk like early SWINGIN UTTERS or ADOLESCENTS with a hint of TSOL. It's tremendous stuff and possibly the best Hostage release so far! (TB)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92645-7736)

DRIVER – "Proto-Culture" CD

The sound on this CD is pretty rough. After a couple tracks my ears were slightly cringing from all the mess, but the more I think about it, the more I realize that this horrible recording might make the music a bit more interesting. Anyways, DRIVER has me thinking MOTORHEAD for a bigger part of this CD, but often times they put a bit more screaming in the songs and many tracks seem to have a bit more of an early-80s fast-punk influence (*a la* bands like NEGATIVE APPROACH). There's not lyric sheet here, so I really don't know what to make of song titles like "Blood, Guts, and Pussy," but oh well. I bet this band is pretty fun to see live. (SP)
(LookatmeBumpole!, PO Box 13259, Hamilton, OH 45013, lookatmebum@hotmail.com)

DRUGSTOP – "Machine Gun" EP

The second single from this German outfit, although I never heard the first. They can't

seem to figure out if they wanna be THE DWARVES or a hard-rock/metal disaster. They're at their strongest when mixing snot and hardcore (see "Neglected Kids"), but even that is pretty lackluster. Rawk, heavy on the "aw".
(P.Trash, Dornbuschweg 10, 33649 Bielefeld, GERMANY)

E-150 / INTENSITY – split EP

Well it's about fucking time! I've been hearing rumors about this split for some time now and it absolutely does not fail to impress! How can you go wrong with two of Europe's finest hardcore bands. Both bands play fairly straightforward, yet exceptionally powerful and high charged hardcore. Fuck man, the energy just drips off this platter. For their side Barcelona's E-150 rip through six blasts of fury including a DISCHARGE cover, while the slightly slower paced, but appropriately named INTENSITY (from Sweden) crank out three rippers. Top notch stuff here. (MT)
(Thought Crime, c/o Thomas Franke, Boxhanger Str. 22, 10245 Berlin, GERMANY, thoughcrime@berlin.sire-co.net)

THE ELECTRIC - "Degenerotic Doses" CD

These St. Louis rockers kick up some 70s rock and roll in the NEW YORK DOLLS vein, but I hear a little BOWIE or STOOGES at times. The animated vocals help give them some entertaining personality. Solid debut. (HM)
(Pro-Vel, www.provelrecords.com)

ESKAPO – "Kalayaan" CD

The newest release in the flurry of quality Bay Area punk rock—ESKAPO have been playing around for some time now, but I believe this is their first post-demo release. They crank out fifteen tracks of melodic, aggressive political hardcore—with a large portion of the lyrics dealing with Filipino issues (the majority of the band is Filipino), some of which are sung in Tagalog (which is what they speak in the Phillipines, dummy). Anthemic, totally heartfelt and one to look out for. (MT)
(127 Missouri St., Vallejo, CA 94590, www.eskapo.com)

ETULINJA – "Rangaistusvaatimus Straffanspråk" EP

A kinda skitzo record from these Finns—the first and last track both have a heavy, driving street punk mixed in with a bit of the tunefulness of early NEW MODEL ARMY—dark, brooding yet angsty with shouted choruses. However the other two tracks come off fairly heavy metal—blast beats, moshy guitars—but lacking the power and urgency found on the slower tracks. Lyrics are an angry Finnish shout against the system that ensnares us all—their venom being primarily directed towards the police, the politicians, and toward a greater class-consciousness. (MT)
(Roku, Porofiintie 1A3, 96100 Rovanemie, FINLAND, www.rokurecords.com)

FEAR OF GOD – "Zeitgeist" 2xLP

The almighty, crushing FEAR OF GOD. Switzerland's own proto-grind-wall-of-noise annihilators. This is the American version of their near-complete discography – a CD version is supposed to come out with additional songs (including FEAR OF GOD jamming with INFEST!) covering all their releases from '87-88, and a bunch of unreleased material. As well, a thick booklet, with liner notes, flyers, picts and some lyrics; a poster and a sticker; a great package over all. This is limited to 200 copies and if you didn't get the limited 500-copy version released in Brazil last year, it might already be too late. Highly Recommended to every grind fan. (WM)
(First Blood Family, PO Box 1766, Madison, WI 53701, www.firstbloodfamily.com)

JOHN FELICE & THE LOWDOWNS – "Nothing Pretty" CD

A little-seen 1987 LP from REAL KIDS frontman John Felice, featuring another member of the band on guitar. If you're a fan of his previous outfit you'll go for it, though to me it sounds like slightly wimpy STONES-influenced pop. Oh well, at least it's out there. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 646, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

THE FICTION – "I Told Her That I Like Living in a Box" LP

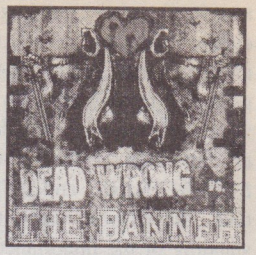
This LP is really good! I guess I had low expectations because I haven't been into the last few things Level-Plane has put out, but this is sweeeetness. The FICTION, a New York City based three-piece, combines really catchy and sometimes "screamo" style guitar and bass with neat OFF MINOR-esque bits that come off sounding original. It's driving hard and you can dance or just nod your head to the strong rhythm depending on your preference. Everyone in the band sings, with two dudes dominating; one of them sounds kinda frantic and the other screams more brutally. Though often vague, and therefore irrelevant to many, their lyrics are well written for the most part (failing, as most hardcore bands do, to critique things beyond racism and superficiality). The last song is a cover, I guess, of a really sort of pretty mellow song with sung vocals that I don't really care for called "Ceremony," but I can't decipher whom it's by from the names listed below in parenthesis. I wonder if this band will tour the west coast this summer. (ZM)
(Level-Plane, PO Box 7926, Charlottesville, VA 22906)

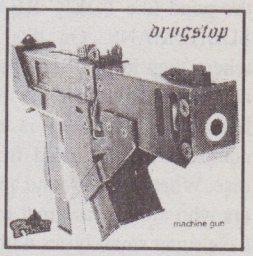
FIFTH HOUR HERO – "Collected in Comfort" LP

A solid release from this band who plays epic gritty emo songs, which owe a lot to bands like SUPERCHUNK and JAWBREAKER. Most of the time this sounds a whole lot like DISCOUNT, except for when the dude comes in singing, then it resembles something like SMALL BROWN BIKE. I know this is not what they're going for, but some of the times they go a little too far into shitty radio emo band territory. The production and grittiness saves them. I think any NEW FOUND GLORY fan would be much much better off with a record like this, but I don't imagine too many punks liking it. (WR)
(Dare To Cares, 2273 de Champlain, Montreal, QC, CANADA, H2L 2TI, www.daretocarerecords)

FIFTH HOUR HERO / NO CHOICE- split EP

Canada's Gainesville sounding FIFTH HOUR HERO





turn in two emo (and I use that phrase in the classic old school sense off the word) fuelled melodic punk anthems. A band that's been gathering momentum with every release. Duel vocals (male/female) that definitely add a deeper dimension to their later JAWBREAKER, SUPERCHUNK and DISCOUNT inspired take. Played with conviction and an understanding of the importance of a damn catchie chorus usually not found in this genre of music. Wales NO CHOICE follow up there great *Dry River Fishing* CD, with more of the same. A band that's been plying there trade since 1981,which has giving them ample time to perfect there superb song writing. Ever political, so fucking catchy, and if you're a fan of quality punk rock in the vain of HUSKER DU, DAG NASTY and MOVING TARGETS, you'll absolutely lap this up. (SD)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636 Gainesville, FL, 32604, www.noidearecords.com)

FIFTY FOOT COMBO – "The Monstrophonic Sound Live at Ernesto's" CD

Looks like a CD version of what was a double LP, eh Watson? Despite how daunting a prospect that might sound (especially when peppered with overcovered classics like "Blue's Theme" and "Rumble"—crowd pleasers, I'm, sure, but posterity really doesn't need any more versions kicking around), FIFTY FOOT COMBO's engaging blend of trad surf and MAN OR ASTROMAN?-style stretching of the genre makes for a very nice listen. (DD)
(Drunkabilly, www.drunkabilly.com)

FOUR LETTER WORD – "Crimewave" EP

I'm not even going to go into how these folks were nearly sued by a boy band, stiffed by BYO and consequently nearly self destructed. All I'm glad about is that they are back with their first release in years and its fan-fucking-tastic. By far and away one of the best bands to come out of Blighty in the last decade. Although coming from South Wales they have more in common with bands from this side of the pond like TOXIC REASONS or Canada's SUBHUMANS. On this disc they continue where they left off, adding more bite and bile and even a beach punk tune (the label logo homage to Posh Boy is a nice touch) which could have been lifted from a SMOGTOWN disc. What sets this band apart from a lot of others who are just as great musically is that they have super smart lyrics with a *message* (remember that novel idea?). Mandatory. Welcome back lads. (TB)
(Newest Industry, Unit 100, 61 Wellfield Road, Cardiff, CF24 3DG, UNITED KINGDOM)

GAMITS – "Antidote" CD

I've always liked this band as they've put out some great quirky melodic punk and pop. Although this is probably their most pop full length it is by no means sugary. Along the ways of up tempo ALKALINE TRIO and the ATARIS. Musically at least. (RL)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204, www.gamits.com)

GET IT AWAY – "Malt Liquor Bullshit" EP

Ahh, I have already had the fortune of hearing this since we got to play with GET IT AWAY in Upstate NY this past winter. My opinion of this still remains the same as when I first listened to it when I got back from tour. While really good, this record does not do justice to their live show. Anton's stage presence alone makes this band awesome to watch. He totally reminds me of a skinnier version of the guy from the *Another State of Mind* video that is trying to teach people how to circle pit in that small cement room. As far as how the record sounds, think early 80s hardcore with a Boston feel. The My War records kids should be all over this band. Matter of fact, Matt Summers should really look into this band. Good release, great band. (CC)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Lane, Amherst, NY 14228)

GIANT HAYSTACKS – "We Are Being Observed" CD

There hasn't been a band around town like this for a while, someone who can reference both the EX and the MINUTEMEN without achieving a 'trying-too-hard to be obvious about it' vibe. The songs are totally catchy and propulsive without surrendering anything to treacle poppiness. It makes me think of the early Allied Records releases, actually. There's also an *MRR* creep in this band, so go over our little initials and guess who…AC? AD? MC? FU? (RW)
(Smart Guy, 3288 21st St. #32, San Francisco, CA 94110)

THE GIRLS – CD

Very new wave here. I'm talking ULTRAVOX, FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, and CARS like. From Seattle on a happening label, this is nostalgic trip done right. A touch of quirky guitar pop too. A good full length. (RL)
(Dirtnap, www.dirtnaprecs.com)

GORCH FOCK – CD

Art damaged spazzy (not the band) core. Dual guitars dueling, two drummers pounding away, bass, vocals, horns, electronics, samples and FX. Sometimes sounding a bit like the EX or maybe DAWSON in a dense angular way. I detect a BUTTHOLE SURFERS influence (vocally maybe?) as well. Some interesting things going on here but a bit long-winded at times. Some of the tracks take a long time to build and never really seem to get there. Probably the only CD packaging I have ever seen that was relatively aesthetically pleasing. Digipack package on nice cardstock with nice letterpress printing and screening. (RR)
(Perverted Son, PO Box 49290, Austin, TX 78765)

GORILLA ANGREB – "Astma" EP

I was just informed that this Copenehagen band is made up of two members of AMDI PETERSON'S ARMÉÊ. I couldn't have been more surprised as this is what I imagine to be the opposite of the ARMÉ style of music. It is awesome just the same; I don't know how to describe it, but it sounds like it would fit in well with the late 70s English bands like the ADVERTS or be on a *Bloodstains Across…* or it could even be the missing X record. Tuneful melodic yet punchy punk with the female vocals placed very high and clear, turning what would be a good record into a great record. (DP)
(KicknPunch, www.kicknpunch.com)

GRAVEYARD SCHOOL – "666 Ways to Save Your Soul" CD

This is fucking terrible half-assed punkn'roll crap. Shitty female vocals with lame back-up singing about how much they hate so-and-so and how they wanna "Slap that bitch." What a waste. (SR)
(Little Red, soul16@worldnet.att.net)

HALF PAST GONE – "Afloat" CD

Oooohhh… this is really wretched. Combine whiny emo vocals with badly written and badly produced metal and you have HALF PAST GONE. The cheesy sound clips don't help much. I guess this sounds like if you took a really shitty version of METALLICA and had the dude from the GET UP KIDS sing over it. Look out for this band on tour with bands with the words "skies" "burning" or "bleeding" in them. (WR)
(Halfpastgone, PO Box 1047, Tustin, CA 92781, www.halfpastgone.com)

HIBERNATION - "Xeimepia Vapkn" LP

There is a fine line between being "epic" and just being a bunch of cheese balls. I am not sure if these Greeks cross that line they come dangerously close. Heavy metallic jams with guttural vocals with additions of sound clips of rain, wind and what I think is whale calls. Seems a little to 'earthy' for my taste but defiantly not a bad record. (NT)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr, 14, 71272 Fenningen, GERMANY)

HEIDNIK STEW – "Trials and Tribulations" EP

Intense and dirty Oi with, I would argue a slight crossover into the harcore realm. A very loud guttural vocalist yells lyrics about hating his life, judging others, breaking up, and the most interesting of all-a song against straight-

edge and animal rights. Hearing this, I wonder what ever happened to "punks and skins unite" and so forth. They have a song that strongly objects to people judging them, and three songs later, they are yelling about how they hate a group of people they are clearly judging themselves. Very inconsistent thought processes make them sound pretty stupid. I wouldn't waste your time. (SR)
(Headache, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432)

HOLLY TREE – "Anytime, Anywhere" EP

My first impression was that guitarist George of the Jungle looks like Animal from the ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE (don't ask), and what do you know—he kinda sounds like him, too. In fact, the HOLLY TREE sound like ANWL if you hooked jumper cables to their arses and flipped to "go" switch. "Boom Box" is a tough and bass-heavy lurcher that sounds and pounds just fine. I can hear echoes of the DOGS' "Slash Your Face" here, too—with the intense guitar riffing and sped-up manic R&B riffs. "I just need pills and medications," the guy sings. It's aces. (JH)
(Head Line, www.hollytree.com.br)

HOLY SHIT! – "What the Fuck" EP

This band is all over the place. Imagine if a band tried to fit the riffs from every song on "Damaged" into one song that only lasted a minute. That's what HOLY SHIT are apparently trying to do, and it totally works. In all the chaos, there's a definite consistency of purpose – HOLY SHIT knows the clock is ticking and they're not wasting a second. (AM)
($4 ppd; Holy Shit!, 2658 N. Booth St, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

HOPESICK - "Look What You've Done" CD

Speedy emo melodic hardcore from Florida, this is a little too busy for me. There's so much of this stuff around now, it's melodic and light, and then all heavy and screamy, it's giving me a headache. Enough! (AD)
(Sofia, 6450 SW 32nd St., Miami, FL 33155)

THE HORROR - "Insobriety & Insubordination" CD

From that hotbed of punk rock Gainesville (remember when there was nothing from Florida?) The HORROR don't sound anything like they're name might imply (I was nervously waiting for a grinding headache) and instead belt out some good CRIMPSHRINE/RADON influenced emotional melodic punk, all nerdy and amateur and stuff. This is great; it makes me think of a sped up AGAINST ME! (mmm, sped up AGAINST ME!), old AMERICAN STEEL, RIVETHEAD, FAY WRAY, STUN GUNS, and OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN, you know the score. Eight tracks, a fine debut. (AD)
(Signal Path, PO Box 14747, Gainesville, FL 32604)

IGNORANCE / NATURE - split CD

Fucked up hardcore from Japan in one those infernal 7" sleeves. IGNORANCE are rough as a badgers arse, terrible tinny production of what sounds like demo quality NAUSEA; nein danke. NATURE are still rough as fuck, but have more personality reminding me of a less frenetic JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS. Jap friends will be all over this I'm sure, me? I'll pass. (TB)
(nature_r30@yahoo.co.jp)

I'M GONNA STAB YOU – LP

This now-defunct SoCal band featured future members of ALLEGED GUNMEN among others (someone said LE SHOK but I don't think that's right)… It's got a definite dance-post-whatever sound to it, but if anything it makes me think of a more jangly RITES OF SPRING, especially in the vocal department. I really like it actually and I wish they were a current band. As it is, I guess this is all we get. Five songs on one side of a clear vinyl 12". And I understand it's limited to 666 copies, so don't sleep… (AM)
(Sect 503)

I OBJECT – "My Kid Has a Kid" EP

I OBJECT plays good straightforward punk rock with good conscientious lyrics. They end up sounding kind of like BLACK FORK or P.A.W.N.S., mainly because of the rad female vocals. The record is short but sweet, just one side of a 7", but every song does something different. They have super DIY ethics, which come out in their lyrics. Lyrics also address friendships and greater issues. Good stuff here. (WR)
(Punx Before Profits, 209 Center St., Olean, NY 14760)

IN CONTROL – "Yesterday" EP

IN CONTROL bust right out of the gates with an anti-Bush song called "Victory". How can you go wrong with lyrics like "Can you look his mother in the eye and say 'Your only son was stripped away due to misinformation and lies'? I want to wipe that smirk off your fucking face." Hell yeah! If you are already familiar with IN CONTROL's own special blend of metallic Nardcore, then you will not be disappointed with this final four-song release. If you have yet to hear IN CONTROL, then this record is a perfect introduction. (CC)
(Rival, www.rivalrecords.net)

INDIGENTS – "Brain Dead World" EP

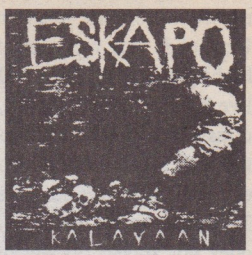
"Brain dead" is such a harsh term. I prefer the phrase "down right retarded." These guys remind me of any number of the bands Pelado records is releasing these days, snotty, catchy and with a strong hold on what makes a good punk rock record. The vocals are high and spastic and that's a good thing. Where most bands are content with regurgitating the same JOHNNY THUNDERS licks and trying to sound like a real bad ass, this guy sounds like he's got no qualms with his bad ass-ness and is content with singing that high. I salute your security. (BM)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

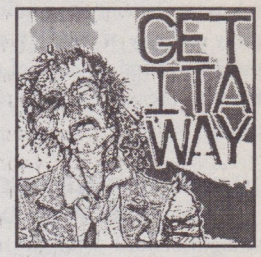
IRON GUTS KELLY – "Il Duce Speaks" CD

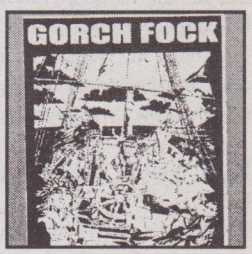
This sucks worse than football punks. Josh Leon, the guitar man, has an American flag tattooed on his self. As you know, the USA is for lame cunts. (JA)
(no address)

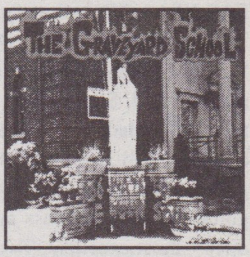
THE JAM – "What You Give is What You Get" LP

First off all lets get this straight, and I do mean from the hip, THE JAM were one of the best and most consistent bands ever to come from that dirty ol damp anorak off a country called England. Not many bands can boast of six fantastic LP's a trunk full off quality A's and B's and one hell of a live LP, *Dig The New Breed* (a close runner up to the WHO's *Live at Leeds* for best live recording of any band). Now we've set that straight, down to busi-









ness, a live bootleg taken from Wembley Arena, December '82, recording wise this is spot on highlighting a quality usually not expect from a live bootleg. Most of the tunes pulled from the classic *All Mod Cons* recording with a few of the later singles thrown in. The winner however is the damn fine cover of "Get Yourself Together" by the SMALL FACES, a track that does not appear on any of the JAM's official releases. Certainly not falling in to the throw away category of bootlegs, catching the band at there finest and a couple of months before their eventual break up. Highly recommended. (SD)
(Alien)

JILTED / MURDER DISCO X – split LP

Germany's MURDER DISCO X are classic straightforward with no-frills crust-inspired hardcore. Thick riffs, burly rhythm section, you can understand the vocalist, speedy tempo without going to blur. The lyrics, in both English and Italian, are of a political nature. They remind me of NAILED DOWN. Ex-member of RESIST, DETESTATION, SEVERED HEAD OF STATE is in the ranks, JILTED, on the flip, hail from Italy, and are way more manic and intense in their delivery, ala the classic Italian hardcore style. Fast fast tempo, screamed vox, heavy and pulverising, in your face core. If WRETCHED were inspired by crust and Japanese hardcore. Damn. (WM)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

KILL YOUR IDOLS – "For Our Friends" LP

This is exactly what you would expect from these guys. Great hardcore, that smoothly flows from mid-tempo to fast, with lots of catchy hooks and melody thrown in for good measure. Great snarling vocals, solid lyrics....shit they even squeeze in a respectable cover of "Dead Cites" by the EXPLOITED. And it comes on limited clear (one-sided) vinyl so act fast. (RC)
(Lifeline, PO Box 692, Midlothian, IL 60445, www.lifelinerecords.net)

KYLESA – "Delusion on Fire" EP

Two amazing songs, "Delusion on Fire" and "Clutches" (a NAUSEA cover) on this little slab of vinyl. Staying true to the same style on their self-titled LP, KYLESA deliver intense dual low and raspy female vocals along with guttural and eerie male vocals overlap messy guitars and raging bass and drums. Loud and dirty—most excellent. Two dirges well done in their own way. (SR)
(Scorched Earth Policy, Irosstrasse 19, 67067 Ludwigshafen, GERMANY; www.scorchedearthpolicy.de)

LA DRUGS – LP

Raises "tinny" to new heights of annoying. One-sided LP of what must be a total one-off band, unless they're secretly touring the lucrative cable-access circuit. The deadpan-to-screechy femme vox lurching over the super minimalist grind'n twang immediately brings to mind many like-minded Olympia bands from the late 90s. The assumption from this reviewer is that someone famous is hiding out on this record, but I'll protect the innocent as well as the guilty and just say this is an okay art-noise record that ain't gonna knock COUNTY Z out of my rotation anytime soon...(RW)
(Twisted Village, try Forced Exposure)

LITTLE KILLERS – "You Got it Made / Mellow Down Easy"

Two pretty catchy rippers from this New York City three piece. We have one original and a decent cover of the great WILLIE DIXON here. Nice and noisy, crunchy, garagey, Crypt records style soulful punk that'll have you nodding your head and sipping on your beer while you try to decide if you want to get up off your ass and dance. If "Mellow Down Easy" does not get you off the couch, you are hopeless. (RR)
(Sweet Nothing)

LOS DRYHEAVERS – "Hangups, Heartaches, and Hangovers" CD

A good release from a good Bay Area band. I saw them play and they put on a good show. They play straight punk that sounds like DWARVES or FYP when it's sped up. Their slower, melodic songs have a SWINGIN UTTERS or RANCID feel, and the rhythm guitars remind me of the CLASH. Layout on this is pretty boring but nothing horrible. (WR)
(Lorelei, PO Box 902, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, www.loreleirecords.com)

LYRES / NEW CONNOLY 5 – "Now I've Got a Witness / Stoned"

Latest in Norton's series of 45s covering Stones songs, and of course Jeff Connolly goes for more obscure selections. The LYRES' do a fine, stomping "Now I've Got A Witness" and what I assume to be another Connolly thang do "Stoned." Unassuming and fun in a way that more 7"s should be. (DD)
(Norton)

THE MARKED MEN – "On the Outside" CD

Thirteen tracks of infectious power pop delivered at a brisk pace. Recorded in a shed, but sounds great. It's got my toes tapping, anyway. Imagine the FM KNIVES playing RAMONES songs, or something. (AM)
(Dirtnap, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111. www.dirtnaprecs.com)

MAXIMUM RNR – "Lucky Charm / D.F.F"

Despite their stupid name, these Canadian rockers tear it up with some rockin' punk somewhere between the NEW BOMB TURKS and GLUCIFER. Not great, but a solid band and a good single. (HM)
(MaximumRNR, Box P62-275 King St. East, Toronto, CANADA M5A 1K2, www.maximumrnr.com)

MAZEFFECT - "Remastered" CD

I reviewed these guys about three years ago, and to this day I still play their CD; no small praise indeed. They play great pop-punk, hook laden and understated, bringing to mind fellow Jersians the FIENDZ (and while we're on the subject: why are the FIENDZ not a punk household name?) and a dash of SCREECHING WEASEL. On this full-length, a collection of odds and ends, EPs and comp tracks, they mix it up with some slower tunes that remind me of the NILS, or even the REPLACEMENTS. The disc has a bunch of bonus tracks including an acoustic cover of BLACK FLAG's "Depression." I have to say that MAZEFFECT are one of my favorite poppy punk bands, they just have a really cool sound and fine songwriting, through which shines their obvious love of the music. Kick ass. (AD)
(More East, PO Box 2223, Edison, NJ 2223)

MIDNIGHT CREEPS / CAPO REGIME - split CD

Split project between America and Britain (kinda like the war.) MIDNIGHT CREEPS are very rock, way too rock for these ears I'm afraid, they remind of all those rawk'n'roll bands on the periphery of the punk scene back in the mid-late 80s. At times it ventures into bad metal territory. CAPO REGIME are one of those old *Helen of Oi* groups that briefly revived British street punk in the early 90s. The music is fast-paced Oi with political lyrics attacking the aforementioned war, as well as more light hearted songs, and of course the street punk staple—urban dissatisfaction and alienation. Pretty good, I'm glad they're still at it. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE – "25 Ways to Annoy Your Neighbors" EP

If you have not yet familiarized yourself with the genius of MR. CALIFORNIA & THE STATE POLICE, I have to ask what the fuck are you waiting for? It's not like his millions of records are hard to find. Get off your ass! Twenty-five songs on a 7" record that plays at 45rpm. There aren't many people who could pull that off. All are short blasts of pure punk noise magic. He even covers YOUTH OF TODAY. And if you're "The Magic Leprechaun" he really wants to talk to you. Blah blah blah blah blah. (CK)
($4 ppd; Armpit Toast, c/o James MacIntosh, 211 Coventry Cresc., Fredericton, NB E3B 4P4, CANADA, armpittoast@yahoo.com)

MADMAN MUNDT – CD

This is really bad. I think they want to try out to play the next BFD (local bad "alternative" rock station fest). They have annoying kinda clean vocals that erupt into awkward screams. The music is boring, repetitive and neither fast or slow. I can think of no one to compare this too. There is just no redemption for MADMAN MUNDT. Ahhh horrible guitar soloooo. (ZM)
(no contact)

MANNEKIN PISS – "Planet Death" 12"

Six song 12" EP from this San Diego "all star band," featuring members of…. This is pretty catchy punk with a slight core feel to it. A very clean recording with punchy guitars, some out of left field Greg Ginn-isms, and little to no distortion ala POISON IDEA or TEAR IT UP (though they sound nothing like either of those bands). There are some pretty interesting bass lines here. No lyric sheet needed 'cause you can make out all the words. Nice loud 45 rpm 12," and a pretty interesting listen. The artwork is terrible. (RR)
(Flapping Jet, 3639 Midway Dr. #271, San Diego, CA 92110)

THE MUGGERS – CD

Upbeat, straight-ahead punk with a pop edge. Not poppy mind you, just catchy. The vocals have a cool edge to them too. The songs tackle such subjects as John Walker Lindh, gun control, taxes, and the war in Iraq, but it's not really clear where exactly the MUGGERS stand on those issues. Maybe they're leaving it open to interpretation… (AM)
(Radio, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476)

THE MUTTS – "Missing My Devil" EP

I'm not sure if I like this or not, but I can tell you that I find it pretty interesting. It's almost like a mix of JOY DIVISION and the WIPERS. It's like JOY DIVISION if they had been a little less mysterious and a little more punk. Three tracks and all are solid. I'm getting off the fence on this one and giving it a thumbs up. Limited to 1,500 copies in some pretty cool brown paper packaging. (KK)
(Fatcat, www.themutts.com)

MY OWN LIES / WILBUR COBB – split 5"

MY OWN LIES checks in with two brief songs of tight blasting hardcore. With the first song clocking in at a whole ten seconds, you barely know what hit you. They stretch out the second song, slowing things down just enough so that you can catch your breath before the final blast beats hit you. WILBUR COBB follows down a similar path. Except their two tunes are much more thrashed out sounding, say in the vein of HERESY. (RC)
(Flowerviolence, Kapellenstrasse 16, 69469 Weinheim GERMANY, www.flowerviolence.de)

MYSTERY GIRLS – "Something in the Water" LP

Five very cute, young boys from Wisconsin that have managed to dig up that lost soul of the MC5. The MC3 going on tour this summer should take note. This is what it sounds like to rock out. Mix that with any combination of great Memphis rockers and you have one amazing album. Loads of musical distortion on the brink of chaos yet it manages to remain ever so slightly contained. Extra credit for the fabulous singer. His voice says he doesn't give a fuck while screeching at the top of his lungs. It makes me so happy. (CK)
(In The Red, PO 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)

NATION OF FINKS – "Fourteen Displays of Public Affection" EP

Okay, to begin, they're named after a POISON IDEA song, and one which I have a great affection for, so they have a lot to live up to. What we have here are fourteen blasts of thrashing hardcore that only stops to catch its breath for a momentary quick mid-paced breakdown, then quickly goes back to the very early 80s inspired hardcore punk. Not quite up to speed with say *Pick Your King*, or the *Darby Crash Rides Again* demo but I promise you they would fill a sweaty evening in a basement with oodles of slamming, thrashing fun. (MT)
(Out Of Limits, PO Box 9241, Pittsburgh, PA 15224, www.outoflimits.com)

NAZIS FROM MARS – "American Express Dream" 7"EP

Every time I hear this band, I think NO-TALENTS with a drum machine (but not like the LILI Z. solo stuff or VOLT). It's just that they are rude enough *and* simple enough to make this work. I'm rambling, but also impressed. This single, even with the instrumental waste of a B-Side, is better than anything found on that recent "Fuck You" odds'n'ends collection of theirs, if that helps you. I know it won't! (MC)
(Subway Star c/o Jansson, Ringvagen 37 B, 611 35 Nykoping, SWEDEN)

NON FIKTION NOIS – "Contaminación Mundial!" EP

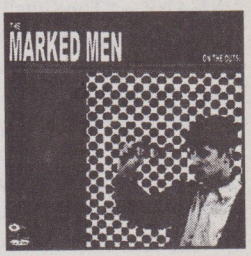
Seven fast, splintering, no-nonsense outbursts from these Chicago Southside punks. Sandpaper vocals tear over a thrash that does not lunch with metal. They're successfully tapping into something really basic without ripping anybody off or resorting to any gimmicks. Young at heart, mind, and body, I'd warrant. Good name, too. Lyrics in Spanish, fists in the air. Refer to the Southside oral scene history in *MRR* #250 to make educated guesses about these guys' influences. (AC)
(Southkore, 2814 S. Spaulding, Chicago, IL 60623)

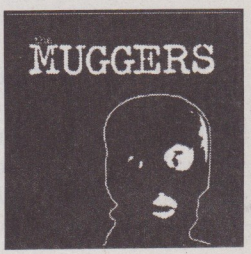
NO FUCKIN TALENT / THE WADERS – split EP

These bands from the Lowlands play some street punk and some Oi. If you like, you like. The WADERS are more bleached jeans rolled up over your Docs pogo, without a complete macho feel. They have also included a cute comic inside the record, which I unfortunately cannot read. NO FUCKIN TALENT are more on the crust-pop tip of the Oi thang, combining THIS IS MY FIST with a slamming PEGGIO PUNX. (JA)
(www.faak.dk)

THE NO-GOODS – "Hits Uit Het Noorden" 10"

These boys do a fine job of kicking out a rough and ready Nederbeat sound. The vocals are a bit weak on some of the songs: if they work out that kink, they'll really be on to something. (DD)
(Kuriosa, Thorbeckelaan 65, 7492 CM Meppel, HOLLAND)





NO SLOGAN – "National Threat" EP

Good fuzzy punk reminding me of the FREEZE, ya know how the guitars roll along to a steady drum beat and consistent bass. Alongside a classic Midwest sound, they manage to throw in some *Punk and Disorderly* English shite style. Good words about anti-dudely, anti-fashion states of being. I liked this quite a bit on my second listening. From Chicago. (JA)
(Southkore, 2814 S. Spaulding, Chicago, IL. 60623)

OLD SARUM / RAISE THE CURTAIN – split LP

Two great new Boston bands here. Vicious and intense, OLD SARUM play ultra-fast hardcore, packed with energetic sing-a-longs and punishing breakdowns. While they don't sound much like CHARLES BRONSON, they're definitely using the same kind of blast beat/youth crew/power violence formula. On the flip side RAISE THE CURTAIN more than pull their weight, taking you on a violent roller coaster ride of in your face brutality and chugga-chugga mayhem. (VH)
(Teenage Disco Bloodbath, www.tdbrecords.com)

ORGANZ – "The Cuts" CD

For the second month in a row, I'm reviewing a release with very amusing cover -art by Sam McPheeters (last month it was the SODAMN INSSEIN LP). For whatever reason, by having Mr. McPheeters do your cover art, it seems to automatically give your band a bit of an added "relevance" factor these days, like you're part of this inner circle of "hip" bands that Sam (in his increasingly peculiar ways) deems cool enough to work with. Anyways, as for the music, ORGANZ is a band with three bass-players, a drummer, and four people contributing vocals. Being such a bass-heavy group, one could predictably use some MAN IS THE BASTARD references, but ORGANZ has an altogether faster, quirkier sound that reminds me more of a cross between contemporaries like AKIMBO and LIGHTNING BOLT more than anything else. There are also a few quick off-kilter, jazz influenced, prog-like jams that are surprisingly compelling. Finally, the vocals on here are really the icing on the cake—giving me the same awesome sensation I get when I throw on RORSCHACH's *Protestant* LP. Simply spellbinding! In summation, this record is no less than essential if you like any of the aforementioned bands. (SP)
(UndeRadar, www.underadar.com)

OUTBREAK - "A Part of this Machinery" CD

Metallic angst filled modern hardcore that walks the line between the chaotic and discordant to the rhythmic and melodic. Five songs executed with the precision of a Swedish proctologist. This style of hardcore doesn't do a thing for me. But OUTBREAK, like all good Swedish proctologists, gets the job done. (VH)
(Rockstar, Verbindungsstrasse 9, 52080 Aachen, GERMANY, www.rockstarrecords.de)

P-NISSARNA - "Flumpungar" CD

Swedish no marks who knocked out a couple of now impossible to get 7"s in 80/81, then one more in '89. The fist 7" is the winner with a real late 70s UK snot-punk vibe, the later discs are slightly cleaner, but just as catchy. All the 7's are included with some live goods tacked on for good measure. Maybe not as mandatory as EBBA GRON or PROBLEM in terms of Swedish history, but a worthy historical disc for the nerds out there. (TB)
(Swedish Punk Classics, Box 6294, 400 60 Gothenburg, SWEDEN)

PALE RIDERS – "Trade Your Guns for a Coffin" CD

There seems to be some kind of cheesy cow folk theme here. The cover art is like a sepia toned ranch with hanging skeletons with cow folk hats on and there is a band photo with them dressed as cowboys. No really! Song titles about guns, graves, and colts (both .45s and horses). The music isn't very fast and the vocals are kinda snotty and clean. There are some elements of poorly expressed emotional hardcore. I can't handle it. (ZM)
(www.paleriders.net)

THE PEGS – "Robot Romance / 3 O'clock Slop"

This is the way I like punk rock: catchy, straightforward and uncluttered, mid-tempo and delivered with some energy. Reminiscent of some of the early SoCal hardcore greats (ADOLESCENTS and the CROWD to name a couple), this is damn good. There are only two tracks—which is the way it should be—and they both rock. There is nothing fancy about this record. Again, that's the way it should be. With two former members of the NUMBERS, it's no real surprise that these guys deliver the goods. (KK)
(Hostage, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA, 92615)

PINCHU MACHA – "Charly Enjoli" EP

On the back of the DIY picture sleeve to this record it states; PINCHU MACHA will make you stare, will make you feel funny, will make you look confused, will make you want to tear your skin off. All of the above are accurate, excepting the last one. After listening to this three times I wanted to replace "skin" with "headphones". Alternatingly, sludgy, arty, discordant, catchy and abrasive, I can't think of one reference point. Really don't know what to say about these four gals, other than it's quite an experience. The vocals are wonderful. Find out for yourself. (RR)
($3 ppd; Burst Into Flames, PO Box 42673, Philadelphia, PA 19101)

POISON IDEA – "Kings of Punk" LP

This is a new release of the '86 classic from Portland's elder statesmen, POISON IDEA. What's to say? No future, heading straight down. This, their third release, was an explosively hopeless and un-American record that forever altered the course of hardcore—especially in the Pacific Northwest. (AC)
(Reflex)

PRICKS – "Slightly Out of Focus" EP

More quality punk rock from the great state of Ohio—the PRICKS played raw, tuneful hardcore punk, with an emphasis on the tuneful and the punk. Makes me think FYP in their faster, snottier moments, or even a bit of the PIST sans politics. Quality stuff from this band whose members went on to the highly underrated yet totally vicious DON AUSTIN. Oh yeah, limited to 101 copies, so forget about it. (MT)
(Rubber City)

RADIO 4 – "Live in France" LP

A live record of uncertain origin that captures this NYC art-funk-punk band really sounding a lot like GANG OF FOUR from *Urgh! A Music War*, then switching it up by referencing post-punk UK sounds. Which is fine, they're not a carbon copy band or anything, I'm just a little exhausted by the unrelenting enthusiasm for the boomy early 80s groove thang. The MEMBRANES tribute bands should be about six months off, followed by the LES THUGS and SCREAMING TREES tribute bands. It'll be okay, I guess, but I'm waiting for more bands to hurry up and start rehashing the early Datapanik label sound. Fast forward to 1991! (RW)
(no address)

RATTLIN' BONES – CD

This record fucking sucks. It's a cross between the CRAMPS and the IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS and some shitty psychobilly band. I can't decide which is worse, the boring music or the packaging with it's no lyrics, no address and liner notes printed way too small to read. (DP)
(no address)

RATOS DE PORAO – "Descamse em Par" LP

RATOS DE PORAO's sound hadn't changed much on this, their follow up to the brutal *Cricificados Pelo Sistema* (their first LP). Dischordant, high-speed hardcore with classic scratchy, guitars, mile-a-minute bass, and outraged, political lyrics. The guitar riffing gets repetitious in a few places and the production

could be rawer, but tracks like "Morder Mais Uma Vez" brings back all the old memories on this re-issue of their 1986 LP. All in all, solid. (SS)
(Tralla, Ap. Co: 37119-08080 Barcelona, SPAIN)

REALLY RED – "Teaching You the Fear" LP

So which one of you's slack jawed squares ain't heard of REALLY RED, I can see hands, well damn you, your dog, and a sorry excuse of a wank riddled life. Well thanks to Empty records, you now have a chance to elevate yourself and crew to a new standard of club member's only punk rock. Hailing from Houston, but definitely sounding more like the edgy paranoid stink that was emanating from Auston.Rubbing shoulders, tour vans, and dingy night clubs with heroes the BIG BOYS, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, and the DICKS, to name a few. Released in 1981 this record took in huge influences of the jerkie dance stylings of GANG OF FOUR whilst not straying to far from the more melodic flavor of early West Coast hardcore. A band that could have you slamming, jiving and peering suspiciously over ones shoulder all in the space of one song. A classic punk rock hall of famer, and a big must. (SD)
(Empty, PO Box 12301, Portland, OR 97211)

REIGNING SOUND – "Too Much Guitar" LP

...this is it!!! THE RECORD OF THE MOTHERFUCKING YEAR!!!!! The best REIGNING SOUND LP yet!!!! Sweet Jeeeeesssuuuusss...I'm-a-cuuuuuummmmmin' in my blue jeans!!!!!! Greg Cartwright (ex-OBLIVIANS) is an incredible songsmith and I do believe I want to SUCK HIS COCK RIGHT NOW!!!!! Very few people these days can pen a good catchy tune...the golden age of song writing is long over, but Mr. Cartwright seems to have some of that old tyme magic oozing out of his finger tips!!!! No doubt this man has done his homework!!!!! This particular record is a perfect blend of wall of guitar sonic noise, jungle drum psycho beats, distorted dirty mojo vocal work, booming donkey-dick bass licks, crazy PCP production and QUALITY songwriting skills!!!!! Nothing at the moment comes even close!!!!!! Even the ballads on this wax are OVER THE TOP!!!!! I haven't been this "ga-ga" over a record in a long time!!!!! Rock and roll never tasted so good!!!!!! (SW)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, Ca 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

RESIDUALS – "Atom Bomb" EP

On this Pair O' Docs EP, Dallas, Texas natives, the RESIDUALS play frantic punk rock with a political message. The hell-bent hectic guitar and bass drive this punk rock machine at full speed! The shrill shouted vocals encapsulate the politics of despair. In "Atom Bomb", they sing, "All I see is destruction / The innocent engulfed in heat / Ashed bodies now fill the streets". The RESIDUALS play passionate left-leaning punk rock with conviction. Good shit! (BR)
(Pair O' Docs, PO Box 222059, Dallas, TX 75222, rippinginside@hotmail.com)

THE RESTARTS – "System Error" LP

What can I say? What justice can I do this band? British through and thru. Take a fucking lesson assholes, this is what street punk sounds like, except the RESTARTS ain't a bunch of Hot Topic poseurs sucking a mythical English Wattie asshole. This is dance in the basement, spanner in the works, back porch drinking, bomb in the police station punk!!! I never knew Steve Ignorant had pregnancy-inducing sex with all of POISON IDEA, but this is some cute baby they had. Oh, also good people. They played at a house in West Oakland last month, and rocked us with energy and astounded us with their good manners! BUY!!! (JA)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN. 55408)

RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS / THROW RAG – "Tribute to the Big Boys" split EP

"Fun Fun Fun" is right. That's the one the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS cover, and they do a great job with it. It must have been hard to pick a BIG BOYS song—which one would *you* cover? THROW RAG does "Red/Green", very easy and slow-like, another winner, though it's not *quite* as solid as the RIVERBOAT GAMBLERS' side. I love the BIG BOYS, and even though tribute records are weird, I am glad to see justice done to the songs and the package, which is gorgeous and pays fine homage to the BIG BOYS aesthetic, just like you did with sharpie on the bottom of your board. Awesome insert artwork and seal of approval by Tim Kerr. (AC)
(Dateshake, www.dateshakerecords.com, http://members.fortunecity.com/bigboywesite/)

ROBOT HAS WEREWOLF HAND – "The Endless" LP

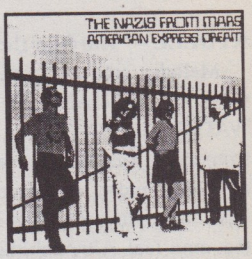
This one-sided, etched LP is fast, fun, yet predictable from this male and female fronted hardcore band from Buffalo, New York. Fast, well-placed percussion, fast music, and well-screamed vocals from each vocalist make this a sturdy LP. Honestly though, I feel like it lacks a bit of the intensity of their previous seven inch, perhaps because it is more of the same style. Their lyrics are predictable, but decent as well, covering religion, health care, work, and punk band reunions. The one song that does stand out does so purely because of the topic: it's sex positive! I might not sound that enthused about this LP, but really, it's good. (ZM)
(Art of the Underground, 16 1/2 Tremont Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213)

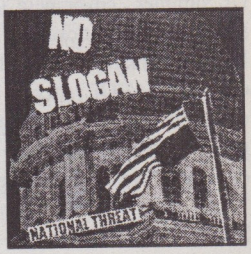
ROVSVETT - "The Dwarf" EP

So, ya, the title song tells the story of a dwarf. A dwarf on a horse no less. And evidently this dwarf is on the loose and feeds his horse beer. This dwarf partakes in some sort of strange S&M activities, possibly with cowboys—that whole part isn't entirely clear. What is clear is that ROVSVETT has written what are either the best or most stupid lyrics to a punk song ever...or maybe both? The music isn't as raging as previous releases but they do manage to still have the burning punk spirit after all these years. (NT)
(Bucho, www.buchodiscos.kit.net)

RUNNAMUCKS / THE LUMPS – split EP

The RUNNAMUCKS side is so muddy I had to turn the volume up to like, 60 to even hear it. I like the lo-fi sound, but this is just plain muffled. Negative bonus points for way mediocre cover of "I Got A Right." I don't





know what to say about the LUMPS. It sounds like they have three people all playing different songs at the same time and someone's in the corner passing a kidney stone or something. The inside cover of the LUMPS side has a collage of random body parts and breasts that is just a little to Ed Gein for me. (DP)
($3 plus postage, Selfish Fucker, PO Box 615, Westly, CO 80036)

RYDELL – "Hard on the Trail" CD

Melodic emo-esque pop punk. Along the ways of SAMIAM and the poppier HOT WATER MUSIC. This is the best I've heard from this UK combo. I seem to remember them as being more quiet/acoustic in the past. Passionate singing/screaming vocals give this that emo feel. Although there is another "Boys Of Summer" cover here in which they saw a BLACK FLAG sticker too. Being from the UK I would think more along the ways of a CRASS or DISCHARGE sticker but this is a minor complaint and a golden opportunity missed. A good full length still. (RL)
(Engineer, www.engineerrecords.com)

SK & THE PUNK ASS BITCHES – "The True Saviors of Rock 'n' Roll" CD

SK stands for the veteran guitar hooligan from the Great Northwest: Scott Kellogg. Scotty has been rockin' for years with the likes of MOTHERLOAD, BOMF!, ELMER, and now he heads in a more classic rock direction. With strong vocals, and rockin' riffs with infectious hooks, I'd say they're somewhere between BTO and DOA. SK's on the drink, and them bitches rock! (HM)
(We Got, 7900 N Washburne, Portland, OR 97217, www.skandthepunkassbitches.com)

SACRAMENTO – "Sacto Rock City / Street Rock Parking Lot"

Gee…wonder where they are from? My "City Of Beer" informants tell me this band only plays around town…literally. You can find them rocking in parking lots, on street corners, on the train, etc. That's what I call civic pride. On record, minimalist garagey punk is the sound, but the energy with which it's "played" is the only saving grace. Probably a total blast at "Fuck Fridays." (MC)
(Cock Energy, P.O. Box 5700, Sacramento, CA 95817-5700)

SACRAMENTO – "Sacto Rock City" EP

Sacramento is the "City of a Beer" and SACRAMENTO is part of what makes it such an awesome place. They follow a tradition of playing in random places, parking garages, sidewalks, your fucking front yard that began when someone saw an electrical outlet in a city parking structure and thought, hmmm…They sound like AC/DC would have sounded if Bon Scott had joined a shitty garage band instead of the Young brothers. So next time you're at some crappy bar show full of drunken hipsters, step outside 'cause SACRAMENTO just may be coming to your town. (DP)
(Cock Energy, PO Box 5700, Sacramento, CA 95817-5700)

THE SCARLET LETTER – "How Is Your Heart?" LP

A damn good record, especially following the pop drivel I just listened to. These guys are really all over the place. Their songs are really hard to dissect—always spastic and short, super fast, sometimes with blast beats but melodic at the same time. The guitars have metal elements, but not enough to make this a metal band. The drumming is incredible. The vocals are totally non-typical. Each song gets straight to the point. It's really tough to make a comparison…If I could compare this to anything it would be to COLD SWEAT, but this is a more challenging and eclectic, and less straightforward. They have the energy and feeling of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, but do not stick to hardcore. A fuck of a record, if you want to hear something new, check this out. (WR)
(scarletromantis@hotmali.com)

SCHEMATIC OF A WAKING LIFE – "Cinders and Seeds" CD

Four-song EP of late-90s sounding "emo" hardcore. There's a lot going on in all four tracks, but more than anything else, this reminds me of bands like YOU AND I, A DAYS REFRAIN, CONSTANTINE SANKATHI, etc. The songs are quite technical and chopped up with numerous quiet parts. Sometimes this loud/soft effect works well, other times it's just a little too over-dramatic. While not utilizing the most original formula, SCHEMATIC OF A WAKING LIFE pulls things off considerably well despite all else (due in large part to superb musicianship and a stellar recording). That said, I only wish there was a little more in the way of memorable hooks, melody, or something to give the songs a bit more character. (SP)
(Bug Empire, www.bugempire.com)

SCREAMIN' MEE-MEES – "Garbage Collage" CD

The SCREAMIN MEE-MEES were one of those cultural archeology projects from the mid 90s, a long lost mid-70s proto punk duo that got out one 7" that ended up onna *Killed By Death* and led to a few brand new LPs and a mess of 7" coming out. Now, they're working backwards, as this CD is full of rough demo-quality bangin' and scrapin' from the years 1975-80. I'll put it this way, the credits for member John Ashline on this are: vocals, coffee can, plastic lamp shade, metal lawn table, snare drum, Emenee electric chord organ, piano and lead guitar. When someone casually drops the term "DIY," this is the Ur-bedrock for the usage. Some of the songs on this 23 tracker barely exist (JANDEK anyone?), but there are enough weird 20th century kicks on this to please all discerning O REX and MIKE REP fans. "C'mon Jimmy," run again! You've got one term left! Save us… (RW)
(Gulcher, www.gulcher.gemm.com)

SHANKS / SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS – split 45

Two authentic-sounding groups breeze through a couple of ROLLING STONES covers with ease. The infamous/hated/loved SWINGIN' NECKBREAKERS chug through the ROLLING STONES "It's Not Easy" in a version that, dare I say it, shuts down the DEVIL DOGS version. Plenty of muscle and bravado from these East Coast nabobs. The SHANKS reading of "Doncha Bother Me" sounds a little too much like the original to me (complete with the Jagger impersonation) so it's not quite as fun though rocking in its own right. Worth it for the NECKBREAKERS track. (JH)
(Norton, PO Box 636, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276, www.nortonrecords.com)

SILVER – "Do You Wanna Dance / Popper"

A lovely reissue of a 7" you absolutely will never *ever* find sitting in the bargain bin for $1, so quit looking and track down one of these instead. The story is apparently one of a bunch of thirteen-year old kids let loose in a Finnish studio circa 1979/80 (there is another 7" out there) and fed an enormous quantity of fine sugar-filled products, and some coffee, and some expired Ritalin, and some cream spinach, and then instructed to relax and emote, and boy do they do. It ain't the RAMONES, it's more like a GERMS tribute band without that band's laser beam focus. One of the weirdest, most compelling rackets I've ever heard, and totally deserving of its rep in the whisper-filled halls of collectordumb. See it, stab it. (RW)
(no address)

SISSIES – "Everything in the World—A Discography" CD

A review that goes hand in hand with the WHAT THE KIDS WANT review. A posthumous collection of this amateur indie punk combo's two CD's with some tape and live tracks tacked on. Good stuff with less slop than the GRUMPIES and such. Coulda been Kill Rock Stars darlings in the 90s. (RL)
(Plan It X, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402)

SLOGAN BOY – "This Record" EP

"Recorded sometime in 2000/2001," though it sounds like it could have been dusted off from 1981. SLOGAN BOY fuckin' rule. Songs about the Moral Majority (how Reagan-era!). "Fuck Your Systematic Handwriting," "I Don't Like to Take Control," and "What's Mine, What's Yours, Fuck Them" are other offerings. Fast

and incomprehensible demo-level hardcore played in a wild-and-wooly style, full o' youthful enthusiasm. (JH)
(Hate the 80s, 204 Belvedere St., Nazareth, PA 18064, www.hatetheeighties.com)

SMALLTOWN – "The First Three Years" CD

For all the raving you've heard about this band, believe the hype! A collection of three EP's, a split, and an unreleased track. Awesome raw mod punk with chunky guitars, raw vocals, and some strong tunes. Think the STRIKE and STIFF LITTLE FINGERS with this Swedish trio. (RL)
(Deranged, www.derangedrecords.com)

SMUGGLERS – "Mutiny in Stereo" LP

Haven't heard as much as a peep from this Canadian brain trust in…well, it's been quite a while. The SMUGGLERS are a poppy and peppy combo prone to uniforms, helmets, fun-loving stage antics and the kind of speedy pop punk that older folks don't generally admit to liking. I gotta say that I've viewed 'em with some distain in the past, lumping them in with labelmates the HIGH FIVES and dismissing the whole lot as Kid's Music. *Mutiny in Stereo* sounds good to me right now, though: it's their usual aural cornocopia of 60s beat sounds, clean-scrubbed pop aesthetics, and memorable hooks. They're still uncool, but so am I. So are you. (JH)
(Screaming Apple, Düstemichstr. 14, 50939, Köln, GERMANY, www.screaming-apple-records.de)

SONIC LOVE AFFAIR – "Something to Believe In" 2x45

"Sonic" is the correct word to use here…the sounds on this twin 45 gatefold are so heavy that it makes my balls ache and blood run from my urethra!!!!!!! These Sacramento bad boys deliver the rock and roll meat through the back door…no doubt about it!!!! Loud, skillful and as angry as they cum…this is the kind of sweaty, dirty and even ugly R&R that makes you horny enough to eat the corn out of the turd-balls you just sucked out of your blind date's ass!!!! Four tunes total, two originals and two covers (13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS and DMZ) packaged beautifully in what has gotta be the best record cover I've seen since PINK FLOYD's *Dark Side Of The Moo*" and 10cc's *Rubber Bullets*!!!! A sure QUALITY product and an OUTSTANDING debut from these five professionals of HEAVY-NESS!!!!! (SW)
(Dollar)

SPIDER RICO – "Mae" EP

Fun, trashed-out rock and roll. Here are some real distorted, loud guitars that belted out a rollicking primitive noise. They should be from Memphis circa 1993 or maybe present day Wisconsin. (CK)
(Kuriosa, Thorbeckelaan 65, 7942 CM Meppel, SPAIN, kuriosarecords@yahoo.com)

SPLAG – "Rise" EP

This record is *really* hard on the ears. After giving this a listen, I was immediately going back to the "rough recording" claims I made on other reviews and turning down my criticism. My hypothesis is that SPLAG is without bass-player, so rather than find one, they think it should be OK to fill the mix with blanket of guitar treble so thick that anyone's ears are instantly fried. There are two vocalists here—one male, and one female—and from what I can make out of the music, it actually sounds faintly like OTTAWA or something of that ilk. But again, this recording is just so terrible that it is a bit hard to make a final judgment. (SP)
(she52@hotmail.com)

STAB YOU IN THE HEAD – "Killin' Heads" CD

When they go fast, it's cool—brutal, crushing blasts of rampaging hardcore—then they get into the stomping chugga-chugga mosh shit and it sucks. Puke, I had high hopes that this shit was long past. Metal, metal metal, watch me whip this out the window. Oh yeah, no more fucking movie samples. Fart. (MT)
(Red Scroll)

STEREOTYPERIDER - "Under the Influence" CD

Cover records are tricky beasts. Rarely do covers surpass the originals, or add anything new to 'em (HUSKER DU's "Eight Miles High" and DIE WALTER ELF's "I Don't Like Mondays" are the only couple that spring to mind, plus, of course, MANIC HISPANIC). So, what's the point? I presume it's a way that bands pay homage to their influences—and hope that their legions of fans will check out the source? Here the RIDER chaps cover (faithfully) songs by the CURE, ARCHERS OF LOAF, FUGAZI, the PIXIES, SEAWEED, DESCENDENTS and QUICKSAND. Plus throw in some gratuitous pictures of some young woman baring her breasts. I guess if you like the band and/or some of those being depicted (or artful semi-nudes?), you might like this. (RK)
(Suburban Home, www.suburbanhomerecords.com)

STILL CROSSED – "Love and Betrayal" CD

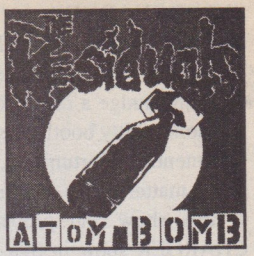
Well played modern metallic straight edge that too often drifts into mosh territory for my tastes—though when they turn on the speed its pretty good. Breakdowns galore (like 1.823 per song), so you *will* be able to get yo mosh on. A bit akin to mid to late-90s hardcore bands like ENSIGN or IGNITE. (MT)
(Indecision, PO Box 6052, Garden Grove, CA 92846, www.indecisionrecords.com)

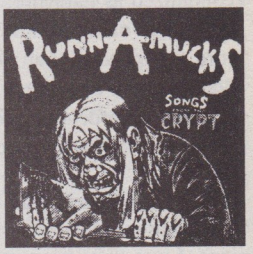
STRONG INTENTION / SOLID DECLINE – split EP

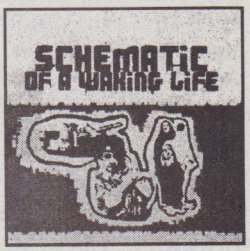
Whoa, STRONG INTENTION goes thrash metal?! Well, at least for one of their four songs. That first song is balls-out metal, licking the frets of SODOM. But if that is not your thing, don't worry because the other three tracks are the ferociously fast hardcore that you have come to expect from them. SOLID DECLINE takes a different musical route. They kick out some dark and dirty crust similar to bands like DOOM. Check it out. (RC)
(Vendetta, Gleimstrasse 17, 10437, Berlin, GERMANY, www.vendettarecords.de)

SUMO - "La Libera Danza Quotidiana" CD

Italians SUMO delivers a devastating combination of straight forward 80s punk and discordant 90s hardcore. Eight tracks packed with unrelenting anger and intensity that'll tear you apart while the powerfully melodic and catchy riffs leave you pleading for more. (VH)
(Nothing City C/o Enrice Campagna, Via Verardin 4, 40063 Zola Predosa, BO, ITALY, en_cam@yahoo.com)







SUPERCHARGER – "Live 1992 at the Covered Wagon (SF)" LP

Here is one of those cases where you shouldn't judge a record by its cover. It looks like some shitty bootleg record. I hope that was the intention. Fortunately, it is the inside that really matters. This is a great recording. I was at this show and probably every SUPERCHARGER show in San Francisco. They are one of my all-time favorites. The music is so simple and fun. It has aged well. Uh-oh, I feel myself getting too nostalgic. Is that me yelling in the audience? (CK)
(Rip Off)

SUTEK CONSPIRACY – "Motif" CD

Raging hardcore styled speed metal-punk. Super harsh female vocals set to metallic riffs economized as hardcore. Fast paced and with just enough of the off-kilter edge to make them more interesting than your average metal addicted punk-core group. AT THE GATES if they were a hardcore punk group. (WM)
(Ed Walters, www.edwaltersrecords.org)

TAKARU – "There Can Only Be None" LP

Having seen this band live on so many occasions, I was quite happy to hear how well this full-length captures TAKARU's live intensity and ferociousness. For those unaware, TAKARU plays a brand of dark, brutal hardcore combining the apocalyptic, low-note moods of URANUS and HIS HERO IS GONE with the technical song structures and guitar work of bands like CONVERGE, COALESCE, or even earlier DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN. Also consider that members of this band have also done time in RUHAEDA, A DAYS REFRAIN, and FUNERAL DINER and you begin to get the picture. Unlike those bands however, the bottom line for TAKARU is maximum heaviness combined with an array of politically introspective lyrics. Bru-tal. (SP)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, www.alonerecords.com)

TAKARU – "There Can Only Be None" CD

San Francisco's TAKARU explode screamo styled metal-core. Punishing distortion and crunchy, crushing bass, two singers, a cacophony of guitars, a heavy groove and chaotic drumming. Abrasive and intense, but still plenty of moshing parts. The lyrics all come with super-detailed explanations. Better than the average, of which there's lots. (WM)
(Alone, PO Box 3019, Oswego, NY 13126, www.alonerecords.com)

TEENAGE CONFIDENTIAL – "Rock 'n' Roll Kiss" LP

Take FIRESTARTER and throw in better songs and better production and you have these guys. Holy shit this is the best thing from Japan that I have ever heard. Period. Don't complain, just listen. Power pop with a strong 50s/60s nod to melody and guitar licks that border on the glam side. Get this fucking record man! Get it today! Not tomorrow. But right now. Go! (BM)
(Screaming Apple Dustemichstr 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY, www.screamingapple.de)

TEENAGE REHAB – "More Than a Job" CD

Vocally TEENAGE REHAB sound very Spokane; think MOTHERLOAD or BIG COMB. Musically they are pretty straightforward punk, more than three chords, and they do have some good hooks going on, but the combo here just doesn't work for me. (DP)
(Amp, 153 Balsam Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA L8M 3B6, www.amprecords.com)

THE TEETH – "We Will Kill You" CD

Yet another band that gets by on being ok. Nothing particularly offensive or great about them. Gritty but melodic punk, maybe pulling from SOCIAL DISTORTION or HUSKER DU but more modern sounding, like LEATHERFACE. It's cool that they add a harmonica in, but unfortunately this doesn't do much for the songwriting. I can't really recommend this eight song CD, but it could be worse, too. Minus points for some bad computer graphics. (WR)
(www.theteethkill.com)

TEN FOOT POLE - "Subliminable Messages" CD

Fifth (?) full length in ten years. Nothing new, but they do that whole melodic hardcore SoCal sound (NO USE FOR A NAME, FACE TO FACE etc) so well, they make it sound almost new! Singer sounds even more like a gravelly FAT MIKE, which is not a bad thing. Definitely a cut above most, and with a healthy dose of political angst to boot (or, er to tennis shoe). (RK)
(Go Kart,www.gokartrecords.com)

THAT WAS THEN – "It's All Been Said Before" EP

THAT WAS THEN are five Southerners who play modern hardcore not unlike BANE or CHAMPION. I think most of the black zip-up hoodie crowd would probably be turned off by the lack of production on this release. That might explain why I find myself liking them better than most of their contemporaries. Regardless, the song writing is good, and the lyrics are solid. I feel that I should mention that three out of the four cuts on here have guest vocals by members of the HOODS and CLENCHED FIST. (CC)
(Best of Times, 3120 Killarney Lane, Northport, AL 35473)

THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY – "Midwesterncuttalistick" CD

Weird, they list their legal representation just under the band members' names. Okay, that's kinda creepy, but on with the show. These guys are playing with occasional synth-as-damage but unlike many bands in this genre they don't hide behind a wall of noise or hysterical screeching to get their point across. Think equal parts MAKE UP (sans PRINCE imitation) mixed up with FUGAZI and a probably unconscious nod to LUXO CHAMP. (RW)
(Version City, PO Box 22183, Brooklyn, NY 11201)

THIS SHIP WILL SINK – CD

Better than the usual metal-core fare. These three guys seem to have a lot more heart and more interest in things outside of their buddies "stabbin' them in the back," girls, and fucked up society, etc; songs include the subjects of Matthew Shepard, parenting and mental illness, and teenage parenthood, amongst others. Musically, they're technical and furious without being too much of both, on top of the metal-core, to turn you off—unless you're a ten plus extreme level extreme maniac extreme. Fans of BOTCH or CONVERGE should look this way. Features ex-members of the ASSISTANT and YOU AND I plus the proceeds from this go to two organizations that are fighting for the rights and dignity of gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgenders. (WM)
($7ppd; Waking, 1803 Riverside Dr. #5M, New York, NY 10034; www.wakingrecords.com)

TOTALT JÄVLA MÖRKER – "Människans Ringa Värde" CD

Second full length from these Swedes, and while they retain their style of brutal Swedish metallic hardcore (think SKITSYSTEM, ACCURSED or a smidge of AT THE GATES) it just feels a bit flatter than their prior album, *Det Ofrivilliga Lidandets Maskineri,* though am not exactly certain why. It certainly still comes off fairly pummeling, but not quite the total steamroller of Swedish brutality that it should be—more like a dumptruck of brutality. (MT)
(Distortion, PO Box 6294, 400 60 Göteborg, SWEDEN, distortion@dolores.se)

TRAUMA ACUSTICO - "One More Beautiful Blanket for the Worms" EP

Great Brazilian horror-core that reminds one (at least me) of the CRIPPLE BASTARDS. This is fantastic, furious, old school hardcore-grind-noise. Ten tracks in all with great vocals and lyrics in Spanish (with English translation), horror movie samples between tracks (the record production is credited to Kiko and Dario Argento, directed by Lucio Fulci) and some great crushing, if not terribly original noise. An old school joy. (RR)
(Absurd records, C.P. 302, Osasco – SP, 06016-970, BRAZIL)

TRIKARDS – EP

…rough and tumble French skinhead music!!!!! This is actually really fucking good!!!! Six well played, hooky and intense songs sung in French…complete with true skinhead ugliness and (holy smoke) there's a chick on bass!!!! My favorite cut here is "Footboule"!!!! You'll definitely have the scent of beer on your cock after listening to this little slice of QUALITY!!!! (SW)
(Fight 45, Passage Kracher, 75018 Paris, FRANCE, www.fight45records.com)

TYRADES- "I'm a Homicide" EP

Cranking the paranoid level to a new degree, bringing on dirty visions of state run mental institutions and adding more jerk to the already out of control buzz saw punk, this is a band that can't do no wrong. Along with fellow head boilers the FUSE, FUNCTIOINAL BLACKOUTS and FINAL SOLUTIONS,TYRADES are slapping the dinosaur back to life and making punk rock a dangerous place to be in again. Way to scary for the skinny boy hipsters and their sterile New York worship and just too much on the art damage sty lings for the meat headed street punks. Three straight to the vain shots from the ugly siblings of the REZILLOS, that make me wanna jump into the bosom of my poor mother and make me feel all safe again. I missed these cats the last time round but you can bet a dirty ol suck on your grannies dentures I'll be there the next time with a broken bottle and a head full cheap whiskey. (SD)
(Shit Sandwich, 3107 N. Rockwell, Chicago, IL 60618, www.shitsandwichrecords.com)

UNION OF URANUS – "To This Bearer of Truth" CD

Good ol' URANUS. I never get tired of listening to this fantastic mid-nineties French-Canadian hardcore band that, similarly to ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY, inspired so many of my favorite bands (ORCHID et al) and so many of the bands that irritate me most (pretty much all the bands that really want to be ORCHID). This is their discography—nine songs—including their double seven inch, split with IMMORAL SQUAD, split with the almighty HIS HERO IS GONE (their demo), plus the Negative Approach cover comp track. They are dark, ominous, and driving, mid-paced sweeping hardcore that just makes you want to do some form of the claw, though they lack a metallic influence. Seriously fucking groundbreaking. Lyrically fragmented, I get the impression they were (hopefully are?) anti-authoritarians, but since their lyrics aren't that explicit, they might have been liberals. Not like anyone else cares anyway. If you have never heard this classic treat of a hardcore band, this is your wake up call. Don't pay eBay prices for their rare records; get this CD ASAP! (ZM)
(Great American Steak Religion/Stonehenge)

UPSTAB – "Stabbing the Church" EP

Primitive, snot-nosed hardcore from these Clevo punx. Am not 100% certain but that sure does sound a lot like Mr. Chris Erba (ex-H-100s) on the vocal duties—that man has such a demented, distinctive and totally classic punk rock delivery. Think one part CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS, one part GERMS and with all the DEAD BOYS attitude—put through a vat of Parma's finest bathroom crank—fucking hell. While halfwits and other assorted jobbers clamor over themselves to worship at the feet of charlatans that claim the label "punk" these days, these Northeastern Ohio assholes are the real deal—total degenerates, total rejects, and totally great. More please; these two songs are clearly no enough. (MT)
(no address)

US OF SHIT / FUNERAL SHOCK – split EP

US OF SHIT tear through seven tracks of raw thrashy hardcore. Musically straightforward but completely hectic, energetic, and fast. They do one of the sloppiest MINOR THREAT covers I've ever heard, but that fact that the song is barely recognizable kinda makes it work. Good stuff. On the B side we have the Bay Area all-star cast that is FUNERAL SHOCK, dishing out two tracks of thick, heavy, Midwest circa '81 hardcore. Sadly, though, these songs don't have any of the intensity of their *Dead Scenester* EP and come across sounding pretty dull. (VH)
(Cesspool, C/o Paul Barfo, 985 Bidwell Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94086)

V.P.R. – "Aural Assault" CD

Wow, you have a song called "My Girl Turned Into A Lesbian." I hate to tell you guys but not only are you unable to please a woman but your band also sucks. Sorry I had to be the one to tell you, I know it must be hard to come to grips with. (NT)
(Squirl Heart, PO Box 5871, Arlington, VA 2205)

VEE DEE – "Furthur" CD

Real simple and malevolent stuff from this trio—proof that love-struck science fiction weirdos make the greatest rock 'n' roll. Grubby and monochromatic, like someone tried to polish the master tape with an oil-stained rag. "Undertaker," "TV Guard, and "Glimpses of Her" are absolutely pitch-perfect nudnik punk that fires on all pins and avoids unpleasant clichés. Let the bad times roll. (JH)
(Criminal IQ, 3540 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA – "Irvikuva" 12"

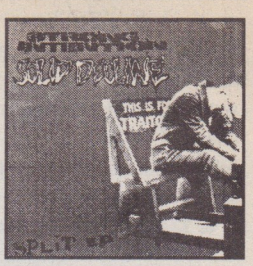
Fifteen blasts of relentless TERVEET KADET-styled Finnish hardcore with a slight metal edge, from these folx who have been around the block a few times. Not quite as raw and primitive as I would normally like this style to be, but not too shabby either. (MT)
(Agipunk, www.agipunk.com)

VITAMIN X – "Bad Trip" LP

Fans won't be disappointed as Amsterdam's VITAMIN X unleash twenty-one new tracks of ferocious hardcore punk that are sure to ignite frenzied circle pits in bedrooms across the globe. A great recording, totally capturing the energy and intensity of their live shows. You can almost taste the sweat… (VH)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

WAYOUTS – "1985" EP

Apparently rescued from a moldering cassette tape, this 7" brings a 60s obsessed outfit from the early 80s Bay Area flickering back into existence for their long-delayed fifteen minutes of fame. These guys were very



much in the LYRES or FLESHTONES camp, so it's fast and faithful garage punk from the dark ages before the MUMMIES got all wrapped up in themselves. No one's life will be changed by this one, but it would set nice in a pile of like minded 7"ers next to the stereo console. (RW)
(J & T, 113 U St. NW, Washington, DC 20001)

THE WEAKLINGS – "Rock 'n' Roll Owes Me" LP

I like the whole punk 'n' roll thing, where punk meets rock. I don't like it so much where rock meets punk. I find this punk 'n' roll offering a little too rock and a little light on the punk. Or maybe it's that the rock component is a little too bluesy for me. In any case, it's mid-tempo and catchy, and it's not all-bad. I just think it's got a little too much AC/DC and ROLLING STONES going on. (KK)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA, 90078)

WHAT THE KIDS WANT – "Loud Quiet Loud" CD

The new darlings of sloppy, amateur punk. Similar to BLAKE BABIES, the GRUMPIES and the SISSIES, I love this stuff! A great full length from these recent *MRR* cover folk (RL)
($5 ppd; Smack Dab In The Middle, 5339 Moro Road, Moro, IL 62067, www.whatthekidswant.org)

WOLFPACK - "A New Dawn Fades" LP

WOLFPACK's first CD finally makes it onto wax for all you vinyl snobs. WOLFPACK laid down some of the burliest Scandi-core ever and continued to after changing their name to WOLFBRIGADE. This really boils down to the fact that you should own every record they put out, no doubt about it. This isn't *as* great as there later stuff but there is no question that it rages more then your band. (NT)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

XFILESX – "Excruciation" CD

I don't know much about the Straight Edge Hardcore, but I know what makes me laugh! Awesome! TRIAL meets early NO USE FOR A NAME. Very fast with a guy screaming and then it becomes slow with a guy yelling. The guitar does a tiny noodly bit here and there which sounds like JETHRO TULL. Oh, yeah this CD also sports the best painting reproductions I have ever seen on punk shit. I don't understand this music, but I feel you should buy this CD cuz its good. (JA)
(Trash Art, PO Box 725, Providence, RI. 02901)

ZANN – "Discography" CD

Wow, these are some fucking brutal tunes. ZANN who are from Germany, show no mercy and crush your eardrums with a wall of blown out guitars. The combination of the chaotic music and the throat melting vocals totally reminds me of a mix between ACRID and URANUS. I had never heard of ZANN before, but I sure am glad this CD has come my way. A must hear for fans of this style! (RC)
(Per Koro, www.perkororecords.com)

V/A – "20 Jahr Lanzelot Records" EP

Four mid/late 80s punk bands, three German and one from the UK, all thoroughly dead by now. These are largely previously unreleased stuff from these guys, namely the FUCKERS, SATANIC MALFUNCTIONS, CRAPSCRAPERS and SM 70. Listening to this definitely brought me back to the Epicenter Zone days, when obscure Euro stuff was constantly being blasted over the sound system that sounded just like these bands: chunky, anthemic, gruff/hoarse vocals and a general non-OI! street punk vibe. Comes with a thick booklet and a desire to please those who miss the late 80s punk sound. (RW)
(Lanzelot, Transvaalstrasse 13, 13351, Berlin, GERMANY)

V/A – "Anger Management: Session 1" EP

This record has been in the making for almost two years. I know this because that's how long ago my friend pre-ordered it. So it should be no surprise that three out of the six bands featured on this comp have already called it quits. Side A definitely stands out as the dominant side with killer tracks from KILL YOUR IDOLS, HOLDING ON, and CLOSE CALL. Side B contains unmemorable tracks from MY LUCK and DIEHARD YOUTH, and finishes up the comp with a solid track from WHAT FEEDS THE FIRE. Good comp, but not essential. (CC)
(Martyr, PO Box 995, Harriman, NY 10926-0955)

V/A – "Boston: A Punk and Hardcore Compilation!" 2xCD

A double CD sampler from the "other" Boston scene (the one not related to Bridge Nine records, GIVE UP THE GHOST etc) circa '02 and '03. Believe it or not, I listened to every song on here. And out of the 60 bands, I enjoyed the PROFITS, A GLOBAL THREAT, SHOT DEAD, OUT COLD, CONCRETE FACELIFT, TOMMY & THE TERRORS, and the BLUE BLOODS. Says on the insert that most of this stuff has already been released. That's why you should "Pay No More Than $5.99". So don't. (CC)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

V/A – "Chicago Is Killing Me Slowly" EP

Simply put, this is a great compilation that compiles seven quality bands from the Chicago area. NON FIKTION NOIS, 14 OR FIGHT, NO SLOGAN, HOSTAGE SITUATION, I ATTACK, PLAN OF ATTACK and GET IT AWAY all do their best to remind us that the Chicago scene is alive and well. Between the bands, you get a good mix of hardcore, punk and youth crew so check it out. (RC)
(Underestimated, nomoreauthority@yahoo.com)

V/A – "Half Life – Under the Knife Covers" EP

This four-song EP has four bands covering tunes by HALF LIFE, and the results are almost uniformly strong. DIRTY BIRD starts off with the rippin' "Consider the Alternative," a pungent HC blast with a sound remarkably close to early REBEL TRUTH, while CAUSTIC CHRIST's "Under the Knife" mines the same general style, (HALF LIFE"s lyrics might win an award for vaqueness).. Latter-day MINOR THREAT is married to the classic Boston sound wtih DENY EVERYTHING's version of "More of the Same," and SCARED OF CHAKA closes things with a rendition of "All Our Yesterdays" that comes across as a bit thin. (SS)
(Moo Cow, 38 Larch Circle, Belmont MA 024478)

V/A – "Internationally Pist" EP

Here's a nicely packaged hardcore comp 7" with an array of styles from a DIY project trying to continue the hardcore coming out of the Reagan years. Bands include PESTS, KARNVAPEN ATTACK, HEADLESS HORSEMEN, OUT OF VOGUE, DEADFALL, I OBJECT, and WARSQUAD. THE PESTS definitely impressed with their old school skater punk sound. (SR)
(Punks Before Profits, punksbeforeprofits@hotmail.com)

V/A – "Kiss or Kill" CD

A decent pop punk comp spotlighting L.A.'s lesser known (but in no way do I mean to imply that they are any less loved) bands. I don't recognize any of the names but everything is pretty enjoyable. The girl fronted groups sound like BUCK and CUB and the guy fronted groups sound like ...well, radio friendly pop punk from L.A. But, nevertheless this gets the thumbs up from me. (BM)
(War Room, PO Box 93-1813, Los Angeles, CA 90093-1813, www.warroomrecords.com)

V/A -"Live at the Fuzz Club" EP

The legendary, long threatened Tom Guido tribute to his floating pre-Purple Onion club (though Onion photos are included on the cover) has been out, more or less, since last year (only seven years after the discs were pressed) and now finally comes one for *MRR* review. Walkman recordings of the DRIVING WHEELS, MUMMIES, VANILLA WHORES,

PUSSY HOUNDS, David Nudelman's WILD BREED, the CARNABY STREET LAMP POST, and GAPING WOUNDS plus Tom's detailed and inimitable liner notes provide a real slice of historical something or other. (DD) (Prim)

V/A – "Resistance" CD

The cover of this comp has the battle cry of "Declare your independence from big business"…I don't think WalMart is shaking in their boots quite yet because of it. Where's the fucking quality control? The booklet printing is blurry, the track markers on the cd were placed in the middle of songs, which causes it to skip mid song and all the tracks on here have been previously released. Most of the bands sound like the U.S. BOMBS with a couple tracks from the H100S that seem completely out of place. Just because you did it yourself doesn't mean it's ok to do it half assed. (NT)
(No Front Teeth, www.nofrontteeth.co.uk)

V/A – "Rock Against Bush Vol.1" CD

Although the roster of this disc reads a bit like a Vans Warped Tour line-up, this does feature indie notables STRIKE ANYWHERE, AGAINST ME!, EPOXIES, NOFX, DESCENDENTS, and ANTI-FLAG. Musically this is a strong comp and included is a DVD with a few videos (incl. ANTI FLAG and STRIKE ANYWHERE) as well as political docs, and a great anti-Bush comedy piece by David Cross. We all know Bush is a crook and a liar, hopefully all these little movements will amount to something election wise. But I can't forget about some "punk rockers" at the Punk-voter.com show yelling "NOFX" during Jello's fired-up rant. Sad but true. But do buy the CD/DVD. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

V/A - "The S.C.R.A.P. Punk Compilation" CD

Big eclectic mix of angry international punk including such heavyweights as CONFLICT and DISORDER, and a host of others mostly from the UK and US but including FAR OUT FISHING (Norway), MISSING TEETH (New Zealand), FORCE COOPER (Germany), BACCCHUS TEMPLE ADDICTS (France), and 2X (Chile). Other notables are BROKEN (whose song gives CONFLICT a run for their money), INNER TERRESTRIALS, and 2000DS. On the whole the music is mostly fast political thrash/anarcho punk/hardcore, but there's some melodic stuff, plus the odd reggae/ska influenced squatter type band, and even an industrial act. (AD)
($7 ppd; Aidan's Fire, 1701 Broadway R, Vancouver, WA 98663 / Scrap, PO Box 2023 Brighton, East Sussex, BN1 1AA, UNITED KINGDOM)

V/A - "Shite 'n' Onions Vol. 1" CD

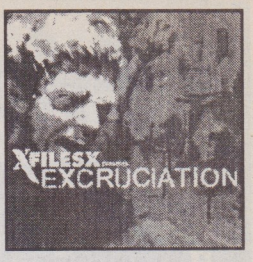
The fusion of kick ass rock 'n' roll/punk and traditional Irish music didn't start with the POGUES (MOVING HEARTS, anyone?), and it certainly never reached its peak with the DROPKICK MURPHYS. Here, fifteen bands from both sides of the Atlantic produce twenty-two tracks of some rockin' Celtic-punk. Guinness fueled swagger provided by the MAHONES, GREENLAND WHALEFISHERS, the SKELS, SIOBHAN, NOGODNIX, BIG BLACK CADILLAC, NECK, BLOOD OR WHISKEY, the TOSSERS, the SPUNK LADS, CROPPIES and more. (RK)
(Omnium, www.omnium.com)

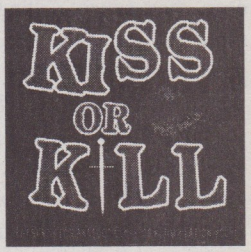
V/A – "Southern Hardcore the Way It Is" CD

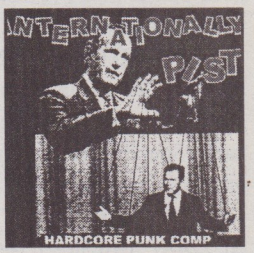
An extremely mediocre attempt at a hardcore compilation highlighting three Southern bands. SKEPTIC? and RANDOM CONFLICT are boring as hell lightweights. BLOODY SODS deliver a little more "umph" with meatier vocals and speeder guitar and drums-they are definitly more tolerable. (B+ on the metal guitar) (SR)
(D-Fens, PO Box 72275, Newnan, GA 30271)

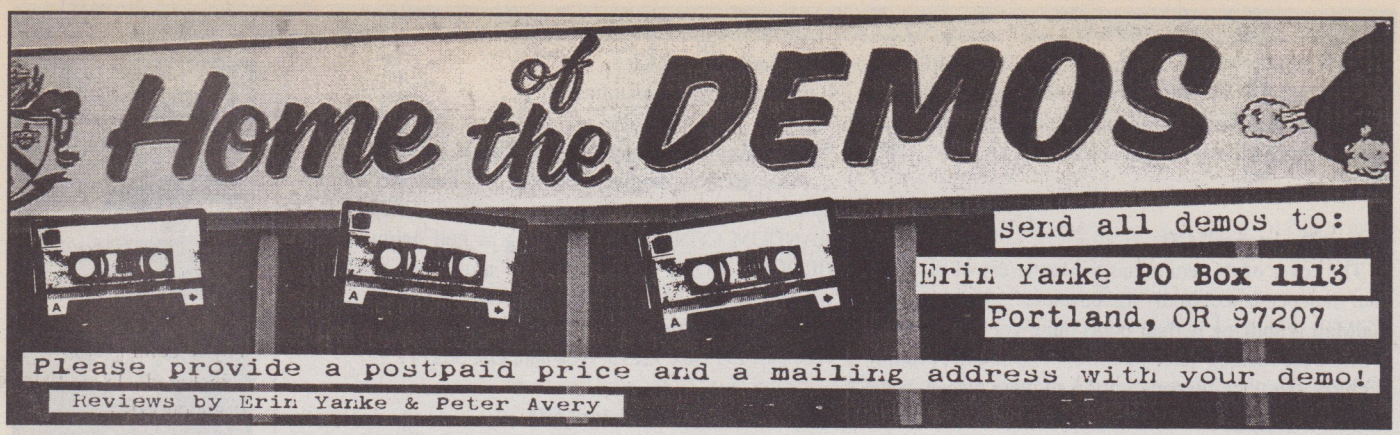
V/A – "Tracks and Fields" CD

A Kill Rock Stars double disc collection featuring bands I know and bands I don't. SUPERCHUNK, GAS HUFFER, GRAVY TRAIN, the BUFF MEDWAYS, RADIO BERLIN, CAPRICORNS, and DECEMBERISTS. Some pop, art, rock, punk, acoustic, and noise… As a whole I dug the vibe for its underground feel. (RL)
(Kill Rock Stars)









52 PICK-UP plays horror movie obsessed garage music. There are bits of psychobilly in the tunes and the guitar tends toward more of a metal sound. This could be compared to some of the early MISFITS stuff. The songs are short, mid to up tempo numbers and most are fairly catchy. They do have a lot of T-shirts for one band. (10 song CD, with lyrics, 13 Cedar Cres., Lowfell, Gateshead, Tyne and Wear, NE9 6ER, United Kingdom, www.hippykillerinc.co.uk) (Pete)

BAIL OUT are a skate core band, playing in the traditional form of that genre. Fast hardcore, short songs, yelling singer, with songs about skating, and breaking shit. Solid. ($2 ppd. 6 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 41005, Bethesda. MD 20824.) (Erin)

BEER PRESSURE plays a mixture of rock'n roll and pop-punk with a slight street punk feel to it. Fairly well played, up-tempo songs but not at all original. The lyrics really need some work. (7 song CD, with lyrics, www.beerpressure.com) (Pete)

BENT OUTTA SHAPE sound like a summer band. Poppy and sloppy, with perfect sing along parts, or, more accurately, yell along parts. Sounds like a grimy No Idea band, or one of the tougher East Bay pop bands. ($1. 7 song CD—plus 3 "secret" ones, lyrics included. 224 W. 35th Street, New York, NY 10001.) (Erin)

CIVIL DYSENTERY plays punk rock that is stripped down to its basics. East Bay nerd punk meets BLACK FORK. Straightforward, up-tempo drumming, messy guitars and snotty but harsh vocals. (12 song CD, with lyrics, 2846 Chapman St., Oakland, CA 94601, civildysentery@yahoo.com) (Pete)

THE COMMUNION plays a darkish grindcore. Equal parts metal and metallic punk, this has all the proper distortion, strained vocals, and fast part/slow part balance you've come to expect. ($2 ppd. 3 song CD, no lyrics included. 61 Linden Ave, Bethpage, NY 11714.) (Erin)

Compilado Underground—Uniendo Fronteras is a compilation of bands that all come from Spain, Central America or South America. There is no one musical style holding this all together but the majority of the bands play some form of hardcore or another. There are also some pop punk, ska and other styles as well. The best track on here is the first one by a band called MALESTAR. Their song reminds me of that FILTH song, "The List" but without the really screamy vocals. Other notable bands are COJOBA (who sound similar to X) and UMBRAL (a great goth-pop band like BAUHAUS or a darker version of NEW ORDER). Only complaint is that it's not mastered so volume levels change drastically between bands. It also comes with a zine in which all the bands have pages but my Spanish is poor and I can only understand about half of it so you'll have to check that out for yourself. (28 song CD, Benefici Intern, APDO 4229-1000, San Jose, Costa Rica, America Central, elcalabozo31@hotmail.com) (Pete)

CRACKS has a grasp the simple and straightforward pure goodness of punk. Mid-tempo and faster, buzzy guitar, solid rhythm section who also mixes it up a bit, and a singer who is yelling, but with you, not at you. Good! ($2 ppd. world. 11 song Cassette, lyrics included. 12780 E. 2200 St., Atkinson, IL 61235.) (Erin)

DANCIN SQUEEGEE MEN is a keyboard comedy band, whose songs sound suspiciously like you'd find cartoon characters singing them on the television. There's a pop punk sensibility to them, though, in between the keyboards, the xylophone, and the jokester "fuck you good times" sentiment that obviously drives them. (50 song CD, lyrics included. 515 St. Thomas Ct., Fairfield, OH 45014.) (Erin)

DEAD CHRETIENS are raw, hilarious, mid-tempo, snotty, and stupid in a good way (really!). This tape sounds like someone pressed record on a boom box, but captures the good times of drinking, playing music, and complaining. ($4 ppd. 8 song cassette, no lyrics. PO Box 102, Colbolt, ON P0J 1C0, Canada.) (Erin)

DOGSHIT SANDWHICH play mid-tempo catchy street punk style. Two different tough guys are singing, complementing each other well with their shouting vocal range. Includes covers by THE POGUES, RUNNIN RIOT, THE MACCLADS, THE BUSINESS, and CONFLICT. (24 song cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 51, 198332, Saint Petersburg, Russia.) (Erin)

DR. GREEN sent in two tapes this month. They are a ska punk band who, on their first tape, they are horn section full on ska, recorded clean and smooth. Their punk is also recorded like that. On their second tape the ska sounds like MADNESS and the punk sounds straightforward, simple, and less slick. (9 song cassette, some lyrics included. PO Box 790, Vilmus 2050, Lithuania.)

EVE'S REVENGE has a quick three-song demo and a video that is difficult to see on my crappy computer. They play heavy hardcore with an emotional edge and a metal guitar. The songs are well written, catchy and have plenty of metal breakdowns. It's really the intricate guitar work that makes this overdone style of music possible to listen to, though. On the other hand, the somewhat pretentious press sheet turns me off. (3 song CD & one video, no lyrics, $2 ppd, 725 E. 2nd St., Bloomington, IN 47401, www.evesrevenge-music.com) (Pete)

EXIT WOUND play mid-tempo thrash, with equal sprinklings of melodic bits, and metal parts. Easy to dance to, as well as thrash to! The vocals are quick spoken/sung chock full of energy and anger. ($3. 4 song CD, no lyrics included. PO Box 681, Boyertown, PA 19512.) (Erin)

FIVE UGLOV play tough guy metal grungy punk, as if there were never any thrash parts, and the mosh were even slower. The vocals are a gruff combination of singing and

shouting. (4 song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 51, 198332, Saint Petersburg, Russia.) (Erin)

Fragments is a compilation of mostly emo and indie rock bands that I think is some sort of sampler for a label (no real info was given). There is a lot of stuff here that sounds similar to SHELLAC, the best of which is BELLINI who are a musical replica of the aforementioned band. There's also some artsy, wannabe free jazz crap like ZU and COMFORT. For the most part it is pretty unremarkable stuff. (20 song CD, no lyrics, www.psychoticarecords.com) (Pete)

THE HORROR SHOW MALCHICKS play basic street-leaning punk rock. The hints of RANCID are there, along with the mid-tempo pace and the yelling singer that's easy to yell along with. (5 song CD, lyrics included. 52 Rue Grand, Lake St. Louis, MO 63367) (Erin)

THE HOLD is awesome. As moving and hard to pin down as THE FEEDERZ, although the vocals are more run of the mill than that. They have great energy, and are fast, catchy and straightforward, without being simplistic. (14 song CD, no lyrics included. 6302 Allan St., Halifax, NS, B3L 1G9, Canada.) (Erin)

HRYDJUVERK is an absolutely nuts hardcore band from Iceland. They play fast, brutal hardcore with crazy metal breakdowns. They also have strong political convictions ("hrydjuverk" means "act of terrorism") and the CD comes with many informative leaflets. (6 song CD, with lyrics, $8 ppd, PO Box 18, 121 Reykjavik, Iceland, hrydjuverk@yahoo.com) (Pete)

MANALIVE! Have a good mix of rockin' out, moody bits, and sing-along catchy parts. With the simple structures, good dancing pace, and some gruff yet melodic vocalist, this band sounds like it might personify drunken camaraderie, like a mix of late REPLACEMENTS and DILLINGER 4. ($2 ppd. 3 song CD, no lyrics included. 1531 Stout St., Denver, CO 80202.) (Erin)

POSLEDNIE TANKI B PARIZHE are all over the place stylistically, from catchy simple punk songs, to fast thrash part/mosh part structure, to longer dirgey art punk. The pacing and the vocal style change to reflect the music, but contain a continuity that makes the amalgamation work. Most (or all) of it is recorded live, too, and has cool sounding song introductions in Russian, I think. (26 song cassette, no lyrics included. PO Box 51, 198332, Saint Petersburg, Russia.) (Erin)

Sik Records put out this great compilation tape called ***Samlingskass 1***. They call it "a documentation of the small and soon forgotten bands in Sweden." I am a big fan of this tape, which has all the strengths of a good comp: variety of songs and style while still creating flow, bands that are familiar and a whole bunch that aren't, and a strong sense of love and devotion to the scene. The bad part is a magnet got to my copy, and there is a continual fading in and out of the sound. It's happening less as the tape goes on, but I'm bummed. Features melodic straightforward punk, classic sounding bands, full on doom bands, quirky songs, thrash part/mosh part bands—just get this. Totally great. ($3 ppd world. 24 song cassette, no lyrics included. Sik Records, c/o Hillbom, Ryttargatan 2A, 90322, Umeå, Sweden) (Erin)

THE SHINING play the style of early 80s East Coast American thrash. Totally driving, shouted vocals with group choruses, breaking it down parts that only slow up the pace a little bit, and even those parts don't last too long. They have some metal moments included, but thankfully they don't stay around too long. Rippin. ($3 ppd. 7 song CD, lyrics included. Frederiksstrat 3 1 Hoog, 11054 LA Amsterdam, Holland.) (Erin)

A SLEEPING IRONY carry on the fine Oakland tradition of doom and futility, but add a titch NEGATIVLAND like bits of samples (including local hero Mario Savio) and instruments I can't identify. The songs though, are mostly slow to mid-tempo head banging pace, heavy on the low end, topped of with a screaming singer. Then there's that weird feedback loopy thing that adds depth. ($3 ppd. 12 song CD, lyrics provided. c/o D.Hague, 1528 Alice St. #9, Oakland, CA 94612.) (Erin)

SLEEPOVER play a mellow version of lo-fi pop, with a moan-tinted lead vocalist. Then once you're lulled, they have a song that's mostly the girl screaming, where it's hard to hear the instruments under that high a pitch! Then, they lull you back down. ($3 ppd. 5 song cassette, no lyrics included. 2018 Buchanan St., San Francisco, CA 94115.) (Erin)

THE SOUTH PACIFIC play songs that I would have called screamo a month ago (I have since been informed by one of my 8th grade classes that screamo now defines bands like SLIPKNOT). Anyway, these guys play aggressive hardcore that has a slight emotional edge, especially in the vocals, which belongs in the mid '90s but seems like it would fit in well with the East coast hardcore scene right now. They have a good mix of all out, driving hardcore, almost metal breakdowns and catchy clean parts. Worth checking out. (5 song CD, with lyrics, midatlanticfitnessregime@yahoo.com) (Pete)

STOLEN FAITH play good classic hardcore. Nothing fancy or over the top, just full on throttle paced with a solid screaming/singing guy in front. They also cover BORN AGAINST, YOUTH BRIGADE, and DYS, which gives you a good idea of where they're coming from. (11 song CD, no lyrics included. 1811 Eagle Drive, Cheyenne, WY 82009.) (Erin)

TAKE OUT are a mix of the more extreme super fast screamo vocal styles of hardcore, with good driving music that's sometimes full on thrashing, and sometimes just good solid punk rock. ($6 ppd. 16 song CD, no lyrics included. 3901 Hammerberg Apt. D9, Flint, MI 48503.) (Erin)

That's Not What Your Mum Said... is a CDr compilation of mostly pop-punk bands who I assume are all British. Most bands are going for something in between BLINK 182 and some Fat Wreck Chords band. There are a couple of ska-punk bands as well. There's also a couple of tracks that lean toward hardcore like THE LEFTBEHINDS you have the best song on the CD. It's catchy, kind of poppy and emotional but driving and the slight whine to the screaming vocals sounds really good. This is the first time I've heard George W called a neo-liberal. (10 song CD, no lyrics, yourmumpromo@hotmail.com) (Pete)

UP! SCUMBAG are still in the same general family of catchy and tight punk rock, but they have more snot in their sound this time around, like early SCREECHING WEASEL pissed off songs. Still good. (12 song CD, lyrics included. 7634 Madden Lane, Fishers, IN 46038.) (Erin)

WASTED UTD. play basic yet catchy street punk with a strong pop element. Mid-tempo, three chord songs with slightly distorted vocals. A couple songs tend to drag but otherwise it's pretty good. They even throw in some horns on a couple songs to make it interesting. (6 song CD, with lyrics, PO Box 73820, 16710 Elliniko, Athens, Greece, zerohour@in.gr) (Pete)

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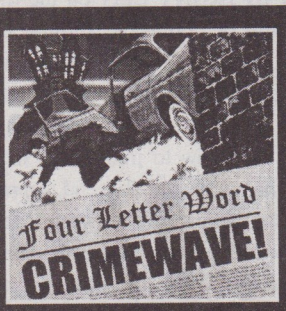

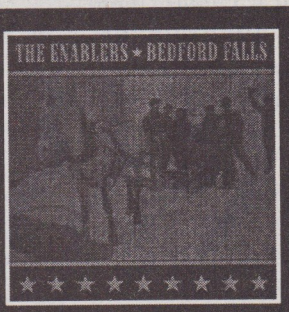

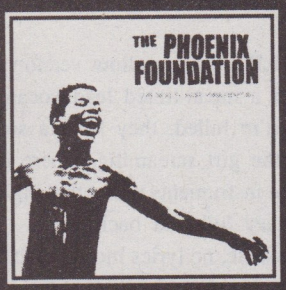

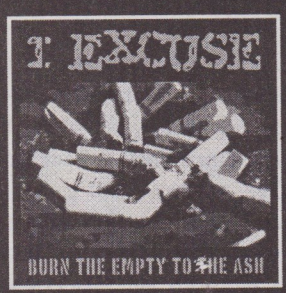

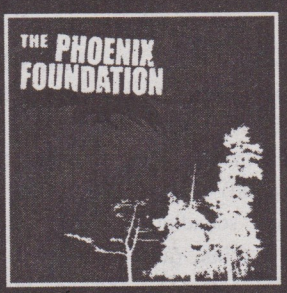

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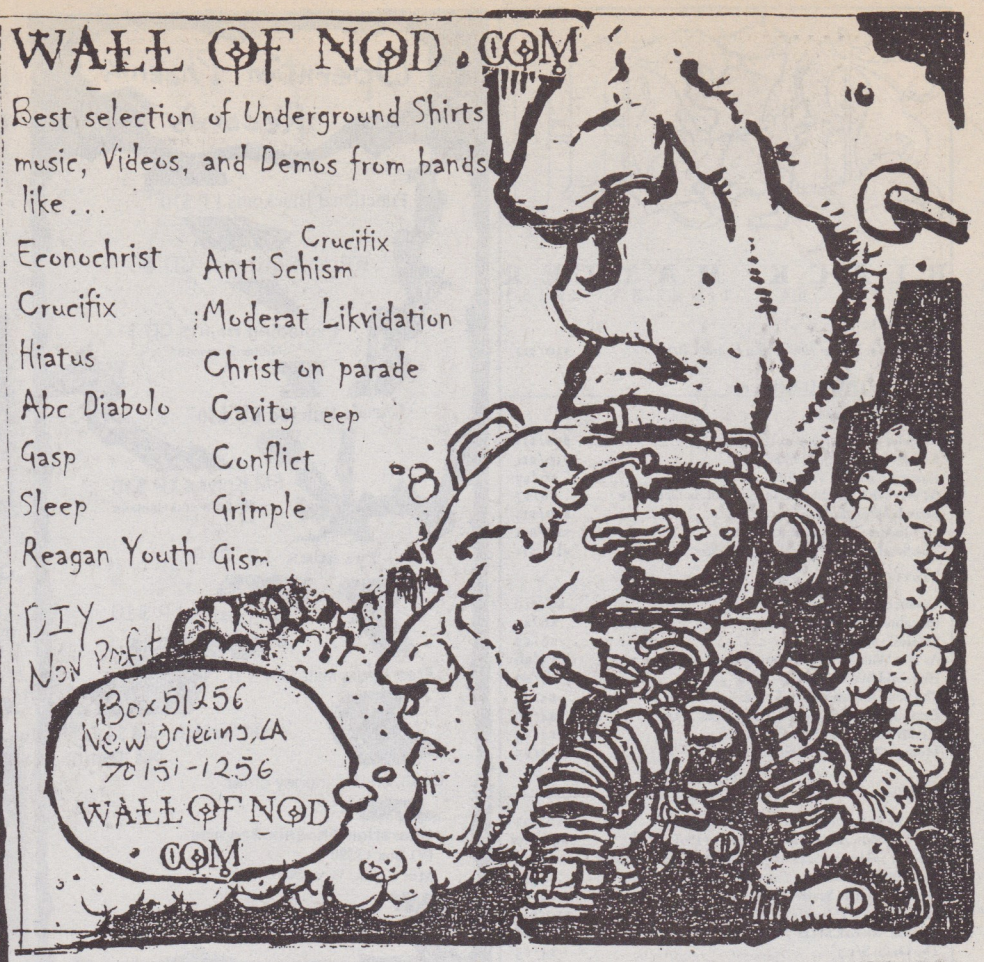

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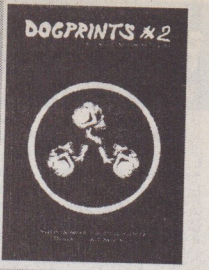

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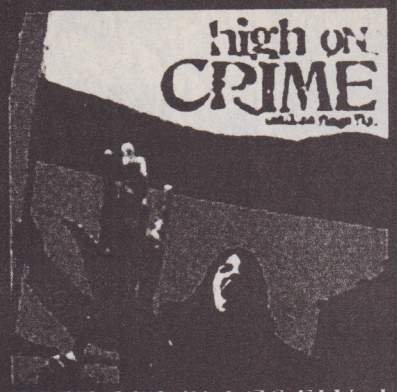

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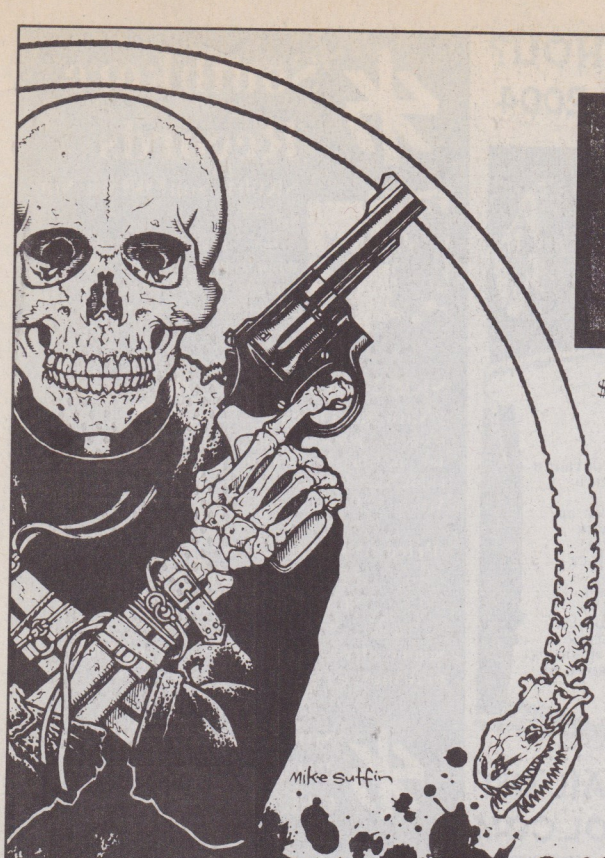

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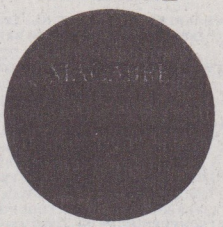

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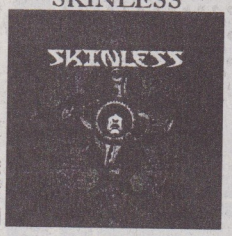

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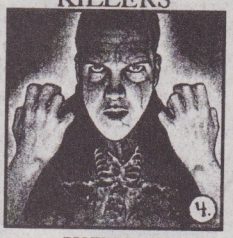

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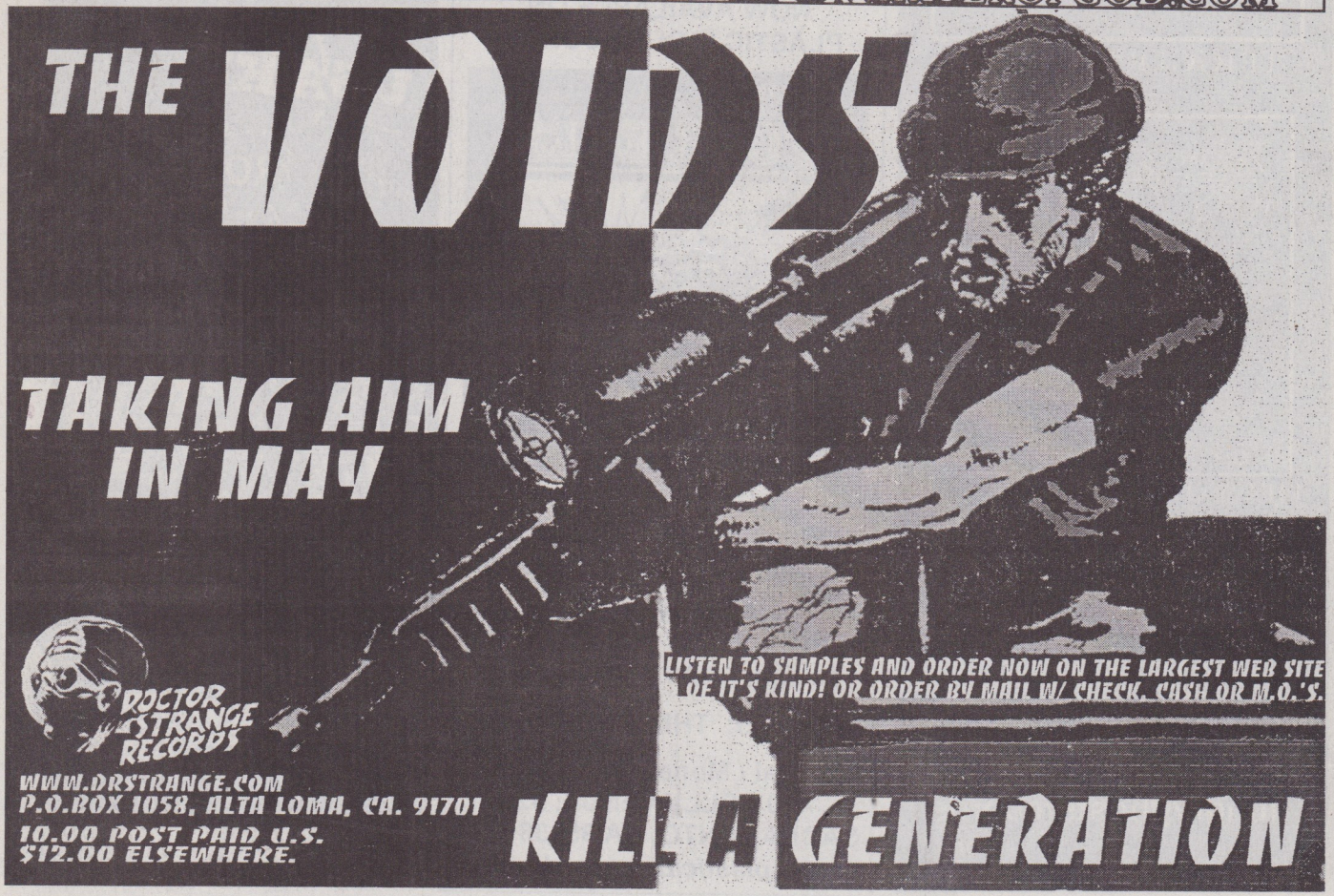

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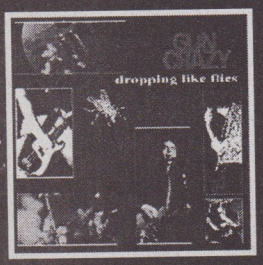

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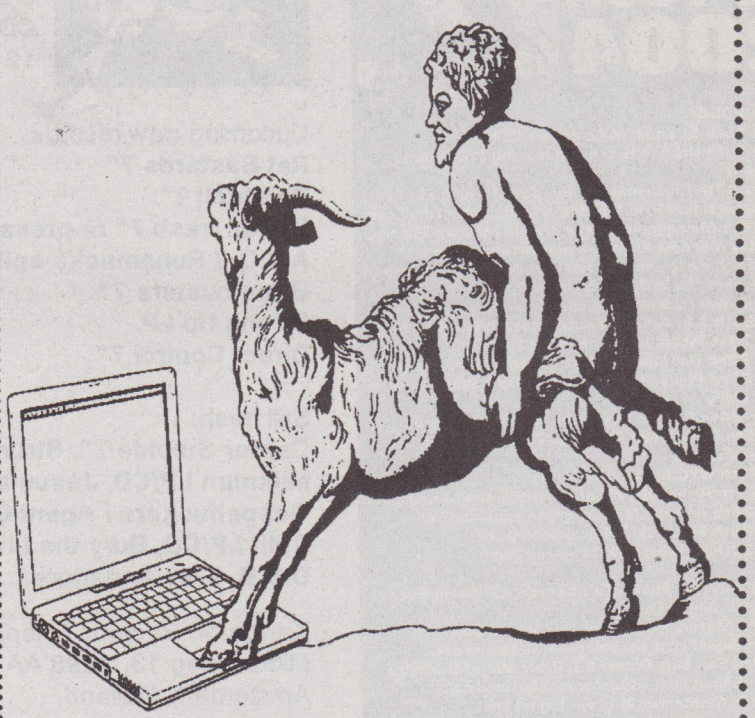

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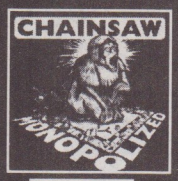

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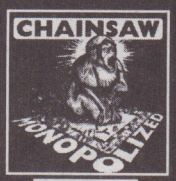

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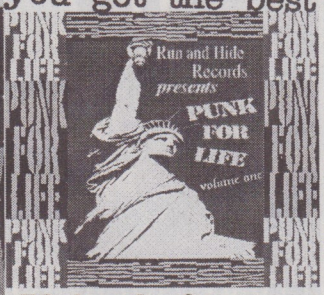

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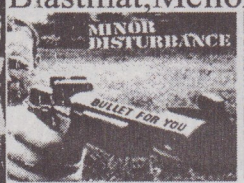

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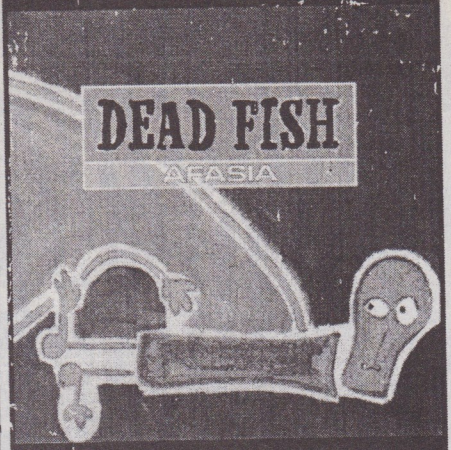

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ADIJO PAMET #10 / $3
8 x 11 - printed - 32 pgs - Croatian
This issue includes interviews with the bands Speedbuggy, Punk Guerillas, Messerschmitt, Freedy Lynxx, and Discipline, plus an article on the Wipers There are also ads, and record reviews, This fanzine has a cool lay out and definitely a good read if one wants to learn more of the Croatian scene. (HH)
Adijo Pamet / Gunduliceva 12 / 44320 Kntina / Croatia
adijopamet@yahoo.com

AFTER THE BOMB #1 / $3 N. America / $5 world
8.5 11 - copied - 18 pgs
The key word here is Discharge—as they are the focus of this Portland zine. Inside we have interviews with Bambi (Discharge drummer on *Why*, also of The Insane and current member of Disgust), Fish (who played bass on the *Grave New World* tour and was partially responsible for the shit-canning of Cal—oh yeah, he played in The Skeptix too), and Peter Boyce from Antisect (who borrow heavily from... well you figure it out). Also included is a brief Portland scene report discussing the bands deriving their sound primarily from the UK82 model (Bomb Heaven, Religious War, Blood Spit Nights, Deathcharge, etc.) Totally hectic, yet readable cut'n'paste layout that helps to give this a lot personality. Well done and worth the money. (MT)
PO Box 66876 / Portland, OR 97290
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AGITATE #3 / free (though $1 for postage would be apprciated)
8.5 x 11 - copied - 4 pgs
Short, though information packed anarcho-punk newsletter from the UK. Tons of descriptive zine and record reviews, photos from recent Drop Dead, Knifed and Active Minds gigs plus a brief piece about the 56a Infoshop. Good stuff. (MT)
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ALL THAT CREEPETH #5 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
A punk in Tampa decides to write about his day-to-day life. What you get is this here zine filled with stories of record collection scores, a trip to Brandon, some dreams, run-ins with the neighbors and a bit of self-examination. Included with this issue are a patch and a CD-R, full of the editor's home

movies. I did find the editor's usage of race as a descriptor of people, a little troubling. I don't think that saying "a black guy" or "this Puerto Rican woman" helps me understand these people as the complex, dynamic people that I am sure they are, but instead plays into long-standing stereotypes that white people hold about people of color. (JP)
Jeremy / 904 W. Idlewild / Tampa, FL 33604

ANARCHY #57 / $4.95
8.25 x 10.5 - printed - 84 pgs
It's pieces like "The Post-Left Anarchist Debate" which drive me away from this magazine. It's twenty pages but I couldn't get through the first paragraph. What punk cares if anarchy is left or post-left? This extended debate cuts into the letters section, which this time is largely filled by wingnuts on their own tangents. There are a number of pieces in here I thought were well worth reading, not least of which was the detailed report on the riot in Montreal after the Exploited cancelled. Also of merit were the suggestions on handling domestic violence as a "community" issue, the critiques of school (nothing really groundbreaking) and SF anti-white supremacy workshops, and some of the many book reviews. Props to Chris Crass for being named this issue's "Anarchist Embarrassment" for his online call to vote in the SF mayoral election. This is worth a perusal should you come across it. (JM)
CAL Press / POB 1446 / Columbia, MO 65205-1446
www.anarchymag.org

ANTIPATHY #9 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 94 pgs
Two words: Holy Shit. This is the best zine I've read in a long time. Mike starts off this issue with stories from his violent punk past, and goes on to a fictional tale of eco-anarchist activists and a semi-autobiographical account of the impact of a friend's suicide. The writing is so personal, and the stories are so gripping, that I almost cried at the end of one of them. I kid you not. The bottom line is, this zine is fucking huge, and fucking amazing, so go fucking buy one already. (CJ)
PO Box 11703 / Eugene, OR 97440

BLN #5 / one stamp
8.5 x 14 - copied - 2 pgs
This is a cool flyer zine all about bikes.

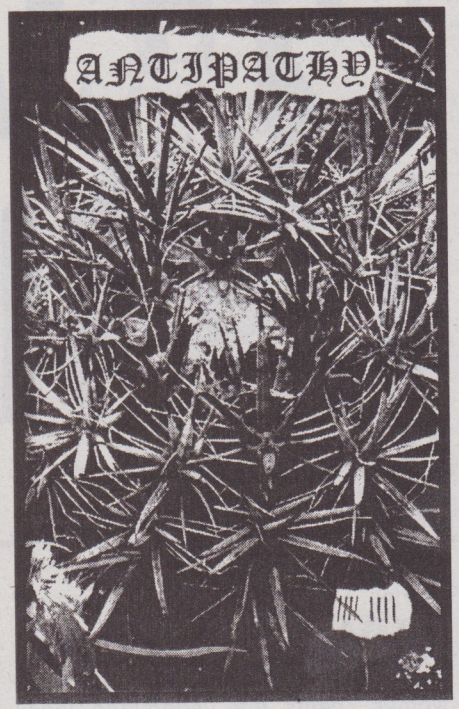
It's a good resource for anyone interested in bicycle advocacy and other aspects of bike culture. Inside there's an article on long distance biking, upcoming bicycle events, a list of books, websites, and pro-bicycle groups, and even reviews on other bike-related zines. I can't forget to mention the article on bike polo! Geez how many times have I said "bike" in the last five sentences? It all goes to show that this is a pretty information filled zine for only fitting on a legal-size double-sided piece of paper. (CH)

Carlos K / 5470 W Military Dr #2715 / San Antonio, TX 78242

BEHIND THE TIMES #2 / $?
7 x 8.5 - copied - 36 pgs
This zine has interviews with bands Haymaker, Talk Hard, and Outta Hand! There's also the first half of a two-part interview with Ken of Prank records. The interviews are pretty interesting, with a general focus on politics within hardcore. The zine also has the usual record reviews, some good pictures and even a story about constipation, a subject that will never cease to amuse. Lastly there's a pretty in-depth history of Life's Blood, which had future members of Born Against. This is a really good zine cause you can tell there was a lot of work put into it and it's informative and interesting. I am excited to see what issue #3 will bring. (CH)
191 Benjamin St / Schenectady, NY 12303
helorot@yahoo.com

BLURT! #1 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 116 pgs
This zine has a really nice layout for those who are into that sort of thing. It's all personal accounts of going on tour, hopeless crushes, gripping nostalgia, and growing up in a small town. Lew grew up in Nescopeck, one of those towns where when you say you grew up there I imagine people screw up their faces in disgust and ask, "Where the hell is that?" Lew scoured his hometown in search of all night diners and punk girls drinking under bridges, but in the beginning his only real connection to punk was through a college radio broadcast he picked up on a bent antennae. This zine reminds you that not everyone grows up in or around major cities with the opportunity to go to a show every week or take the bus to the record store, and I think those who have to make the extra effort to get involved really gain a sense of appreciation and sincerity for their scene. The best line is in reference to Lew's old best friend, "When he used a sledgehammer to break the Nash board I'd lent him I knew he'd never be a punk." (CH)
Vinylaprintprint / 135 Wapwallopen Rd / Nescopeck, PA 18635

BOXCUTTER #4 / no price listed
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Ugh, this has a bad hippie-ish bent, including bad poetry. This is the sex issue, but it wasn't sexy or interesting! I think the goal was for this to be an open-minded venue for debate on sex and love, but instead there are small snippets of thoughts about polyamory, relationships, marriage...that don't really go anywhere. PS regarding the outro about "choice"—how is bestiality a choice of relationship (it's listed as



an option in addition to monogamy, polyamory, heterosexuality and homosexuality...and nothing else! I'm sorry, one of these things is not like the others!)??? Oh and no address either. (MD)
boxcutter@lists.riseup.net

CHAIRMAN OF THE BORED #19 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 22 pgs
Thank God! Just kidding. Fuck God. This zine is the anecdote to *The Punk Parent* which I also had to review. Unlike that schmutz, *Chairmen Of The Board* is hilarious. thoughtful, seething, and visually explosive. Topics that grace the typewriters of these chairmen: gay marriage, *Left Back* zine, pissedness, Christians in the scene and why the first part of this sentence is an oxymoron, reviews, comix, and general fucking absurdity. Listen to Crass. (JB)
Fanorama / Society Publishers / 109 Arnold Ave / Cranston, RI 02905

CHARGED HAIR & DISTORTED RIFFS #1 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 36pgs
Canadian punk zine with a great layout. Hilarious tour report from Chuck Norris, a review of a This Is My Fist show, some pretty decent comics, and of course the standard record reviews, scene reports and political rants. Some decent photography too. Fans of *Profane Existence* should check this out. I predict big things for this zine. Just one problem, staple the zine next time guys, eh. (CQ)
PO Box 21530 / 1424 Commercial Dr / Vancouver, BC / v5L-561 / Canada

CLENCH #7 / SASE
8.5 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
A one-sheet that seems to have a following, as this issue is all a mailbag of letters and responses. I imagine that this would make more sense if you had seen previous issues of the zine. From what I can discern through the talk in the letters, the editor seems to live for the "good old days" of hardcore, aka the first half of the 80s. For the uninitiated, this letters issue seems kind of dull and bordering on self-indulgent; perhaps the other issues hold more interest? (JP)
Philip Knowles / 12780 E 2200 Street / Atkinson, IL 61235

DEMOLISH #4 / $3
5.75 x 8.25 - copied - 32 pgs
"I'm too lazy... slap it together half-assed," the editor writes regarding the effort invested in this issue. Apart from the decent interview with Steve Towson, it shows. The ads are real ugly, the reviews boring, unedited email talks unreadable. Why even send this in? (JM)
12 Connemara CS / Townsville / QLD 4815 / AUSTRALIA

DWELLING PORTABLY #? / $1
5 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
Dwelling Portably has in-depth infor-

mation on things like squatting empty houses, effectively removing ticks, how to treat muscle cramps and even how to construct outdoor showers. There are some really interesting articles on alternative living and recreation. Like this story about this one guy who lives on his own island and parties all the time! Or this other guy who can ride his unicycle over picnic tables and rough terrain! Awesome. The zine seems to be set up in sort of an open-forum format where people can submit their ideas, which are then subject to criticism. Useful for random pieces of info for things ranging from re-inking typewriter ribbons to increasing a wood stove's efficiency. (CH)
PO Box 190-d / Philomath OR 97370

FORK, KNIFE, AND SPOON #2 / free
4.5 x 5.5 - copied - 38 pgs
Fork, Knife, and Spoon has a lot to offer in this pocket-sized creation. Editor Katrina jam-packed this issue with a New Jersey scene report, music reviews, a San Francisco scene report, and some really rad stencils and prints by Alden Rice. There is also a pretty funny punk rock bingo board included in it all. The highlight of this magazine would have to be a contribution by a woman by the name of Esther Zinn, entitled "8 Reasons Not To Be A Lesbian." The article was well written and very entertaining. All and all this zine was a good read. (MF)
Pyamyttippo666@hotmail.com

GO METRIC! #18 / $2
8.5 x11 - printed - 69 pgs
Maybe I've been staying up all night too much. At first I was a little bit confused about this zine's awesomeness because some of the first pages contain totally passé sexism badly disguised as humor and someone would probably tell me to lighten up about how damaging it is *but* because of the aforementioned sleep depravity of my state I was ready to toss this shit in the trash and not even keep reading. I mean, why should I apologize for something I do not find funny? The war against the fuckers is *on*, and frankly, I was irritated by *Go Metric's* first article "Science Marches On" because it is alienating to women and hardly relevant anyway. However, luckily, I flipped through the rest of the pages and found Maddy of *Tight Pants*' battle of the bands between Bikini Kill and the Beach Boys, which, as anyone who has read her writing can expect, was fucking hilarious. Additionally, there are some really intelligent film reviews

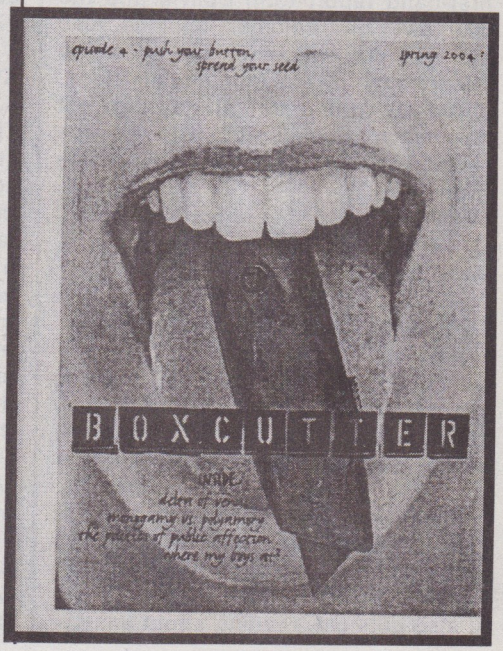
and articles on The Exploding Hearts, Rock N Roll Adventure Kids, The Fevers and Sgt. Major. A lot of attention to movies and comix, but this zine still has some record reviews to round out everything. Besides Maddy's thing what stood out as noteworthy in my opinion was the explanation of how the Canadian classic *Strange Brew* is actually a retelling of Hamlet. How could I never have noticed? (JB)
801 Eagles Ridge Road / Brewster, NY 10509
gogometric@yahoo.com

HLUBOKÁORBA #24 / $?
8.5 x 12 - printed - 120 pgs - Czech
Holy shit! What a monster of a zine! Filip has really outdone himself this time around—super-pro print job highlights tons of well produced photos which compliment the pages upon pages of articles and interviews. This issue features chats with Daryl Kahan (ex-Citizens Arrest), Mike Thorn (uh...), Matt Average (*Engine* fanzine), a massive Czech scene report, a diary of Filip's trip to California, a chat with Homoconsumens, Confusione, plus tons of record reviews and scene reports from all over the world. Yes, this is all in Czech, but he does include a brief English supplement. Top of the heap. (MT)
c/o Filip Fuchs / Grohova 39 / 602 00 Brno / Czech Republic

HOLY SHIT FANZINE #3 / $2
8.5 x 11 - copied - 50 pgs
A pretty thick zine here. First off are several pages of columns with the theme of "lives in transit." The columnists in turn write about the changes they are going through and coming to terms with them. Then we have a few long, in depth interviews with Backstabbers Inc, Life in Your Way, Cast From Eden and more local (Detroit area) hardcore/punk. Then it's all wrapped up with several pages of music reviews. Obviously a lot of work went into this, it is well layed out and has a little more originality and heart than the average small music zine. If you are into Detroit hardcore/punk and are coming to terms with your life and the choices you've made, read this to feel less alone. (BD)
Eric Clark Scobie / 2360 Mapledale / Ferndale, MI 48220

HOT SEX #1-2 / $2 / $1 plus stamps
8.5 X 5.5 - copied - 20 pgs
An excellent debut for this zine about all things sex. There are sex tips, weird sex laws, stories, porn reviews, and games. Though they seem to have a fascination with men chopping their own penises off. Issue number two has the best cover I have seen in a long time, with an army of sex toys enslaving humanity. A pretty quick read, but enjoyable nonetheless. The authors would also like to state that you must state that you are 18 or older to buy this zine so the authors don't get sued by your crazy mom when she finds it under your bed. (CQ)
PO Box 2142 / Madison, Wisconsin / 53701-2142
Madwizpunk42@hotmail.com

IMPACT PRESS #50 / $2
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Usually I find this free-in-person magazine to be an informative and entertaining read, but this issue brought out my cranky, critical side. PETA buys a lot of the ads, and they contribute arti-



cles as well. This one about puppy mills and animal "hoarders" could have been wrapped up in half a page. Who doesn't know that mass breeding programs for pet stores are brutal and cruel? The author fills it out by utilizing the PETA news clipping service for some extra-gross examples and tacks on some bullshit opinions, like rescuing animals and no kill shelters being

"no solution." Because "well-meaning people" are "all-too-frequently overwhelmed," PETA rejects these ideas outright. This makes them look dumb if one is aware of such programs that do work well. The cover story, "From Earth Day to Ecological Society," argues that people are unnatural and that most of us should die to save the planet. Obviously, everything people do is natural, and if you think everybody's gotta die, why don't you lead by example? Better than these are the first-hand report from Bolivia and the Hightower and Solomon columns. Also included are articles on the upcoming US presidential election, gay marriage, corporate criminals' crimes against non-human animals, and a look at the religious beliefs of the US's Founding Fathers. (JM)
PMB 361 / 10151 University Blvd / Orlando, FL 32817
www.impactpress.com

IN TILL STUMPS #3 / $2 / Trade
6 x 8 - copied - 40 pgs
This is a great music zine that reminds me a lot of *MRR* with more of a focus on hardcore. There are record reviews, some great interviews, political rants and a tribute to Poison Idea. The author seems kind of jaded and wishes that the punk scene were what it used to be. We have all been there and can empathize with how he feels, however it also gets old, reading about another jaded punk whose friends have left the zine. But at least Neil seems to want to do something about it, so that is refreshing. A very good effort though, highly recommended to fans of *MRR* and anyone who likes good music. Oh, yea, there is also a DIY guide. (CQ)
PO Box 5817 / West End / QLD 4101 / Australia
hardwareyouth@hotmail.com

KEEP LOVING, KEEP FIGHTING #3 / $2
5.5 x 5.5 - copied - 72 pgs
This collaborative issue revolves around the theme "Overcome." It's a pretty interesting idea, with good results. Some contributors write about what they have overcome, others about what has overcome them—everything from political activism, to feelings (or lack of) of self-worth, learning a new skill, developing interpersonal relationships, to sickness and death. As far as theme zines go, this was a nice one with a personal touch. (MD)
Hope / 71 Hackleboro Rd / Canterbury, NH 03224

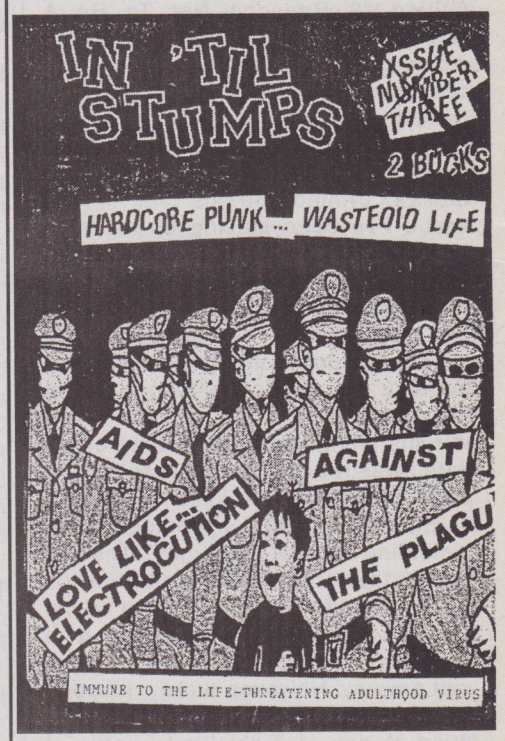
KIMOSABE #1 / 25 ¢
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 27 pgs
Just what we need, another personal zine from Portland. This reads like a journal, random thoughts heading in no particular direction. No conclusions, no point at all really. It seems like the kind of stuff one writes as an exercise to clear ones mind before actually working on something. Maybe this would be interesting if it was a notebook found on the street somewhere, but as an actual published work it is boring, boring, boring. A lot of weed smoking and TV watching. (BD)
2000 NE 42nd / #221 / Portland, OR 97213

KISS MACHINE vol.8 / $4
6.75 x 8.5 - printed - 80 pgs
This is a very impressive, well-constructed literary magazine, glossy cover and all. Babies and robots are the topics that contributors had to tackle in this issue. Some of the stories are well written; others don't quite hit the mark. I enjoyed Zoe Whittall's interview with Greg Kearny. Various artwork and poetry fill in the blanks, much like the writing, some of it is out there; others are quite decent. Overall, this is a good effort. (JP)
PO Box 108 / Station P / Toronto, ON / M5S 2S8 / Canada
info@kissmachine.org

LET THERE BE DANGER #2 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 44 pgs
If I explain the way that this zine works to creep inside me and twist, contort, and genuinely rip apart my heartstrings, it would a) not do it justice and b) ruin it for you. So just trust me on this one, begin at the beginning and prepare yourself to care about someone you don't know in a way you never could have anticipated. (JB)
Sean Raff / 509 Cutters Mill Ln / Schaumberg, IL 60194

LIFE IN THE BIKE LANE / $2
4.25 x 5.25 - copied- 64 pgs
The whole thing is a single story about a guy who quit driving his car and now rides his bike everywhere. It is extra crazy cuz he lives in Phoenix. As you might guess, he also talks about wars for oil, the terrible car culture destroying the environment, etc. The writing isn't 100% great, and the layout is a direct rip-off of *Burn Collector*, but hey, it's his first zine. I liked it pretty good. (JM)
Dan W / 1709 S Jentilly Ln #91/ Tempe, AZ 85281

A LITTLE GUIDE TO TRUING BIKE WHEELS #1 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 - copied - 18 pgs
With this one, you get exactly what Ethan promises on the cover: a little guide to truing bike wheels. Filled with easy-to-understand instructions and helpful (and accurate!) pictures, this



small zine provides all the info anyone would need to fix a bent-up wheel, no matter how bike-illiterate they may be. This is pretty much a perfect example of what a how-to zine should be like:

concise, user-friendly, and not at all intimidating. Awesome. (CJ)
PO Box 72581 / New Orleans, LA 70172

MORGENMUFFEL #12 / $2 (US) 50p & SAE (UK)
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 28 pgs
A pleasant surprise! An anarcho-punk comic book revolving around life in a cooperative living situation (hey, seen the Swedish film *Together*?) and being part of an "Autonomous Zone," the Cowley Club (I'm jealous!). Inside are drunken tales, bad jobs, and bicycles and creepy skin diseases and yeast infections...all tackled with a great sense of humor and honesty, and a clean, well-drawn comic style. Isy also gives information about anarchist prisoners, and refreshingly—"hate" lists—instead of top 10 records—various folks relay their dislikes (you will relate!). Excellent! (MD)
Isy / PO Box 74 / Brighton BN1 4ZQ / United Kingdom
katchoo63@yahoo.co.uk

MOVE YOUR ASS #5 / free
8 x 11 - printed - 36 pgs - Czech
This fanzine is free and comes with a rocking 34 song CD sampler that includes some great tunes my fave being The Lovers doing, "1000 Let Od Raje." But you must send them a couple of bucks for postage. Ok? This issue includes interviews with the bands Peace Of Mind, Good Riddance, Movement, Needful Things, and Abhorrence. There are lots of cool record reviews and plenty of ads. This is definitely a fanzine worth checking out. (HH)
Jan Kovar / PO Box 18 / 46331 Chrastava / Czech Republic
moveyourass@seznam.cz

THE NEW SCHEME #1 / ?
8.5 X 11 - printed - 46 pgs
The New Scheme is a music magazine. Mostly punk oriented but has a hint of indie and hardcore running through its veins. Content consists of columns, music reviews, DVD reviews, and book reviews. There are also a handful of interviews such as an interview with Against Me! And Robotic Empire. The layout is impeccable and has a ton of killer band shots for you viewing pleasure. This magazine is totally worth checking out. (MF)
Stuart Anderson / PO Box 7542 / Boulder, CO / 80306-7542
www.thenewscheme.com

NO SLEEP TIL BEACON #2-6 / stamps
2.75 x 4.25 - copied - 16 pgs each
The perfect word for this zine is juvenilia... it's purely youthful, kind of dumb but funny... you know, all those random thoughts you have when you are a teenager (hell, some of us still have those kind of thoughts). These are teeny tiny issues with funny little drawings, cut and paste graphics, bad jokes and bits of the editor's life. (MD)
Jake Moore / 15 Main St / Hyde Park, NY 12538

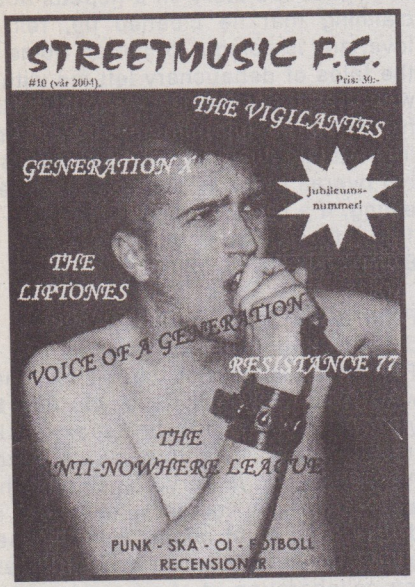
NYFRAELST #5 / $2
8 x 6 - copied - 40 pgs - Swedish
This punk fanzine includes interviews with Zounds, John Andersson, Erik Tengvall, and Attentat. There are also record reviews, movie reviews, and comics. (HH)
Joel Abrahamsson / Sandgatan 15 311 34 Falkenberg / Sweden

OH DEAR #1 / 50¢ or trade
7.25 x 8.5 - copied - 16 pgs
Here's another vegan cooking zine to add to the collection. There are plans for each issue to focus on a particular culinary zone; this one is all about the soups. Four soup recipes are enriched with cooking tips, fun facts and nice line drawings. Most of the recipes in here are modified from other cookbooks. B includes a directory at the end pointing to the original source. My only wish for the future is the inclusion of more recipes in the issues to come, four recipes is a little skimpy. (JP)
ohdear_b@hotmail.com

OJ KILLED ELVIS #8 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 42 pgs
In this issue, Mike chronicles a summer two years ago in which, in his own words, he "really went crazy". What ensues is a story in which the noble protagonist does copious amounts of drugs, starts innumerable fights, and spends more than a few nights in jail. Watching his downward spiral is admittedly a pretty depressing read, but Mike ends the story on a hopeful note, claiming that he cleaned up, fell in love, and is doing a lot better. Some of the tales of debauchery left me with a weird feeling, like the author was glorifying his drug use and self-destruction in a mistaken attempt at truthfulness, but overall this zine made for an interesting, if a bit disturbing, read. (CJ)
109 Chenango St, Apt #3 / Binghamton, NY 13901

PAPING #10 / $5
5.5 X 8.5 - printed - 50 pgs
Paping is just one of those zines that when you first pick it up you say to yourself, "Damn, this zine looks fucking amazing," *Paping* is art core. Astatically this is very pleasing to the eye. As far as content, the theme is dad. These eight people got together and came out with this visual stimulating collaboration of short comic strips that consist of interactions with their fathers. Each comic is very unique to the others. They range from abstract to realistic drawings and also manage to through in some prints and photos. This magazine is pretty great and will definitely leave your brain broken. Kudos. (MF)
PO Box 128 / 45 E 7 St. / NYC, NY / 10003
www.paping.org

PROPOGANDA ZINE #3 / $3 / 2 Euros
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 40 pgs
Interviews with Dillinger Escape Plan, Strike Anywhere, Kevin Seconds, Anti-Flag and more. Also a fair dose of British politics in the columns, which I thought was the most interesting part. There are some record and zine reviews too. A good read. (BD)
279 Main St / Calverton / Nottingham / NG14 6LT / United Kingdom



THE PUNK PARENT #2 / $1 or trade or free to inmates
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs
I am reminded of that argument where someone points out that it is censorship to block ideas aligned with racism/sexism/homophobia and the like. Whatever, I think we all know that there is always a systemic power imbalance between those who are negatively affected by these oppressive ideologies and the pretty typical fucker who is always perpetuating them. Gabriel asks that we open our minds to Christians, that they too are punks, that it is blatant hypocrisy to automatically turn away and stop listening to someone because of a label. Well, decide for yourself. I personally have a hard time taking anyone seriously who actually believes in "God". The rest of the zine is movie reviews (whatever) and some reflective notes on challenging machismo in oneself and listening to the women in your life. There is only one thing in here about the kid of the editor, and that makes the title of the zine suspect to me, because it isn't really about parenting so much as categorizing the person who makes it. Can I say whatever for the third time in this review? (JB)
PO Box 1201 / Greeley, CO 80632

RENFIELD #11 / $3
8 x 11 - copied - 56 pgs - German
This fanzine has interviews with the bands Up To Vegas, Avail, Rockula, and Household Name Records. There are also plenty of record reviews, some humorous columns, and comics. This fanzine is a bit on the raw side, but is reporting from the Prenzlauer Berg in Berlin where I take my vacations. So we hope to see a lot more issues to come. (HH)
Tim Kegler / Danziger Str 102 / 10405 Berlin / Germany
studentim@hotmail.com

S.C.A.L.P. #1 / $2
4.25 x 5.5- copied - 48 pgs
This started out with some interesting and pretty good stories about friends and funny encounters and stuff, the kind of stories that stop abruptly so that you are supposed to stop and think "Oh now what did this story say about life?" Then it branched off into a number of random and disconnected rants on topics ranging from global industrial capitalism to the how much parents suck and a desire to abandon day-to-day routine in favor of untamed adventure. These are all legitimate things to be pissed off about but I guess I didn't get much from reading about them, maybe cause it's all stuff I've heard before and a lot of it seemed to be written in a weird sort of stream-of-consciousness that wouldn't stop. "I've been reading Crimethinc. Books again." Oh really? I had not noticed. (CH)
1709 S Jentilly Ln #91 / Tempe, AZ 85281
lifeinthebikelane@yahoo.com

SCUMDIDLYUMPTIOUS #1 / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 30 pgs
This first issue of *Scumdidlyumptious* was copied so poorly that I wasn't able to read a lot of the articles. I was, however, able to read a few of the articles. The first one entitled "Stop Having Babies" which was mostly about how the world is overpopulated and that mass sterilization should be enforced as the cure. Another one was entitled "The Colonized Body" This article was basically about "what we can and cannot do with our bodies is regulated by the state." And that women should be able to do what they want with their bodies and no one should be able to tell women that they can't walk around by themselves at night. My opinion is that these articles polar opposites of one another and that saying that the state shouldn't be able to tell you where you can and cannot walk but that the state should enforce mass sterilization is very hypocritical. I do, however, believe that Shana does have a few valid points in the arguments she is posing. (MF)
Shana Blair / 218 Magnolia St #2 / Syracuse, NY / 13204
Killstr8s@yahoo.com

SCUMDIDLYUMPTIOUS #2 / $1.50
5.5 x 8.5 - copied- 30 pgs
This zine is of the feminist nature. It has articles entitled "Fight Sexism Wherever it rears its Ugly Head" back to back with "The Ever-Growing List of Reasons to Hate (most) Straight Men Continues..." Generalizing men and belittling them is not at all helping the fight on sexism. Not all men are alike. Not all women are alike, and individual humans fuck up. Making generalizations like that is feeding this world of stereotypes and is only perpetuating the problem. The only thing that is going to changes anything is communication. In the theme of the last issue... hypocritical. (MF)
Shana Blair / 218 Magnolia St #2 / Syracuse, NY / 13204
Killstr8s@yahoo.com

SKRATCH #97 / $?
8 x 11 - printed - 104 pgs
This is nothing more than a glossy slick magazine for glossy slick punk bands, most likely the ones trying to make it. A rock industry journal that you usually find in the free rack at

record stores. I believe that Skratch has coverage in all of the "hot spot" scenes in the country; this one is concerned with Southern California land. Loaded with news, venue listings,

interviews, show reviews, record reviews and lots of full-page ads. Some of the interviews in this issue are with the Descendents, Kids of Widney High, and a bunch of upcoming bands, about to break, that you have never heard of. I can think of better uses for the trees that got destroyed to make this garbage. (JP)
subscribe@skratchmagazine.com

START TODAY #4 / $2 US / $4 world
8.5 x 11 - printed - 64 pgs
Newest issue of this cut'n'pasted East Coast hardcore zine, which has a focus on the modern posi and straight edge scene. The layout is really well done, not a bit stale nor generic but totally reflective of the scene it covers. Inside we have interviews with Our Turn, the dudes behind the Positive Peer Pressure shirts (you remember them, right? They gave us the "It's OK not to drink" shirts.), Mike Valley, Mental, Desperate Measures, Damage Control, and a history of Revelation records via an interview with Jordan Cooper. I really liked the obsessive fan nature that oozes out of this, and the large number of well reproduced photographs. Good stuff. (MT)
217 N. Oak Ave. / Clifton Heights, PA 19018

STREETMUSIC FC #10 / $3
8 x 11 - printed - 36 pgs - Sweden
This issue has interviews with B.A.F.F., The Liptones, Guv'nors, and the Vigilantes. There are plenty of new record reviews and lots of cool ads. There are also articles on the bands Anti - Nowhere League, and Generation X. The layout in this fanzine is excellent, and overall it is a good read. (HH)
Stefan Fels / Gruvgangen 21 653 43 Karlstad / Sweden
Stefan_fels@hotmail.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #69 / $2
8.5 X 5.5 - copied - 48pgs
Nothing too exciting about this one. Fairly Standard show reviews, and record reviews. A decent interview with Youth Brigade and a recap of a Bush protest. All in all not a terrible effort, but its nothing too exciting either. Boone seems like a nice guy and *The Trouble With Normal* has been around forever. I think he just needs to shake things up a little, It would be good to see a cool cut and paste layout instead of the plain computer layout.(CQ)
PO Box 329 / Colombia, MO / 65205-0329
ttwn@hotmail.com

THIRD GENERATION NATION #27 / $4
8 x 11 - printed - 68 pgs - German
This is one of my favorite fanzines in the whole wide world. This issue includes interviews with The Wasps, Savage Lucy, Zodiac Killers, Die Toten Hosen, Trashcan Darlings, Cretins, and Eater. There are gig reviews, and plenty of new record reviews. There are also loads of cool ads. Definitely a fun read! (HH)
Ralf Huenebeck / Grenzweg 66 / 47877 Willich / Germany
www.3rdgenerationnation.de

TRUST #104 / $4
8 x 11 printed - 68 pgs - German
As usual this is one of the best punk fanzines in the German scene. This issue includes interviews with Terrorgruppe, Ulan Bator, Rise Against, and Shakin Nasties. There are also plenty of new record reviews, lots of cool ads, and a great column section and of course the best German gig listing anywhere. (HH)
Dolf Hermannstaedter / Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

UNDECILUNA #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 28 pgs
Once you get past the needlessly academic intro, this is a cute little comic about a fourteen-year-old girl whose abusive parents suddenly and magically disappear. The graphic style fits with the storyline: it's dreamlike, childlike, and slightly surreal, without being confusing or boring. My one complaint is that this issue cuts the story off with an abrupt "to be continued..." It'd be much more effective if the whole story was presented at once. (CJ)
Love Bunni Press / 2622 Princeton Rd / Cleveland Heights, OH 44118

UNHEALTHY OBSESSION #2 / $2 ppd or trade
8.5 x 5.5 - copied - 16 pgs
Interviews with Reagan SS, Ludicra, and Communichaos media plus all the usual shite. That's what it says on the front cover. "The usual shite" I guess includes Rob and other contributors ideas and opinions on homophobia in the punk scene and how fucked religion is, plus some show reviews, which consists of about three pages, the rest is interviews. Did I mention this zine is from Ireland? (BD)
Rob / Clohamon Park / Bunclody / Co. Wexford / Ireland

UP! MAGAZINE #14 / $7
8 x 11 - printed - 60 pgs - Dutch
This issue has lots of interviews including Hatebreed, Monster Magnet, The Punkles, Horrorpops, Gadget, Antifreeze, and etc... There are columns, lots of record reviews, lots of photos, and lots of ads. Finally, as usual the fanzine comes with its free CD sampler, this one having nineteen songs. (HH)
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www.upmagazine.nl

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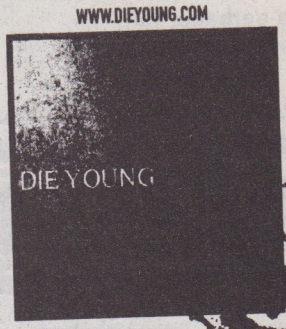

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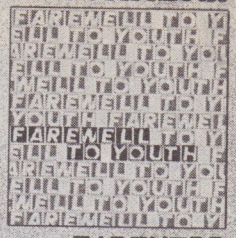

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THE TYPE OF TWISTED TRASH you'd expect on the internet, travelogues, printed pranks, strange articles, kooky archives, music reviews and the ever-increasing interview project. Abandon all hope...www.feastofhateandfear.com.

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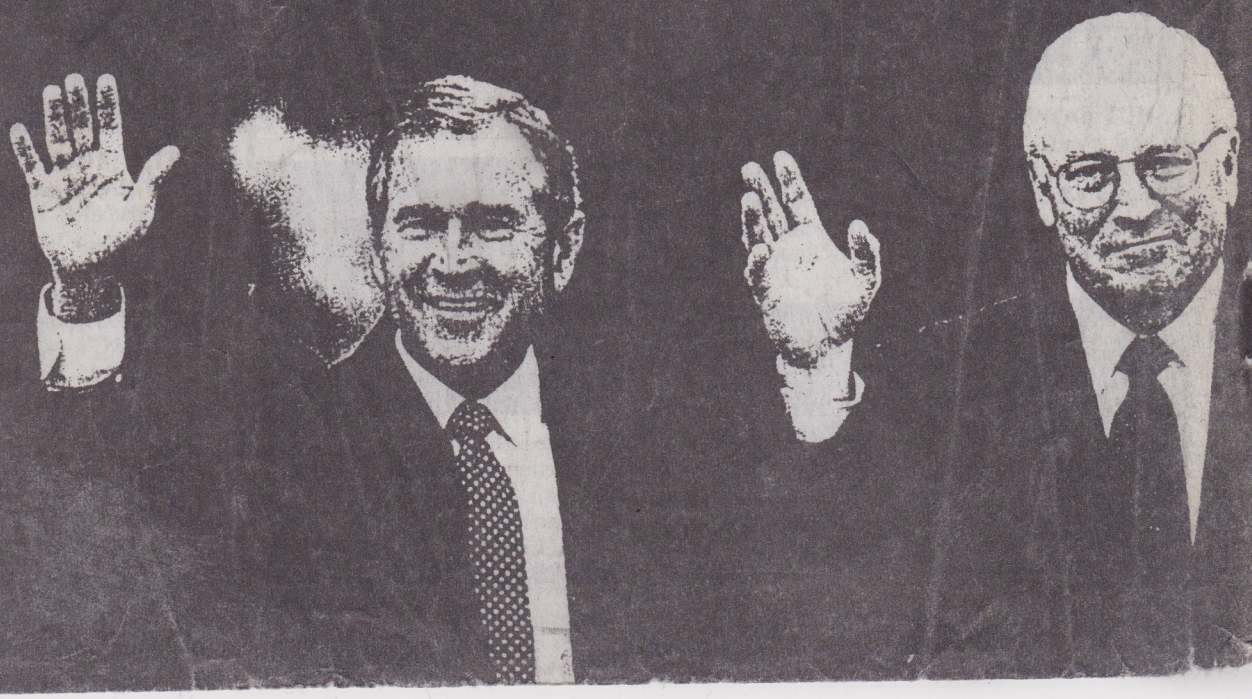
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